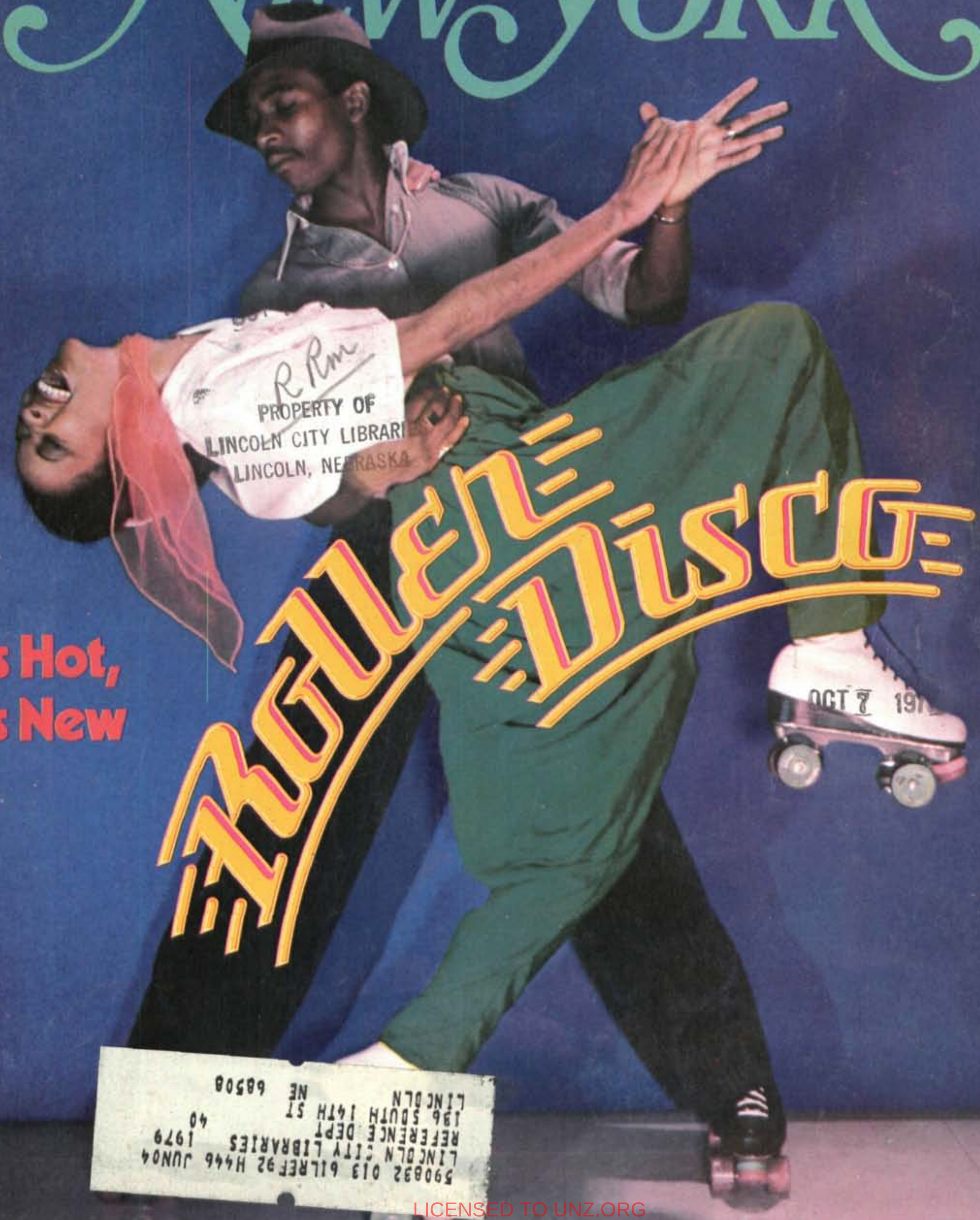
Blair Sabol Flies the First Skytrain to London
Fun, Games, and Utter Nonsense at the New School
ABC's Pierce: The Most Powerful Man in Television

E DOLLAR
OCTOBER 10, 1977

NEW YORK



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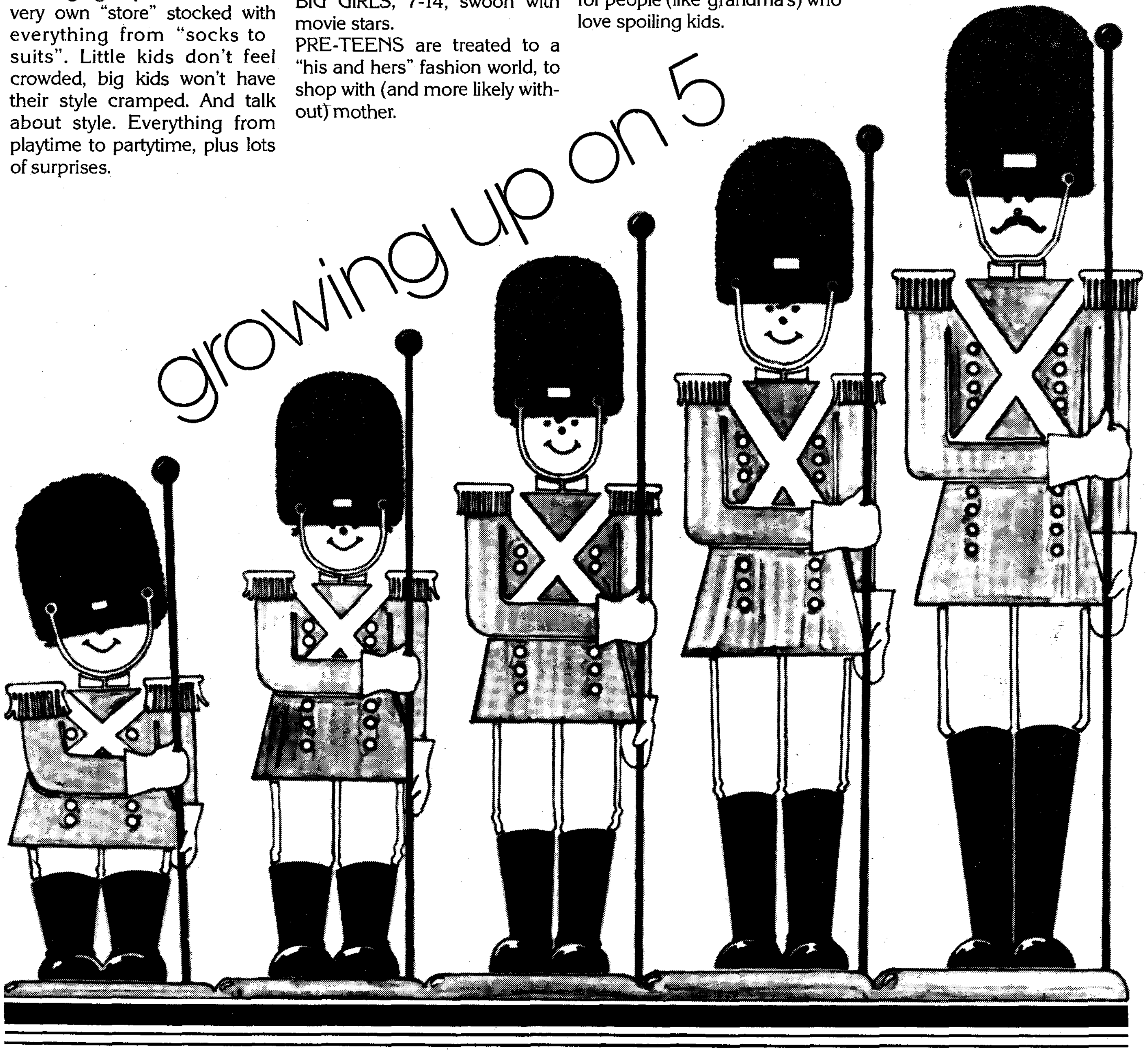

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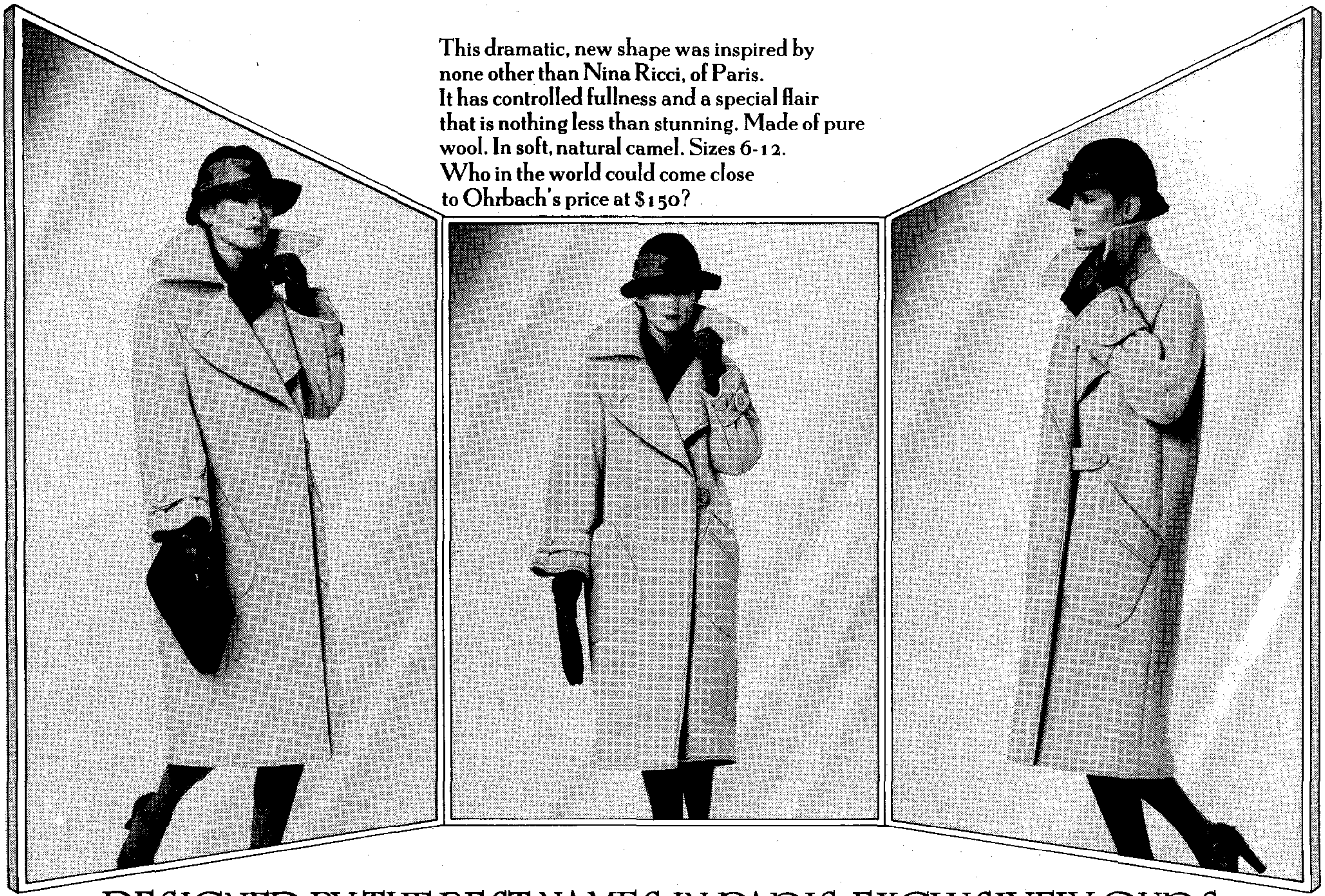

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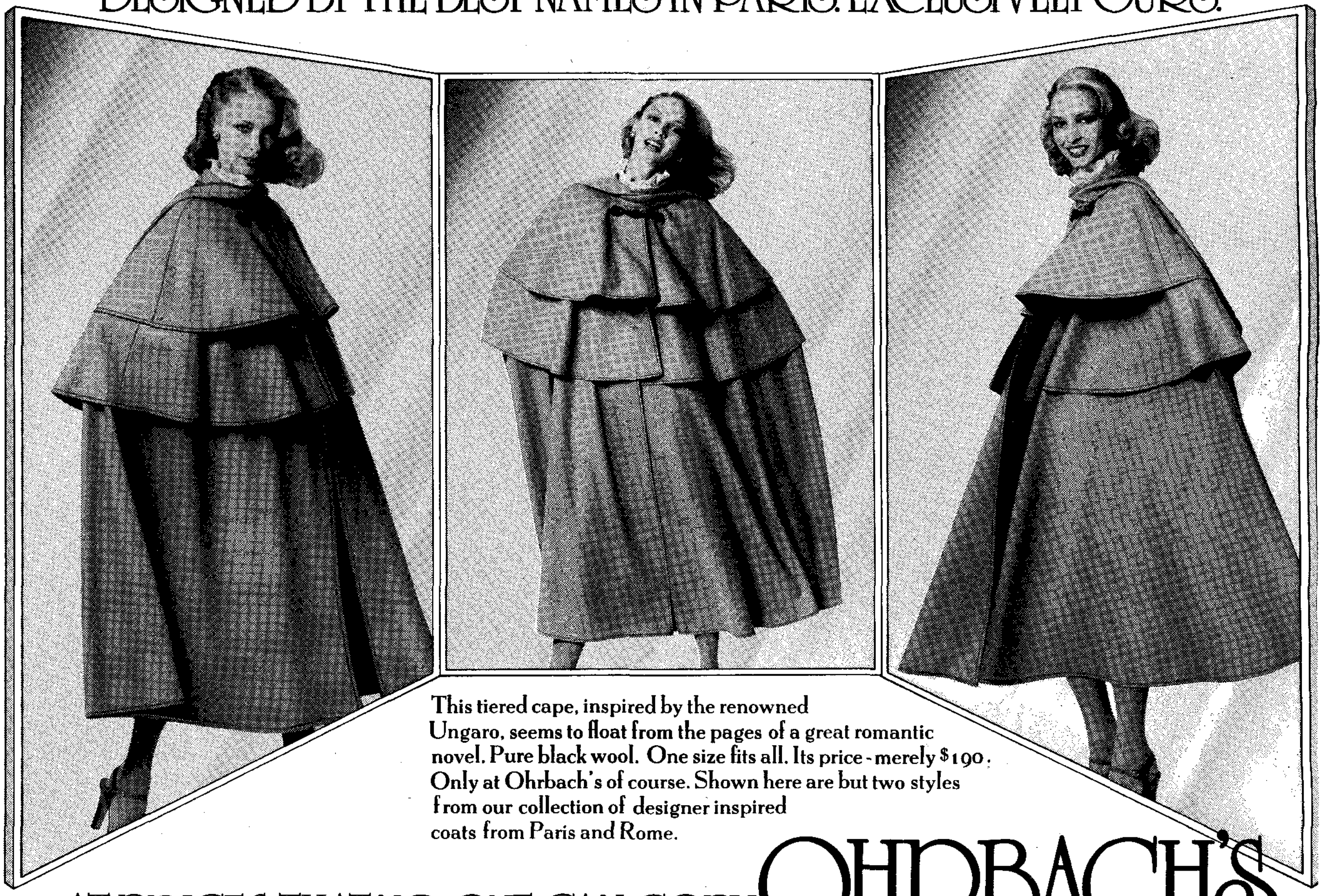

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Timid, that's what Spanish-restaurant cuisine has been since the demise of the old Spanish Pavilion. Ms. Wolfe searches hopefully for a brave new replacement for that lamented eating house.

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When the New School began, its mission was to meet the "enduring interest of the intellectually mature." But many critics feel that the current proliferation of such adult-division courses as "The Restaurants of Chinatown" and "How to Play the Races Successfully" constitutes something of an image crisis. Paul Gardner examines the current state of the school in light of its illustrious past.

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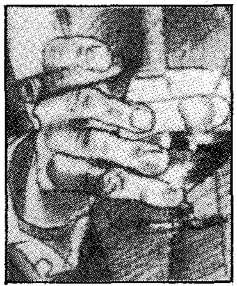

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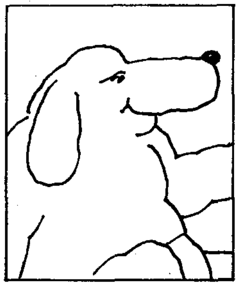

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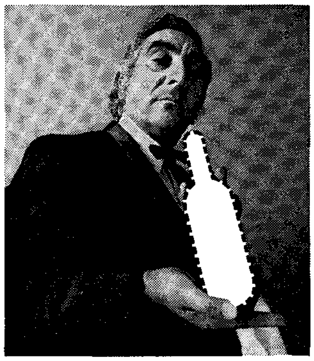

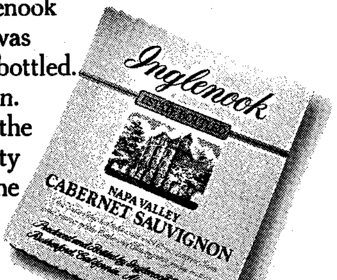

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Board Considers Wasteful Plan

This week, the Board of Estimate will consider a proposal to spend $205,800 to send five top-level Human Resources Administration honchos to Columbia University for master's degrees and 200 other agency personnel to attend seminars. The reason: "There is a need to improve and refine the skills of managers in the Human Resources Administration in order that they stay abreast of increasing service demands and improve organization effectiveness through the application of modern managerial procedures. . . ." It's likely that the five biggies who will receive the education are now being paid over $30,000. Question: Wouldn't it make more sense to hire skilled managers?

Rabbi Returns

FRED W. MC DARRAH

Bergman: Moving on.

Former nursing-home operator Rabbi Bernard Bergman is going back into business rather painlessly. (Bergman, sentenced to a one-year state-jail term, stemming from the nursing-home scandal, is temporarily free on bail until a judge determines whether to issue a writ of habeas corpus.) In fact, he's now going into the pain-relief business—pushing a new product tentatively called Pain Free. The rabbi has recently approached several Manhattan packaging designers, seeking a total graphic design for the waxy lipstick-size product, supposed to alleviate pain when rolled over a problem area. Bergman denies it all.

A Slightly Confused Friendship

WIDE WORLD

Carter, Barre: White House dinner produces an amusing error.

French Prime Minister Raymond Barre was recently wined, dined, and serenaded at the White House. The menu and wine list weren't revealed, but the serenader was a blond American violinist named Elizabeth Matesky, who played some Mozart and a sonata by the Belgian composer Eugène Ysaye. President Carter sent Ms. Matesky a dutiful thank-you note (signed "Jimmy"), to which he penned a postscript: "You and the music were beautiful! The Ysaye was a real thrill to all of us. He is a personal friend of Prime Minister Barre." A lovely thought, but there's only one problem: Ysaye died in 1931, when Barre was seven years old.

Faulty Diction Increases B.O. Sales

Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a porno play? Well, that's what Boston residents were clamoring to see. When the Mike Nichols production of *The Gin Game*, which opens on Broadway soon, was on the road in Boston, an announcer's voice in a radio commercial apparently sounded muddy: The box office was flooded with calls for tickets to *The Skin Game.* So much for Boston puritanism.

WILLIAM CARTER

Tandy, Cronyn: The play's in the cards.

Carter's Rebozo

Don't count Bert Lance out yet. Atlanta insiders tell me the hero's welcome accorded the former budget chief upon his return to Georgia has already led the politically conscious Lance to raise the possibility of a race for Georgia governor next year in private conversations with intimates.

There are, of course, some obvious drawbacks. About a half dozen investigations are currently under way into Lance's financial dealings, and any indictments—should they come—are hardly designed to attract votes. (An action by the Securities and Exchange Commission is regarded as a strong possibility.) Lance will also face a tough opponent in the Democratic primary (set for August 8, 1978)—incumbent Governor George Busbee, the man who beat Lance in the 1974 gubernatorial primary. And Busbee, like Lance, has close ties to Jimmy Carter. Presumably, if he runs, Lance would guard against any recurrence of campaign overdrafts—probably the chief reason for his downfall.

Politics aside, Atlanta sources expect Lance, despite his resignation, to continue to be a powerful force within the administration. "A Kirbo in exile" (a reference to presidential confidant Charles Kirbo) is how one top politically connected Atlanta attorney describes Lance. "The message," the attorney says, "already coming through loud and clear here from Bert's friends is that Bert will continue to have strong access to the president." That's understandable, because the two remain close friends. But the talk, as one source put it, is "that Jimmy could be even more susceptible to Bert because he still has guilt feelings about the whole affair." Conclusion: Big business—or at least smart big business—will continue to woo Jimmy Carter's new Rebozo. **—Dan Dorfman**

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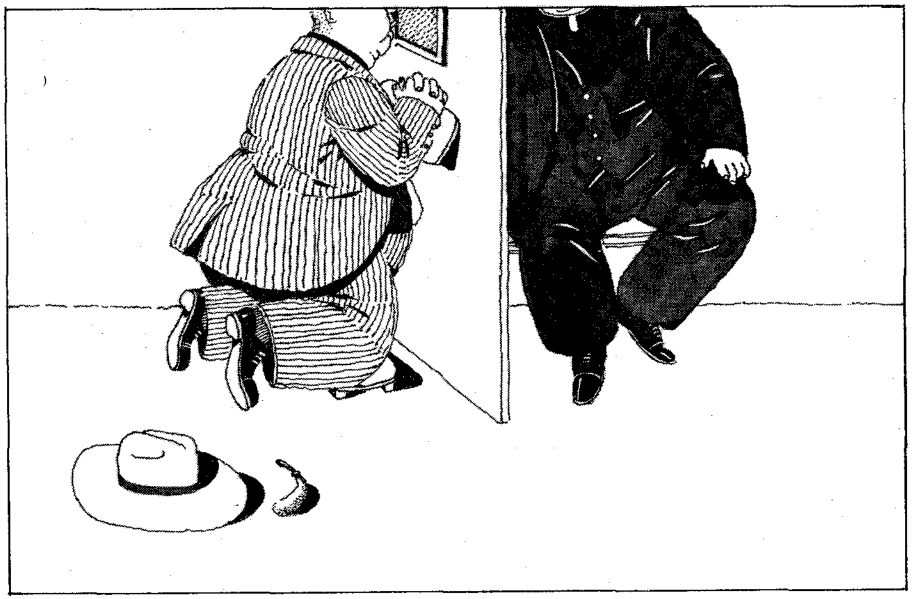
The City Politic/Paul Hoffman

LOUIS GIGANTE: THE CONNECTIONS OF A STREET PRIEST



The Company He Keeps

Come January 1, a familiar face—and voice—will be missing from the City Council chamber. But if Father Louis R. Gigante has his way, he'll be back in the political arena soon—as a candidate for Congress, or borough president . . . maybe even mayor.

Gigante stepped down from his councilmanic seat this year, saying the district—South Bronx and Spanish Harlem—should be represented by a Puerto Rican. But for eight months he toyed with the idea of running for City Council president—at first in the Democratic primary, then as an independent in the general election.

"I thought it was a good opportunity for me to move ahead," the peppery, controversial priest explains. "But in August I decided no, I would not go forward with this independent race."

But in store windows of Italian neighborhoods—in the Village, East Harlem, Bath Beach—one can still see posters proclaiming: DRAFT FATHER LOUIS R. GIGANTE FOR PRESIDENT OF CITY COUNCIL. And on Bruckner Boulevard there's even a billboard: FATHER GIGANTE FOR MAYOR.

In the flesh Gigante is a chunky man with large brown eyes behind steel-rimmed glasses, black bushy brows, and a shock of silver hair that makes him look a decade older than his 45 years. His manner is ebullient; his words come in torrents, perhaps faster than his thoughts; and he talks with his hands as much as his mouth. He sports a Big Apple pin beside his clerical collar, and inside his jacket is a Barry Farber button which he impishly flashes for friends—though he backed Beame for reelection.

The man himself remains an anomaly. He is first of all a Roman Catholic priest—in his words, "a street priest"—who feels a commitment "to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give lodging to those in need." As such, he's built a reverential following among his Puerto Rican parishioners in the South Bronx.

Second, he's a political animal. "I enjoy it, which I never knew until I got into it." He's a regular, a former Democratic district leader in the faltering organization of Bronx boss Pat Cunningham. Part of it was the lure of jobs for his followers; part, perhaps, the fact that both the church and the party have hierarchical structures. Mostly there was chemistry.

"I have a difficulty with the reform movement," he says, "not the reform issues, but the people. I think it's based on race, ethnicity, religion. Reform is tinged with the Wasp ethic, as opposed to the regular organization, which is tinged with the Catholic, or ethnic. I felt more at home."

Finally, there is his ethnic identification, which led him to speak and picket for Joe Colombo's Italian-American Civil Rights League and to assume the presidency of the Italian American Coalition of the City of New York. As a precondition of giving an interview, he insisted that the article not include a five-letter word of Sicilian origin that has become virtually synonymous with organized crime. Yet all his life he has associated with what the FBI calls "organized-crime figures."

His brother Vincente ("Vincent the Chin") has been identified as a "soldier" in the Vito Genovese "family" and was acquitted of the 1957 shooting of Frank Costello when Costello would not identify him. He was convicted, along with Genovese, three years later and sent to prison for a narcotics conspiracy—a conviction many, on both sides of the law, believe was tainted.

"I know he's innocent," Gigante says. "They took him away from his children. They took him away from us. It was unjust law enforcement and it led to his illness. He's slowly deteriorating. He's mentally incompetent." But, according to the FBI, he was well enough to get mixed up in the murder of mobster Vincent Calderazzo, whose fleshless bones were found in a grave in the California desert last March.

Another brother, Mario, also identified as a member of the Genovese "family," reportedly headed a $50-million-a-year bookmaking operation. A third brother, Ralph, was arrested on a gambling charge in 1971.

And there's James V. Napoli ("Jimmy the Nap"), a reputed gambling kingpin who's the source of Gigante's current legal embroilment. In 1974 Napoli was jailed for contempt in a fight-fixing inquiry. Gigante visited him several times on Riker's Island. Now Special Prosecutor John Keenan is trying to discover if political pull was used to win special favors for Napoli and other prisoners.

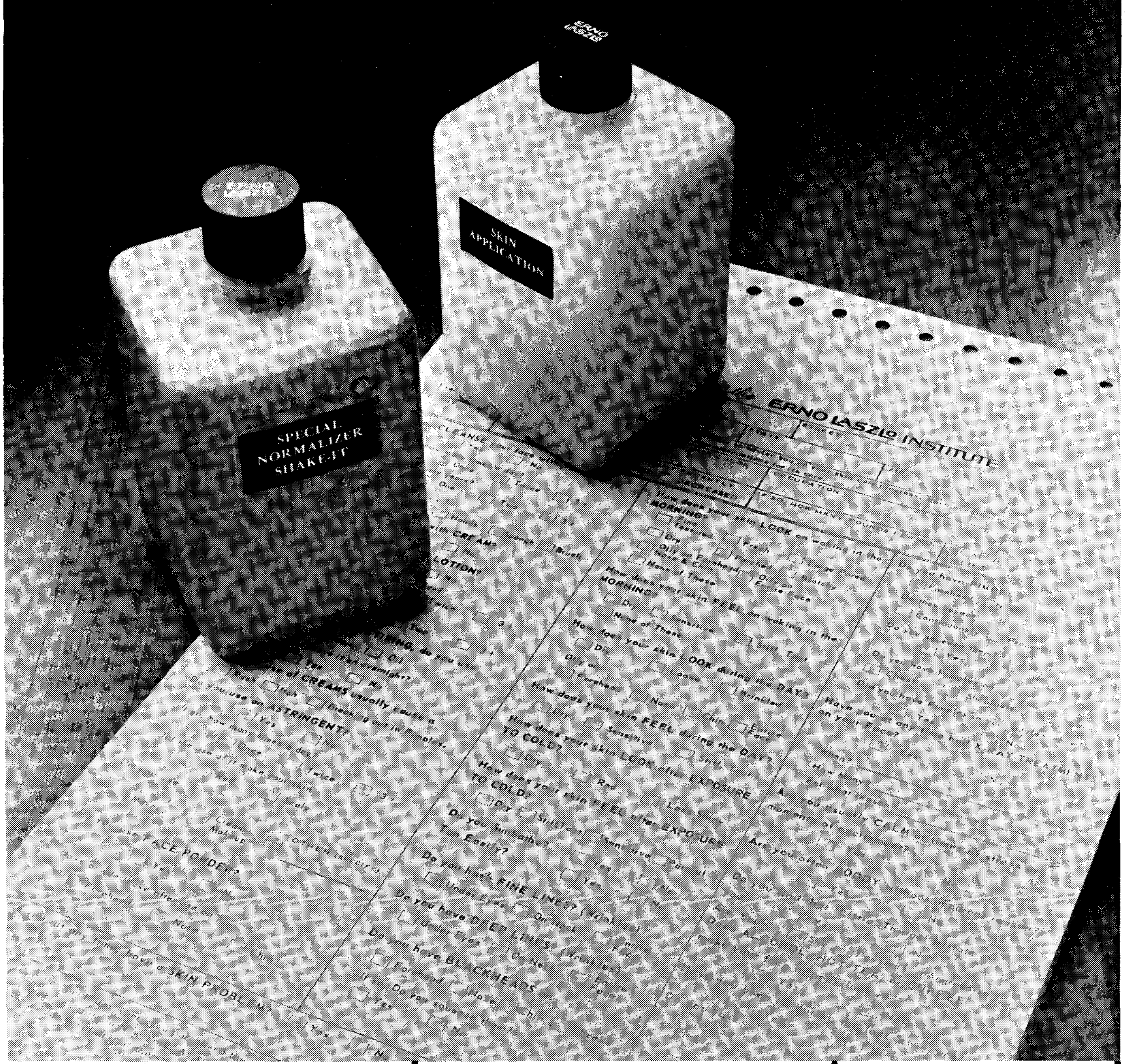
Haled before the grand jury late last month, Gigante invoked the priestly privilege of confidential communication. His claim was upheld by Justice Leonard Sandler as to conversations with Napoli, but when recalled before the grand jury, Gigante sought to expand this to cover all his actions.

"It has a chilling effect," he explains. "If word gets out that I talked to the grand jury, you tell me who's going to come to Father Gigante."

Gigante's claim is back before the courts. If he persists in clamming up, a contempt citation is likely. In casual conversation, Gigante *is* contemptuous—of the special prosecutor's office, of the grand-jury system, of the whole in-

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

We have the right answers because we ask the right questions.



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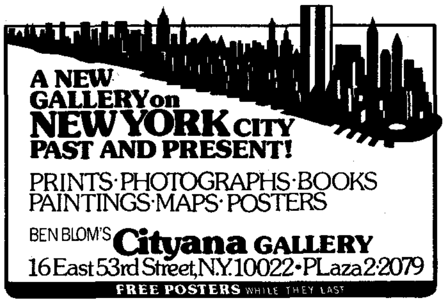

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) Peter G. Diamandis, Publisher

quiry. But he insists: "I've never done anything illegal. Never. I couldn't do something illegal. It goes against my entire conscience."

The grand-jury subpoena coincided with Gigante's announcement that he would not run again for the council, and some observers speculated that the summons influenced his decision—a point Gigante emphatically denies: "If I'd known what it would be, I'd have been running again. Out of spite. I'm a fighter."

For now, he's out. But he intends to remain active as a parish priest and head of the coalition. And next year there's the possibility of a run for Congress or borough president, if a spot opens. Or maybe, in four years, a shot at Gracie Mansion.

"Why not?" he says. "I think I could run this city as well as anyone else."

Republican Bloodbath

Last year, when the Republican party moved to dump him, Nassau County Executive Ralph Caso promised the voters a "bloodbath." Bloodbath it has become . . . but most of the blood belongs to Caso, who lost the Republican primary three weeks ago.

The primary contest would be of only parochial interest except that the Nassau GOP is the most powerful political machine this side of Chicago. It is headed by Joseph M. Margiotta, a roly-poly former assemblyman who is even more a caricature of the political boss than the late Richard Daley. Margiotta, 50, is a full-time chairman, paid $40,000 a year and provided with a Cadillac. He has a full-time staff of 23—more than the Republican state committee. Most important, he has an army of over 2,000 patronage employees in the county, many of whom allegedly kick back part of their salaries to fund the organization and who deliver better than one out of every ten Republican votes in New York State.

Nassau's GOP majority often provides the Republican edge statewide. Thus the outcome of the county-executive race could affect the future of the state . . . and perhaps the nation.

Caso, 59, has served two terms as county executive, a position comparable to that of mayor of a suburban city of 1.4 million. He is best known for building the Nassau Coliseum, which brought the hockey Islanders and (temporarily) the basketball Nets to Long Island. In 1973 he was reelected by a majority of 90,214, but the following year, when he ran for lieutenant governor, the Wilson-Caso ticket lost Nassau by 26,461.

After the election, party boss Margiotta began leaking stories that Caso was acting too arrogant to be reelected. *Newsday* headlined an article CASO TOLD TO SWEETEN UP OR SHIP OUT. Margiotta encouraged State Senator John Dunne to take soundings about making the race for the executive's job. Caso fought back: "I will run with or without Mr. Margiotta, with or without the Republican designation," he asserted. Francis T. Purcell, Caso's successor as presiding supervisor of the town of Hempstead, agreed to serve as his honorary campaign chairman.

For a year Margiotta's support of Caso was on again, off again. As late as November, 1976, it seemed to be on. But both the GOP county and executive committees met and voted overwhelmingly for their choice for county executive—not Caso, nor Senator Dunne . . . but Fran Purcell. Caso's only comment was, *"Et tu, Brute."*

It became open war. In what was called "the New Year's Eve massacre," Caso fired aides who remained loyal to Margiotta while a handful of county committeemen who backed Caso were denied renomination. To complicate matters, Dunne, best known for his advocacy of prison reform, also entered the race.

In the end, Margiotta's well-oiled machine functioned with its usual efficiency in the party's first countywide primary. Purcell led the list with 48,536 (he also won the Conservative party nomination); Dunne ran a surprising second with 31,072; Caso trailed with 29,174.

Ordinarily, the Republicans should have closed the ranks behind Purcell and girded for battle with the Democrats. But this is no ordinary election year in Nassau County. Caso is running as the candidate of the Independent Taxpayers for Caso party, and he insists, "I'm in the race to stay." Dunne is also on the ballot as the candidate of the Dunne/Integrity party, but he's now supporting Purcell.

Needless to say, this Republican division is making the Democrats gleeful. The Democratic (and Liberal) candidate is Irwin Landes, 51, a craggy-faced four-term assemblyman from Great Neck, who recently hit the headlines with his probe of the Port Authority expense accounts.

Landes's primary rival, David Peirez, a wealthy lawyer, is now supporting him. Landes's chances are enhanced because Denis Dillon, the popular Democratic district attorney, is running for reelection. If Landes wins—as seems likely—Margiotta's machine, already stripped of federal and state patronage, will have been dealt a blow from which it may never recover. ■

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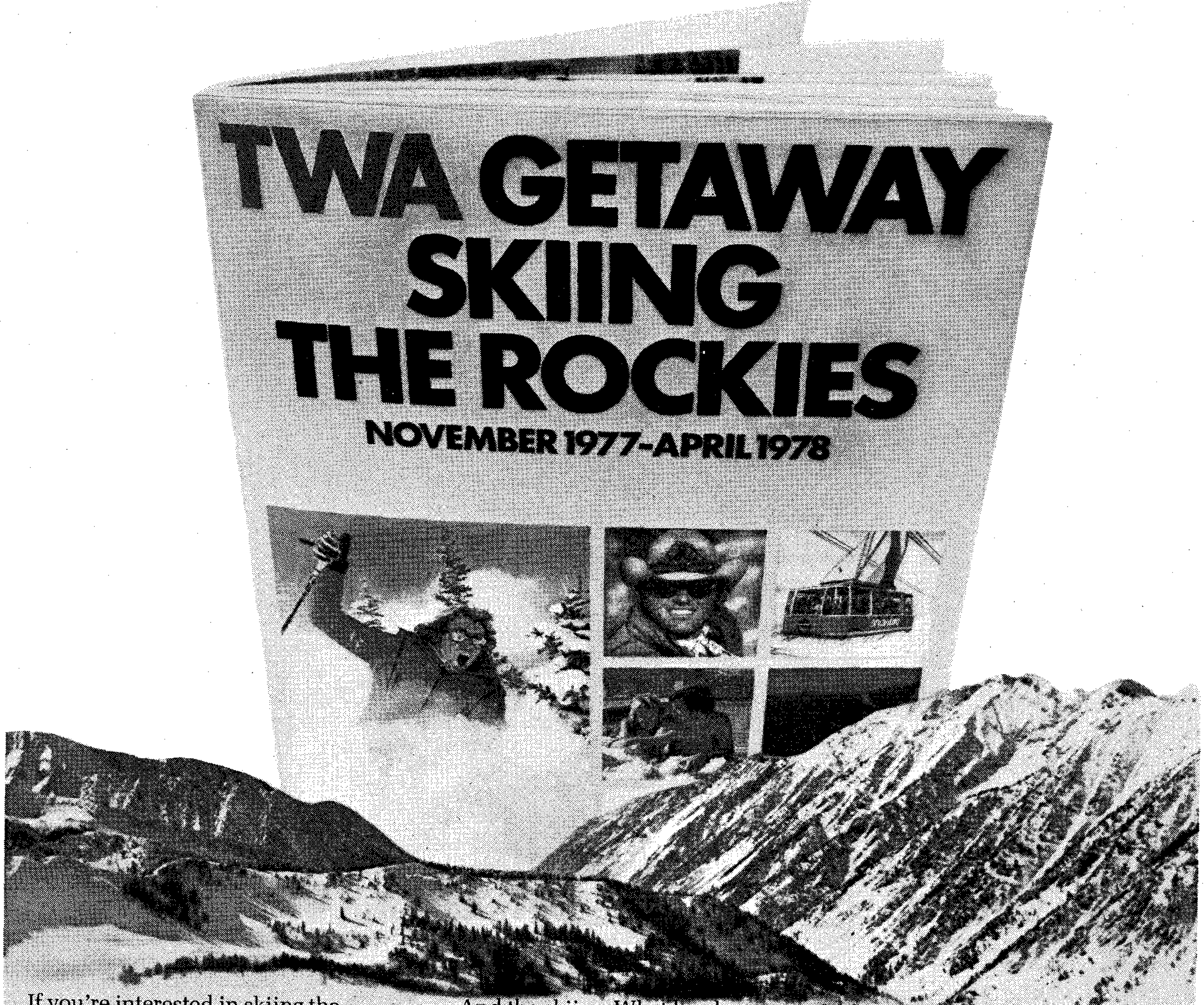

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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

CARTER'S BLIND TRUST: HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS

A Letter to Jimmy's Spiritual Adviser

Dear God:

I have a problem.

The next time You're in touch with Jimmy Carter, I would very much appreciate Your sharing with him one of my concerns. It's about the ground rules for the new Carter morality, particularly as they apply to the president himself. Perhaps, dear Lord, You can work things out for me.

I'm a reporter. And in checking into the president's assets, I've come up with some intriguing facts. I have to admit, though, I'm not sure I really understand them . . . and that's my problem. Not only that, I think I'm getting a runaround. Carter, I've discovered, has a stock portfolio in a Merrill Lynch branch in Columbus, Georgia—a portfolio that's never been disclosed. It's a trust left to him (and other family members) by his dad, James Earl Carter Sr., who passed away in July of 1953. I'm sure You've seen him around.

I had assumed this portfolio was in a blind trust. And it is. The trustee is Charles Kirbo, Carter's personal lawyer and confidant. But You will no doubt be amazed, as I was, to learn that this blind trust, as of just two and a half months ago, was still being managed by Jimmy Carter himself—more than six months after he became president.

If You're a TV watcher, as I am, You probably saw a tearful Jimmy Carter tell the American people recently that he was partially responsible for poor Bert Lance's woes. The reason, as Carter explained it: his insistence on the highest ethical standards for the office of the presidency—as clearly demonstrated by his avowed and well-publicized policy of open administration. It may be an open administration—but it sure becomes awfully closemouthed when you ask potentially embarrassing questions. You see, Carter's "open administration" is balking at the idea of disclosing the holdings in the Carter trust.

I think they're dead wrong. And I believe Charles Kirbo agrees with me—but White House counsel Robert Lipshutz thinks otherwise.

Our Atlanta researcher, a sharp young attorney named Jordan Weiss, personally chatted with Kirbo about three weeks ago. At that time, Kirbo explained that he wasn't too familiar with the trust, since he had been the trustee for only about 60 days. He said Carter himself had been supervising the trust before that and he reaffirmed that point. Kirbo told our man Weiss that he had no qualms about the trust's being disclosed and suggested we get the holdings from "Carter's broker"—J. Robert Ramsay, of Merrill Lynch's Columbus, Georgia, office.

Well, I tried to do just that. I rang up Ramsay, told him I was calling at Kirbo's suggestion, and said I thought there'd be lots of interest in an interview with Jimmy Carter's broker. He was gung ho for the idea. In fact, he was so enthusiastic that he tried to whet my appetite by telling me that Carter had made a "killing" on a stock which, he indicated, wasn't a blue chip. I must say he certainly did whet my appetite. We tentatively set up an interview through his branch manager, Louis Fantacone, but, alas, it was not to be. Fantacone told me Merrill Lynch's brass in New York had vetoed the idea, and a clearly scared Ramsay refused to say anything more.

Merrill Lynch explained it was the firm's policy—which I could understand—not to discuss individual clients' holdings. Further, it said that it had been told by its Columbus office that Carter's trust had been dormant since 1970. Isn't it peculiar, Lord, that Kirbo, Lipshutz, and Ramsay had all neglected to mention that very fact?

Nevertheless, I felt compelled to pursue the matter. For one thing, how "blind" is the trust if Carter was aware of its holdings just three short months ago? Also, it's hardly the usual arm's-length blind-trust agreement, since the trustee, Kirbo, is constantly in touch with Carter—at least several times weekly. And who knows whether the portfolio is ever discussed, even accidentally? That non-blue chip on which Carter reportedly made a "killing" suggests that the president may have been dabbling in speculative stocks. What an interesting insight into our president that would be.

His buddy Bert Lance, widely viewed as a fiscal conservative, has a portfolio, it turned out, riddled with many speculative stocks. And Carter, in the only assets he has reported, already shows a fondness for a security that's also owned by Lance: Carter has a 200-share investment in Reserve Oil & Gas.

So, in the interest of full disclosure, I pressed Jordan Weiss to ask Kirbo directly for the Carter portfolio. No luck. Kirbo was no longer the helpful gent he had been three weeks earlier. His secretary at first said, "The president of Merrill Lynch had objected to its release." Later, though, she changed her story to say that Robert Lipshutz didn't want the information disclosed. I reached Lipshutz, and he told me, much to my surprise, that the portfolio was readily available from the White House press office. He was wrong. The press office wouldn't disclose it. So back I went to Lipshutz. He too changed his story. He now says that since it's a blind trust, it shouldn't be disclosed.

Maybe he has a point. A man's money is a very private thing. But the extenuating circumstances in this situation raise a serious question about Lipshutz's blanket refusal.

Well, dear Lord, now You understand my frustrations. Mind You, I'm not suggesting any impropriety by Carter. But I've just about run out of options. The next move surely belongs to Jimmy Carter. And since You're his spiritual adviser—and he's always talking about You—one would hope that You could impress upon him the need for making his portfolio public. One should surely expect no less from the country's most influential and outspoken proponent of an open administration.

Respectfully,

Dan Dorfman

Dan Dorfman

Nothing to Sneeze At

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Cary of IBM: *Switching Asian partners?*

Though suffering from the sniffles, IBM boss Frank Cary was in a happy mood when I dropped in to see him the other week at IBM's executive offices in Armonk, New York. No wonder. IBM shares may be a dreary market performer, but the computer kingpin's business is better than ever.

Thanks to a surprisingly large amount of outright sales of electronic data-processing equipment (versus rental sale), the company's second-quarter earnings of $4.44 a share (versus a year-earlier $3.94) were higher than Wall Street had expected. Well, despite all the talk about a slowing economy, don't be surprised if IBM stages a repeat performance with a better-than-expected third-quarter showing.

Cary himself indicated as much when he told me the second quarter's high level of outright sales (which means a higher level of immediate profits) is continuing at about the same brisk rate as in the third quarter. Further, he said order rates and shipments continue strong worldwide—indicating that IBM is at least partly bucking the impact of sliding foreign economies. Cary happily noted that IBM's business is even "very good" in Italy, which is experiencing severe economic problems. It all leads Cary to predict a good 1977 for IBM.

Cary also thinks 1978 will be a good year for IBM. Part of his reasoning assumes healthy capital spending —a view that's questioned by a growing number of economists.

Cary, as usual, wouldn't make any earnings projections. However, one prominent bank—whose analyst has been in touch with IBM—has quietly told some correspondent banks that IBM isn't "strenuously objecting" to Wall Street forecasts of $17.75 to $18 a share in 1977 and $20 to $20.50 a share in 1978. IBM, though, did think a $21 estimate for 1978 was "a bit high at this time." The company earned $15.94 in 1976.

With 1976 sales (including rental and service income) of $16.3 billion, IBM has become so big that—like a government—it can even trade countries. For example, Cary told me that IBM, which does business with 127 countries, will shut down its operations in India rather than kowtow to the Indian government's demand for a 60 percent cut of IBM business there. Who would replace India? Maybe the People's Republic of China.

Cary (amid a steady stream of sneezes) confirmed he's negotiating to visit mainland China this fall with an eye toward doing business with the Chinese. He cautioned, though, that it's not likely to be a giant market for IBM, "since China isn't exactly interested in labor-saving technology."

Dial-a-Bear

If you're thinking of taking a flier on a stock, under no circumstances dial this telephone number in New York—(212) 751-1964. Not only won't you buy the stock, but you may just wind up selling every equity you own. The reason? You'll hear a recorded three-minute stock-market forecast—scary as hell—that talks of a possible "outright crash . . . a total collapse in the next few months." That grim message is given on tape by investment adviser Martin Zweig, head of Zweig Forecast. Zweig's been a bear for some time (he was wrong initially, but he's been vindicated somewhat by the market's sharp decline). Now, though, Zweig has become a full-fledged member of the gloom-and-doom brigade. He says his technical indicators, especially the low level of public short selling and the rise in short-term rates, have turned so negative that the Dow Jones industrials—last week trading in the high 830s—could tumble to around 627 in the next few months. At the very least, he sees a "substantial decline." His advice: Be in cash, short sales, gold stocks (which often run counter to the general market) and put options.

Zweig's clients pay an additional $50 a year for this private telephone service in which Zweig updates his views weekly. Somehow, the number leaked. And one Merrill Lynch broker (a non-Zweig client)—unable to convince one customer to sell a particular stock—had him ring up the recording. It worked beautifully. The worried customer—after hearing Zweig—quickly sold. It all seems so unfair, though, since Zweig never did get a piece of that broker's commission. ■

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

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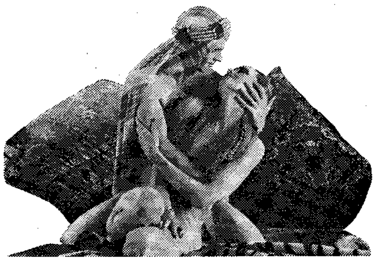
(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, October 5

Handle With Care–Director Jonathan Demme's new comedy-drama deals with the CB radio phenomenon. With Paul LeMat and Candy Clark. Little Carnegie.

BE MY VALENTINO



Rudolph Valentino **(Rudolf Nureyev)** seduces Natasha Rambova **(Michelle Phillips)** in the privacy of the sheik's tent, in **Valentino,** a biographical movie about the great lover of the silent screen, directed by Ken Russell. Also in the cast are Carol Kane, Leslie Caron, Seymour Cassel, Huntz Hall, Peter Vaughan, David de Kayser, and Alfred Marks. (Plus Anthony Dowell in a sequence where Rudi is teaching him to do the tango). 34th St E; Trans-Lux E; Trans-Lux 85th.

Friday, October 7

A Piece of the Action–Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, James Earl Jones, and Denise Nicholas, in a film directed by Poitier, with music and lyrics by Curtis Mayfield. Criterion; Eastside; 86th St E.

THE MOVIES

Accatone–Pasolini's directorial debut telling of vice and poverty in the slums of Rome. With Franco Citti. 10/5, 6, Bleecker St Cinema.

The American Friend–Directed by German director Wim Wenders, film explores the possibility of using a completely innocent man to murder a man he does not know. With Bruno Ganz, Liza Kreuzer, Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, and Sam Fuller. *Cinema Studio.*

The Assassination–Masashiro Shinoda describes a masterless samurai's conscience following the elimination of a regent during the turbulent opening of Shogunate Japan. 10/4, Bleecker St Cinema.

Autumn Leaves–Joan Crawford and Cliff Robertson in a film about a woman who marries a younger man whom she later finds to be mentally disturbed. 10/9, 10, Regency.

The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training–William Devane stars in the second installment of the little league series; directed by Michael Pressman. From 10/5, Playboy. (Reviewed 9/12/77)

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Paris. (Reviewed 5/16/77)

The Blue Angel–Joseph von Sternberg "discovered" Marlene Dietrich in a search for someone to play *the songstress opposite Emil Jannings. 10/8, Carnegie* Hall Cinema.

Bobby Deerfield–Al Pacino stars in Sydney Pollack's film as an emotionless Grand Prix racing driver taught the essence of life by a carefree (dying) girl patient (Marthe Keller) at a Swiss sanitarium and elsewhere. Also in the film is Anny Duperey whose devotion creates a romantic triangle for the champ. Baronet; Coronet. (Reviewed 10/10/77)

The Catered Affair–A Bronx housewife plans an elaborate wedding for her daughter which causes trouble for her not-too-well-off husband. With Bette Davis, Debbie Reynolds, and Ernest Borgnine. 10/5-8, Regency.

The Canterville Ghost–Jules Dassin's fantasy starring Charles Laughton as a 17th century ghost who must haunt his ancestral castle until someone in his family performs an heroic deed. 10/10, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Cria!–Carlos Saura's film in which he is concerned with apprehending the continuity between the past and the present, and if possible, finding a resolution for the civil war. Geraldine Chaplin plays the mother of the child (Ana Torrent) from whose viewpoint the story is told. Art. (Reviewed 6/20/77)

Dancing Lady–Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Fred Astaire (also Nelson Eddy and the Three Stooges) are all in this musical. Thru 10/4, Regency.

The Decameron–Boccaccio's tales as seen by Pasolini. 10/5, 6, Bleecker St Cinema.

Femmes Fatales–Bertrand Blier's film starring Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean Rochefort as two men who are fed up with women and take off for the pastoral life of the French countryside. Columbia II; Quad.

The Forest–Girish Karnad's film of adultery and revenge as seen through the eyes of a small boy. 10/6, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Main Street–Martin Scorsese interprets the code of the "street" in New York City's Little Italy, and the fate of those who live by it. With Robert DeNiro and Harvey Keitel. 10/7, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Fuses–People of varying politics and nationalities join forces in the dangerous underground movement of the Ruhr valley during WW II. Directed by Reinhard Hauff. 10/4, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

La Grande Bourgeoise–Directed by Mauro Bolognini, and starring Catherine Deneuve, Fernando Rey, and Giancarlo Giannini, film is based on a scandal that lit Bologna at the turn of the century which dealt with the destruction of the Socialists by the Christian Conservatives. 8th St Cinema; thru 10/4, Fine Arts. (Reviewed 8/15/77)

Cries and Whispers–Womanhood and death explored by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullman, Ingrid Thulin, and Harriet Andersson. 10/9, 10, Bleecker St Cinema.

David Copperfield–George Cukor's adaptation of the Dickens classic with W.C. Fields as Mr. Micawber, and Freddie Bartholomew as the young David. 10/9, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Harold and Maude–Story of a love affair between a 20-year-old boy and a 79-year-old woman. With *Ruth Gordon, Bud Cort. 10/7, 8, Bleecker St* Cinema.

Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte–Olivia DeHavilland, Mary Astor, and Bette Davis in a story revolving around an axe murder. 10/11, 12, Regency.

Julia–Jane Fonda stars, and Vanessa Redgrave has the title role in this version of Lillian Hellman's autobiographical book, *Pentimento,* detailing a lifelong friendship between the two, who, after drifting apart, were reunited by a dangerous journey through Germany on the brink of World War II. (Reviewed 10/10/77) Cinema I.

The Kentucky Fried Movie–A film directed by John Landis that spoofs 50's TV shows, disaster movies, sexploitation flicks, commercials and martial arts films. Thru 10/4, U.A. East; thru 10/6, Eastside; Gramercy.

Live Today, Die Tomorrow–Contemporary crime story depicting the effects of corruption in modern Tokyo upon a rural youth. Directed by Kaneto Shindo. 10/11, Bleecker St Cinema.

Let Joy Reign Supreme–*Philippe Moiret and Marina* Vlady in a tale of pre-revolutionary France during the Regency period, directed by Bertrand *(The Clockmaker)* Tavernier. Noiret plays the Duke of Orleans, a cultivated nobleman whose restless energy is spent in debauchery and intrigue. 68th St Playhouse. (Reviewed 10/3/77)

MacArthur–Gregory Peck plays the controversial figure in Joseph Sargent's film, with Marj Dusay as his wife, Ward Costello as General Marshall, Ed Flanders as President Truman, and Dan O'Herlihy as President Roosevelt. Guild; Embassy 46th. (Reviewed 7/11/77)

Marty–A multi-Academy Award winner about a Bronx butcher who hangs out with the boys until romance unexpectedly comes his way. With Ernest Borgnine. 10/7, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Mr. Skeffington–Bette Davis, as a vain society debutante, marries an older financier (Claude Rains). 10/5-8, Regency.

One on One–Robby Benson wrote and stars in this film about a basketball player who learns about life, love, and foul shots. Annette O'Toole plays his girl. Lamont Johnson directs. Thru 10/4, 72nd St E; Loews State II; Playboy; St Marks Cinema; Olympia. (Reviewed 9/12/77)

One Sings, The Other Doesn't–Agnes Varda's work portraying the lives of two contemporary young women. Although separated by long periods of time, distance, and different lifestyles, they maintain a rewarding friendship. Paris. (Reviewed 9/26/77)

Outrageous!–A Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. With Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren. Cinema II. (Reviewed 8/15/77)

Pardon Mon Affaire–French comedy with serious overtones about friendship and marriage, trust and its abuses, intrigues and their tragicomic consequences. New Yorker; Waverly; thru 10/4, Trans-Lux 85th. (Reviewed 7/4/77)

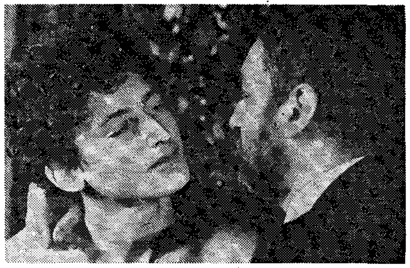
Paule Paulander–Reinhard Hauff's film about the atrophy of rural life exploding into a family tragedy where violence was the only way out. 10/4, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Persona–Ingmar Bergman film about the intense relationship between two women which becomes a bewildering entanglement of their personalities. With Liv Ullman, Bibi Andersson. 10/9, 10, Bleecker St Cinema.

Phone Call From a Stranger–Bette Davis, Gary Merrill. A woman learns from a plane crash survivor startling facts about her late husband. 10/11, 12, Regency.

The Runaway–Director Tapan Sinha directed this film about a boy who refuses to be tied down to his family, and later, to marriage. A comedy of manners set in Victorian Bengal. 10/6, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

KISS ME, MATE



Two of the thousands and thousands of characters to be seen in **Salo, 120 Days of Sodom,** Pier Paolo Pasolini's last film before he was most foully murdered, and in which he transposed the Marquis de Sade's work into the short-lived Italian Fascist Republic at Salo in 1943. Festival.

The Salvation Hunters–*Josef von Sternberg's first* film, about a port town drifter. With Georgia Hale and George K. Arthur. 10/5, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Samurai Assassin–Culty anti-samurai film includes patricide to depict causes of the liquidation of a certain lord from several points of view. With Toshiro Mifune; directed by Kihachi Okamoto. 10/4, Bleecker St Cinema.

Short Eyes–Miguel Pinero wrote and stars in a film, directed by Robert M. Young, about prison life. Paramount; Sutton.

A Special Day–Sophia Loren stars with Marcello Mastroianni in Ettore Scola's film which takes place amidst the celebration of a politically historical day in fascist Italy in 1938. On this occasion, an unusual encounter touches the lives of a man and a woman. Beekman. (Reviewed 10/3/77)

The Spy Who Loved Me–Roger Moore stars in this latest James Bond film, which is the first that is not based on an Ian Fleming novel and tells of every kind of sport, from sex with a gorgeous Soviet spy (Barbara Bach) to blowing up a couple of atomic submarines set to blow up New York and Moscow. Loews State I; Loews Cine; Columbia I; Greenwich; Loews Triplex. (Reviewed 8/11/77)

Star Wars–Life with robots, intergalactical wars, romance, plenty of special effects, and Carrie Fisher as a princess. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum; Murray Hill. (Reviewed 6/20/77)

Suspiria–Directed by Dario Argento, the film uses satanism and witchcraft to explore the transgressions of the soul and body. With Jessica Harper and Stefania Casini. Thru 10/6, Criterion; Loews Triplex. (Reviewed 9/12/77)

The Taming of the Shrew–Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks chose Shakespeare's comedy for their first screen appearance together. It was also their first talkie. 10/5, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Tommy–Ken Russell's adaptation of the rock opera by the Who, with Ann-Margret, Jack Nicholson, Tina Turner, Roger Daltry, and Elton John. From 10/7, Ziegfeld.

Torch Song–Joan Crawford's first all-color film casts her as an obstreperous musical star. With Michael Wilding and Gig Young. Thru 10/4, Regency.

Where's Poppa?–Carl Reiner's comedy about a lawyer and his very possessive mother, living in New York. With George Segal, Ruth Gordon. 10/7, 8, Bleecker St Cinema.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Cria!*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Bobby Deerfield.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *A Special Day.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 10/4, *Samurai Assassin; The Assassination.* 10/5, 6, *The Decameron; Accatone.* 10/7, 8, *Where's Poppa?; Harold and Maude.* 10/9, 10, *Persona; Cries and Whispers.* 10/11, *Live Today, Die Tomorrow; Stray Dog.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 10/4, *Paule Paulander; Fuses.* 10/5, *The Salvation Hunters; The Taming of the Shrew.* 10/6, *The Forest; The Runaway.* 10/7, *Marty; Mean Streets.* 10/8, *Cabaret; The Blue Angel.* 10/9, *A Tale of Two Cities; David Copperfield.* 10/10, *The Canterville Ghost; The Hunchback of Notre Dame.* 10/11, *The Brutalization of Franz Blum; Mathias Kneissl.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Outrageous.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza Hotel (752-5959). *A Woman's Decision.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *The American Friend.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 10/4, *Providence; Harlan County, U.S.A.* 10/5, 6, *Seven Beauties; Love and Anarchy.* 10/9, 10, *Bedazzled; The Ruling Class.* 10/11, *The Phantom of Liberte; The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.* 10/12, 13, *Welcome to L.A.; The Day of the Locust.* 10/14, 15, *Filmore; Phantom of the Paradise.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). Thru 10/4, *Femmes Fatales.* From 10/5, *The Lincoln Conspiracy.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Bobby Deerfield.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). Thru 10/6, *Suspiria.* From 10/7, *A Piece of the Action.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Dirty Duck (X).*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 10/6, *Kentucky Fried Movie.* From 10/7, *A Piece of the Action.*

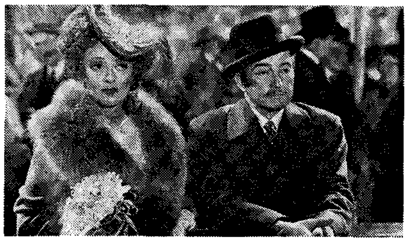
8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *La Grande Bourgeoise.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). Thru 10/6, *The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington.* From 10/7, *A Piece of the Action.*

Embassy 46th, 46th at Bdway (757-2490). *MacArthur.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *La Grande Bougeoise.*

WHAT-T-T A DUMP-P-P!



Bette Davis and **Claude Rains** are leaving on their honeymoon in this scene from Vincent Sherman's **Mr. Skeffington.** Film shares the bill with *The Catered Affair,* at the Regency Theater, October 5th thru 8th. Broadway and 67th Street.

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Salo, 120 Days of Sodom.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). Thru 10/4, *La Grande Bourgeoise.* From 10/5, *Allegro Non Troppo.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 10/6, *Kentucky Fried Movie.* From 10/7, *Annie Hall.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *MacArthur.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). Thru 10/4, *Allegro Non Troppo.* From 10/5, *Handle With Care.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *The Spy Who Loved Me.* II. *One on One.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *You Light Up My Life.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *The Spy Who Loved Me.* II. From 10/4, *Grand Auto Theft.* III. *The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Star Wars.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 10/6, 2:30, *My Little Chickadee* (1940, W.C. Fields, Mae West); 6 p.m. *My Man Godfrey* (1936, Carole Lombard, William Powell); 8:30, *Unfinished Business* (1941, Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery). 10/7, 2:30, *Christmas Holiday* (1944, Gene Kelly, Deanna Durbin); 6 p.m. *And Then There Were None* (1945, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson). 10/8, noon, *Never Give A Sucker an Even Break* (1941, Gloria Jean, W.C. Fields); 2:30, *Criss Cross* (1949, Burt Lancaster, Yvonne DeCarlo); 5 p.m. *The Dark Mirror* (1946, Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayers). 10/9, noon, *Three Smart Girls* (1937, Deanna Durbin Ray Milland); 2:30, *Christmas Holiday;* 5 p.m. *Your Money or Your Life* (1932). 10/10, noon, *Visite à Picasso* (1950), and *Undercurrents* (1973), and *Sort of a Commercial for an Icebag* (1970); 2:30 *The Killers* (1946, Burt Lancaster, Ava Gardner); 6 p.m. *Another Part of the Forest* (1948, Fredric March, Florence Eldridge). 10/11, noon Film shorts; 2:30, *Les Amours de la Reine Elisabeth* (1912, Sarah Bernhardt), and *Amor Pedestre* (1914, Marcel Fabre); 6 p.m. What's Happening?

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Pardon Mon Affaire.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 10/4, *One on One; Drive-In.* 10/5-11, *The Bad News Bears Break Training; Bugsy Malone.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Short Eyes.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Black and White in Color.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 10/4, *One on One.* From 10/5, *Bad News Bears in Breaking Training.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *One Sings, The Other Doesn't.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. Thru 10/4, *The Women; Dinner at Eight.* 10/5-8, *North by Northwest; The Thin Man.* 10/9, 11, *Broadway Melody of 1940; The Harvey Girls.* II. Thru 10/4, *The First Nudie Musical.* III. From 10/5, *The Lincoln Conspiracy; Dirty Duck (X).* IV. Thru 10/4, *Femmes Fatales.* From 10/5, *Stroszek.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 10/4, *Dancing Lady* (1933, Gable, Astaire, Joan Crawford); *Torch Song* (1953, Michael Wilding, Gig Young, Joan Crawford). 10/5-8, *Mr. Skeffington* (1944, Claude Rains, Bette Davis); *The Catered Affair* (1956, Ernest Borgnine, Bette Davis, Debbie Reynolds). 10/9, 10 *Autumn Leaves* (1956, Cliff Robertson, Joan Crawford); *Storm Center* (1956, Brian Keith; Bette Davis). 10/11, 12, *Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte* (1965, Olivia DeHavilland, Mary Astor, Bette Davis); *Phone Call From a Stranger* (1952, Gary Merrill, Bette Davis).

Renoir, 100 Seventh Ave So (873-8702). 10/4, *Katharine Blum* (Volker Schlondorff, 1975). 10/5, *Strongman Ferdinand* (Alexander Kluge, 1976). 10/6-8, *A Piece of Pleasure* (Claude Chabrol); *The Clockmaker* (Bertrand Tavernier). 10/9-12, *Le Chat* (Pierre Granier-Deferre); *Vincent, Francoise, Paul & the Others* (Claude Sautet). 10/13, *The Making of Novecento* (Giuseppe Bertolucci).

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 10/4, *Grand Auto Theft.* II. Thru 10/4, *Super Van.* From 10/5, *Demon!; Rabid.*

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 10/4, *One on One; White Line Fever.* 10/5-11, *A Bridge Too Far; Vanishing Point.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 10/4, *One On One.* From 10/5, *A Bridge Too Far.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Let Joy Reign Supreme.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Short Eyes.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 10/4, *The African Queen* (1951, Katharine Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart); *Stand In* (1937, Humphrey Bogart, Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell). 10/5, 6, *Pickwick Papers* (1954, Hermione Gingold, James Hayter); *Moulin Rouge* (1952, Jose Ferrer, Zsa Zsa Gabor). 10/7, 8, *Nothing Sacred* (1937, Carol Lombard, Fredric March); *My Man Godfrey* (1936, Carol Lombard, William Powell). 10/9-11, *Juliet of the Spirits* (1965, Giulietta Masina); *8½* (1963, Marcello Mastrianni, Claudia Cardinale). 10/12, 13, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1939, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara); *The Private Life of Henry VIII* (1933, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Merle Oberon).

Theatre St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 10/4, *Love in Bloom* (1935, Burns & Allen); *Here Comes Cookie* (1935, Burns & Allen). 10/5, 6, *The Big Broadcast of 1936* (Bing Crosby, Burns & Allen, Betty Furness); *The Big Broadcast of 1938* (W.C. Fields, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope). 10/7, 8, *Design for Living* (1934, Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March); *The Scoundrel* (1935, Noel Coward, Julie Hayden, Alexander Woolcott). 10/9, 10, *Holiday* (1938, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant); *Born Yesterday* (1950, Judy Holliday, William Holden, Broderick Crawford).

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 10/4, *Seven Beauties; Swept Away.* From 10/5, *Valentino.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 10/4, *New York, N.Y.* From 10/5, *Valentino.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). Thru 10/4, *Pardon Mon Affaire.* From 10/5, *Valentino.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 10/4, *Kentucky Fried Movie.* From 10/5, *The Lincoln Conspiracy.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Pardon Mon Amour.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 10/4-9, Ron Clark's *Dialectical Facts,* and David Lamelas's *The Hand.* 10/11-16, *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Portugal* (Robert Kramer and Philip Spinelli).

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). From 10/7, *Tommy.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Thursday, October 6

The Gin Game–Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in the Mike Nichols production of a new two-character play by D. L. Coburn about two elderly people who meet in a convalescent home and become acquainted over several games of gin rummy. John Golden, 252 W 45th St (246-6740).

Friday, October 7

THE INCOMPARABLE MAX

Eileen Atkins, Max Von Sydow, and **Bibi Anderssen,** in **The Night of the Tribades,** a documentary drama by Per Olov Enquist, translated by Ross Shideler, set in Copenhagen in 1889. It's a play withing a play based on events in the life of August Strindberg. Previews start tonight prior to an 10/13 opening. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Thursday, October 13

Dracula–Frank Langella stars in the title role of a play by Deane and Balderston dramatized from Bram Stoker's novel; directed by Dennis Rosa. Previews start tonight prior to a 10/20 premiere. Martin Beck, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

CURRENT

Annie–Andrea McArdle as Harold Gray's spunky little orphan, Reid Shelton as Daddy Warbucks, plus moppets, dogs, a Christmas tree and some Charles Strouse songs. Thomas Meehan's book is set in New York, and Annie doesn't get to wear her fright wig until the final scene. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646). (Reviewed 5/9/77)

Bubbling Brown Sugar–A tribute to Harlem's most toe-tappin' days, with some great old songs, plus a few new ones by Danny Holgate. Loften Mitchell's book takes some modern kids on a journey through the past. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270). (Reviewed 3/22/76)

A Chorus Line–Half realism, half romance, James Kirkwood and Nick Dante's book concerns the tribulations of breaking into musicals in New York. Marvin Hamlisch did the music, and even your brother-in-law probably can't get you a ticket. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990). (Reviewed 11/3/75)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Interlinked laments and narrations about being women, black, and sorrowful in New York, derived from poems of Ntozake Shange and directed by Oz Scott. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969). (Reviewed 6/14/76)

Gemini–Life in a South Philadelphia ghetto, concerned with sexual ambivalence and lots of eating. Albert Innaurato's play is directed by Peter Mark Schifter. Mon thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425). (Reviewed 12/27/76)

Hair–The first revival of Tom O'Horgan's production of the Gerome Ragni-James Rado 1968 tribal love-rock musical. Tuesday thru Saturday at 8; Wed and Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Biltmore Theater, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of quick skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390). (Reviewed 5/2/77)

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, revived with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510). (Reviewed 5/16/77)

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Man of La Mancha–Richard Kiley recreates his portrayal of the hero for a limited engagement. Tony Martinez plays his sidekick Sancho and Emily Yancy is Aldonza. Musical by Dale Wasserman, with music by Mitch Leigh and lyrics by Joe Darion. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626). (Reviewed 10/3/77)

Miss Margarida's Way–Estelle Parsons has moved from off-Broadway to play her solo role as a *demented schoolteacher. The audience is her class*room. Ambassador, 219 W 49th (CO 5-1855).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–Simon Gray's London hit about non-communication in an electronic world, directed by Harold Pinter, and with Dick Cavett as the man who only wants to be left alone to listen to his hi-fi. Mon thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed & Sat at 2. From 10/6, no more Thurs perf. Added Sun mat at 3. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156). (Reviewed 2/14/77)

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's two-charac*ter comedy about a pair of extramarital lovers* who've been going at it for 25 years. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430). (Reviewed 5/31/75)

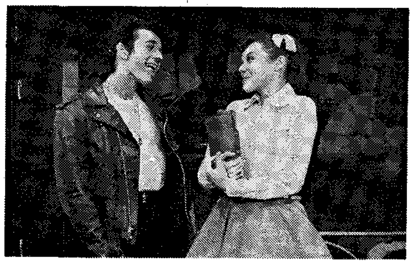
The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's Pulitzer-Prize-winning drama is set in a hospital for terminal ill patients, and deals with the realities and delusions of hope. Gordon Davidson directs. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230). (Reviewed 4/18/77)

Side by Side by Sondheim–A generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both, done by a cast of thousands consisting of three singers, two pianists, and a gracious host. Mon thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed & Sat at 2. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636). (Reviewed 5/22/77)

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Robert Preston, minus 76 trombones, plays the arch conniver. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699). (Reviewed 12/27/76)

Tartuffe–John Wood, Tammy Grimes, and Patricia Elliott in Moliere's comedy, directed by Stephen Porter. Also in the cast are Mildred Dunnock, Stefan Gierasch, and others (will play thru 11/20). Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720). (Reviewed 10/10/77)

LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER



Adrian Zmed and **Andrea Walters** in a scene from **Grease,** a musical centered around high-school kids during the Eisenhower years. Tom Moore directed, with choreography by Patricia Birch. It might run forever. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by Geroge Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992). (Reviewed 6/27/77)

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, fashioned into a gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897). (Reviewed 1/10/77)

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Antigone–Sophocles's work, directed by Kirt Alexander. Thur thru Sat, thru 11/12. $2.50. New York City Repertory, 437 W 46th (JU 6-3700).

The Beast–Snoo Wilson's fantasy about the life and sex magic of Aleister Crowley, the wickedest man in the world. Thru 10/8, at 8:30. $2.50. Stage 73, 312 E 73rd (682-0326).

The Cherry Orchard–Anton Chekhov's play. 10/7, 8, 14, 15, at 10:30; 10/9, 10, 16, 17, at 7:30. $2.50. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th (989-9228).

The Club–Eve Merriam's anti-sexist satirical review, with seven ladies in tuxedos kicking around some old male-chauvinist lyrics. Staged by Tommy Tune. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330). (Reviewed 11/1/76)

Cockfight–Elaine Jackson's play explores the blurring of the male/female roles in American society, and the mythological role of the black cowboy in the San Francisco Bay Area. From 10/7-30, Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Tues early perf at 6:30; Sun at 7 p.m. $8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Counsellor-At-Law–Elmer Rice's play about a lawyer who rediscovers his roots when he runs into adversity. Directed by Will Lieberson. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3. Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43 St (221-9088). (Reviewed 9/26/77)

Double Bill–Agatha Christie's *The Patient* and *The Rats,* directed by Karen Hoffman and Robert Cusack. 10/7, 8, at 7:30 p.m. $3. Academy Arts Theater, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Drama Committee Repertory–Gorky's *Cain and Artyom,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 10:30, thru 11/26. Chekhov's *Ward Six,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30, thru 11/26. Aristophanes's *Lysistrata,* Sat at 2:30; Sun at 2:30 & 5:30, Thru 11/20. All shows $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

Endgame–Samuel Beckett's play, designed and directed by Donald L. Brooks; presented by Theatre in Chelsea. Thurs thru Sat, at 8 p.m. 10/6-22. St Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W 20th (WA 9-2390).

Fathertime Waltz–A new American play by Karin Abarbanel, presented by New Liberty Vaudeville, Fri thru Sun, 10/4-16, at 8 p.m. $3. The Brook, 40 W 17th (982-2386).

Feedlot–Patrick Meyers's play concerning an explosion of violence which rocks the macho foundations of five contemporary cowboys. Terry Schreiber directs. 10/8-11/19. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (691-3210).

Fishing–Michael Weller's play, directed by Ronald Hunter, offers a postgraduate glimpse of the 60's generation. Thru 11/1. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Westbeth Theater Center, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

THEY CALL ME MIMI

Mimi Kennedy is Anne Bonney in **Hot Grog,** the first production of the Phoenix Theater's 25th Anniversary Season. It's a musical adventure, woven around historical figures, involving politicians and pirates in the Carolinas in the 18th Century. Previews start 10/6, opens 10/7. Marymount Manhattan Theater, 211 E 71st.

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Philip Massinger's Elizabethan comedy, *A New Way To Pay Old Debts,* 10/7, 8, 14, 15, 21, 22, at 7:30; 10/9, 16, 23, at 3 p.m. Pinter's *The Caretaker,* 10/8, 15, 22 at 10:30. Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (667-0060).

Shakespeare in Repertory–*Hamlet,* Thurs and Sat, *Romeo and Juliet,* Fri & Sun at 7:30, 10/13-30. $3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Lady Windemere's Fan–Oscar Wilde's drawing-room comedy directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 12/18. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Landscape of the Body–A new play by John Guare, directed by John Pasquin, ~~with Shirley~~ Knight, F. Murray Abraham, Peg Murray. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

Macbeth–William Shakespeare's play, directed by Steven Brant. Thru 10/8. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. $3. Cithaeron, 55 Mercer St in Soho (966-6183).

The Maids–Jean Genet's chamber work, directed by Barbara Frick, with Linda Chapman, Kathryn Halvorson, and Carol Bivins. 10/7-9; 14-16; 21-23, at 8 p.m. with an additional performance at 10 on Saturdays. $4. Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove Street at Sheridan Square (638-8957).

Magic Afternoon–Wolfgang Bauer's drama about young people today. Thurs at 7:30; Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 10/9. $2.50. 13th St Theater, 50 W 13th (924-9785).

The Master Builder–Henrik Ibsen's tragedy of a romantic caught between desire and reality, directed by Patrick J. Byrne. Thurs thru Sun 10/6-16, at 7:30. $2.50. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

The Misanthrope–A musical version of the Moliere comedy, with English verse translation by Richard Wilbur, and music by Margaret Pine; Directed by Leonardo Shapiro. From 10/4. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

The Moment–A work by Virginia Woolf, with Claudia Bruce and Ron Harrington, directed by Lina Mussman. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30. $3. Time & Space, 139 W 22nd (741-1032).

Only a Woman–An original musical play by Norma Murphy and Ralph Martell is a love story set in the 1850s about women's rights leader Lucy Strong. Wed thru Fri at 7:30, Thru 11/4. Foundation Theater, 1147 1st Ave at 63rd (755-6020).

The Passionate Men–A new drama of political intrigue by Keith Winter and Hattie May Pavlo, directed by Edward Townley. Play focuses on the personality of Alexander Hamilton throughout the last decade of his life. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th (889-2850).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

The Physician in Spite of Himself–Moliere's comedy, directed by Harry Shifman. Thurs thru Sun, 10/6-23, at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. Theatre Off-Park, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

The Present Tense–An evening of comedy and song, in the form of a topical satirical musical revue. Tues thru Thurs & Sun evenings at 8:30, Fri & Sat at 8 & 10:30 p.m. $8.50 and $7. Park Royal Theater, 23 W 73rd (765-3022).

Reuben Rein–A comedy in two acts by Sookie Stambler, directed by Joseph Ditrinco. 10/7, 8, at 7:30. 10/9, at 4:30 p.m. $2.50. 18th St Plyhse, 145 W 18th (JU 2-4240).

SOMETHING ON HIS MIND

Tom Wright appears in the first New York revival of Harold Willis's award-winning drama, **A Sound of Silence,** story of family confrontation and personal crisis, directed by Carol Kastendieck. Friday through Monday, through 10/10, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Ansonia Hotel, 73rd and Broadway (787-5300).

Ten Little Indians–Agatha Christie's thriller directed by David McNitt. 10/13-15, 20-22, 27-29; 11/3-5, at 7:30. $4. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Treats–Christopher Hampton's play, directed by Craig Anderson. 10/5-30, Wed thru Sun at 8; Sun at 3; $4. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

Vanities–Jack Heifner's three-character play traces three Texas girls from highschool cheerleader days through their entry into realistic urban life. Garland Wright directs. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394). (Reviewed 4/5/76)

The West Street Gang–Environmental gay theater piece by Doric Wilson, Thurs thru Sat at 8:30; Sun at 6 p.m. $4. Spike Bar, 11th Ave & W 20th (289-6740).

The White Whore and the Bit Player–Tom Eyen's play, directed by Ruth Evans; Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 10/13-30. $3. About a famous film star before and after she made it; what she imagined herself to be, and how the world saw her. NYTE, 62 E 4th (477-4120).

The Legend of Wu Chang–The Pan-Asian Repertory Theater presents the adventure of a young man's journey to find his destiny. $2.50. From 10/6, at 8 p.m. LaMama, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

You Never Can Tell–A revival of the Geroge Bernard Shaw play, directed by Tony Tanner. With Rachel *(Upstairs, Downstairs)* Gurney, Curt Dawson, Neil Fitzgerald, Ralph Clanton. From 10/4. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 2nd Ave. French boite with Rita Dimitri singing the songs of Piaf, Aznavour, and Jacques Brel. Dancing, Tues thru Sat. Dardanelle at the piano Mondays (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Hot Sugar, a revue starring 21 singers, dancers, and musicians, plays thru October. Juan Salazar and his orchestra play for the show and dancing. Closed Monday (PL 2-8080).

Cleo's–Bdway at 63rd St opposite Lincoln Center. Mabel Mercer, nonpareil cafe singer and living legend is here and doing well (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9:30; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. The Irving Fields Trio plays nightly for dancing. Downstairs: Disco, Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (PL5-6010).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Thru 10/8, comedian Don Sebastian cracks jokes at 9:30 & 11:30 nightly (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Jazz singer Marilyn Walton, nightly except Sunday, at 10, midnight, & 2 a.m. thru 11/5. The Tomy Furtado Trio plays, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with singer Terry Hammond at the keyboard Mon thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. From 10/4, Caberet '77, a 90-minute song-fest with a five-member cast, Tues thru Sat at 9, with an added 11 p.m. showing Thurs, Fri & Sat (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Playroom: Julius La Rosa, through 10/9, Mon thru Thurs, 8:45 & 11:30; Fri & Sat 8:30, 10:30 & 12:45; Sun, 8:45 & 11 p.m. 10/10-23, magician Harry Blackstone Jr., 10/24-11/1, Minsky's Burlesque (PL 2-3100).

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Rainbow Grill–65th floor, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Up in the sky, with Picasso weavings on the wall, and for entertainment, director-writer-producer Josh Logan, who for the first time appears as a performer with anecdotes and songs, accompanied by singers Suellen Estey, Jess Richards, and Howard Ross. Thru 10/15 (PL 7-9090).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Here, for an extended engagement, Sy Oliver and his orchestra (PL 7-9090).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives *dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases* (826-0990).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hide-away caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (Cl 7-0200).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San and Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683-9409).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (678-7000). **Under the Clock:** The Phillips Brothers, Al on piano and organ and Perry, the drummer, Mon thru Fri, 8 p.m. thru 1 a.m. **The Guard Room:** pianist Theresa Kelly, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Mon thru Fri.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** The fabulous Bobby Short is here. **Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland, first lady of jazz, plays Mon thru *Fri from 9:30 p.m. Thru 10/31.*

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Bucky Pizzarelli, jazz guitarist, plays Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. Chuck Garrett and Company here thru 10/15, from 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Yvette Souviron, 6:30 to 11:30, Mon thru Fri.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Maisonette:** The Peter Duchin Quartet, directed by Mark Shane, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday. Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Joe Lee Wilson, a large man with a booming voice that can move from a bellow to a falsetto cry in the space of a melismatic arpeggio, comes in 10/4; his group, Bond Street, backs him flawlessly, at 9, 11, & 12:30 (226-9042).

Angry Squire–216 7th Ave at 23rd. Restaurant with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. Bassist Bob Cunningham, guitarist Dave Barren, and Billy Higgins on drums continue here as popular favorites (242-9066).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Axis in Soho–463 W. Broadway. Air—That's Henry Threadgill, flute and reeds, Fred Hopkins, bass, and Steve McCall, drums—is making one of its rare New York appearances, made more rare for lasting three nights, 10/6-8. It is a sublimely bewitching band (228-0882).

GIRL WITH A MIKE

Singer **Lee Horwin** returns to **The Ballroom,** 458 West Broadway, October 11th and remains through October 29th. Performance times will be at 8:30 & 10:30 Tues thru Thurs, and on Fri & Sat *at 9:30 & 11:30. Betty* Rhodes sings here thru 10/8. Call 473-9367 for reservations.

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's Jazz Emporium–230 Park Ave. Planist Ray Bryant remains unique—an invigorating bluesman with a legitimate hold on the stride style of the 20s and a mastery of the modernist impulses rooted in the 40s. He swings very hard, and will lead a trio 10/5-8, at 9 p.m. Wed, Thurs. 10 p.m. Fri & Sat. (675-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Teppanyaki-hibachi cooking, and Kuniko Kishiki plays 12th century Japanese love songs on the koto, Mon thru Sat, from 5 p.m. (682-7120).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th. A musical divertissement called *Words,* with music by Martin Sil*vestri and lyrics by Tony Tanner. Tues thru Thurs* at 10:30; Fri & Sat at 10:30 & 12:30 (756-7848).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl & 8th St. Helen Humes, brash, direct, irresistible, sings superior ballads and sly blues, with Gerry Wiggins, and is a sure bet for a vibrant evening. On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie-woogie specialist Sammy Price performs (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–Trumpeter Warren Vaché is an atavist, lending his rich technique to a style that plays footloose with Louis Armstrong via Ruby Braff, with an occasional nod to bop, and always a gleaming tone. He's here Mondays thru Fridays with pianist Don Coates and drummer Freddie Stol (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever (688-0018).

David's Harp–131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. 10/3-15, *Clown,* a musical revue. Showtimes are at 9 p.m. and midnight (595-4206).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys

Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Greenstreets–566 Seventh Avenue. A Times Square area restaurant with continuous jazz from 9 to 1 a.m. Thurs thru Sat. (354-0239).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Wed thru Sun, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio. Mon & Tues, 10 to 3, Ben Aronov Trio. Mon thru Sat, 5 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Jorge Rios plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is here, with the excellent rhythm section of Eddie Locke and Ted Sturgis, and the music is everything but complacent. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (664-9700).

Lone Star Cafe–61 Fifth Ave, corner of 13th. Country/Western music nightly. (242-1664).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55. Thru 10/8, the Urban Green Quintet, at three shows nightly from 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Mikell's–760 Columbus Ave. Thru 10/6, Kenny Brawner and Raw Sugar. 10/10-13, the same (864-8832).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Pianist Steve Marks, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Fri, Danny Stiles and his Nostalgia Quiz; Thursdays, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

CABARET QUEEN

Through October 8, **Holly Woodlawn** performs at **Reno Sweeney,** 126 West 13th Street. There are two shows nightly, at 9 & midnight. Blossom Dearie, the honey-voiced singer, accompanies herself on piano, Wednesday through Saturday, 5:30 to 7:30 p.m. Call 691-0900 for reservations.

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storyville–41 E 58 St. Max Roach, who may be the most accomplished drummer in the world, returns from his professorial duties at Amherst with a quartet: Billy Harper, Cecil Bridgewater, and the astonishing bassist Reggie Workman (755-1640).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Jazz room. 10/4-8, Lanny Breau (242-1785).

Trude Heller's–W 9th St & 6th Ave. Singer Vida performs here nightly at 9:30, together with Elephant's Memory, from 10/5-25 (254-8346).

The West End–1911 Broadway. Tues thru Thurs the Tiny Grimes trio plays from 9:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. (666-8750).

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Children

Bronx Zoo, Southern Blvd. at 185th St. (220-5100). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Children's Improvisational Company, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *The Little Star and the Magician,* Sun at 2; *Alfred the Dragon,* Sun at 3:30.

Chinese Shadow Puppet Show, American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300), 10/8 at 11.

Cottage Marionette Theater, Swedish Cottage in Central Park, CPW at 81st St. (988-9093). *The Reluctant Dragon,* Sat at 1 & 3.

Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave. (533-8010). *Twanger,* Sat & Sun at 1.

Little People's Theater Co., Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). *Little Red Riding Hood,* Sat & Sun at 1; *Humpty Dumpty,* Sat & Sun at 3.

Magic Theater, Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111), Sat & Sun at 1.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows 10/8-10 at 1, 2:30 & 4.

L'Aini the Clown, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 10/9 at 1 & 3.

New York Aquarium, Boardwalk at W 8th St. (266-8500). Mon-Fri 10-7, Sat, Sun & Hol 10-8.

New York City Transit Exhibit, 110 Livingston St. (330-3060), daily 10-4.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. bet. 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345), Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread,* Sat & Sun at 1.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, SPORTS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Jimmy Roselli/Lou "Baccala" Cary, Westbury Music Fair, 10/4-7 at 8:30, 10/8 at 7 & 10:30, 10/9 at 3 & 7:30.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Cleo Laine, Minskoff Theater, Broadway at 45th St. (869-0550); 10/5-7 at 8, 10/8 at 7 & 10, 10/9 at 8.

Estrada, Soviet variety artists and popular entertainers, Majestic Theater, Broadway at 44th St. (246-0730). Mon-Sat at 8, matinees Wed & Sat at 2. Thru 10/8.

Victor Borge/Marylyn Mulvey, Imperial Theater, 249 W 45th St. (265-2314). Tues-Sat at 8, matinees Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Thru 10/30.

Concerts

Tuesday, October 4

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, 8:30.
Gregory Haimovsky, piano, Town Hall, at 8.
Peter Corey, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Pauline Clinchard, blues, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Wednesday, October 5

Barbara Hendricks, soprano, Town Hall, at 8.
Jane Allen, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Alan Lloyd, piano, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 8:30.

Thursday, October 6

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Salute to Clifford Brown, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (598-3757), at 8.
Perfecto Garcia Chornet, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Friday, October 7

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Ramsey Lewis & Stanley Turrentine, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Daniel Epstein, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Claudia Stevens, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Saturday, October 8

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Les Virtuoses Roumains, *Carnegie Hall, at 8.*
Elisabeth Soderstrom, soprano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Stairwell Singers, Lincoln Center Library, at 2:30.
Joong-Ang Music Competition, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Concert Party, Barbizon, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-5173), at 8:30.
J.R. Mitchell Universal Ensemble, Jazz Museum, 2.
The Lyric Quartet, Morris Jumel Mansion, Edgecombe Ave. at W 160th St. (923-8008), at 2:30.
Seymour Barab, cello/**Morey Ritt,** piano/**Cynthia Otis,** harp/**Matthew Raimondi,** violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Queensborough Community College, Springfield Blvd. at 56th Ave. (268-3440), at 8:30.

Sunday, October 9

American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Coleman Blumfield, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Edward Menzer, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Beethoven Society, Hunter College Playhouse, 68th St. between Park & Lexington Aves. (421-8900), 3.
Sal Mosca, jazz piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Pandit Pran Nath, Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. (473-8072), at 6.
Amy Cowell, soprano, Jamaica Arts Center, 161-04 Jamaica Ave. (658-7400), at 3.

Monday, October 10

New York Philomusica, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, October 11

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Rosalyn Tureck, Carnegie Hall, at 6 & 8:40.
Erick Friedman, violin/**Nadia Reisenberg,** piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Morris Cotel, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Allan Jones, Town Hall, at 2.
Arleen Schloss, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 8:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera House (799-3100). New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (246-4600).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

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Tues, 10/4 at 8: ***Cavalleria Rusticana*** with Niska, Bartolini, Long, Effron. ***I Pagliacci*** with Soviero, Collins, Elvira, Jamerson. Conductor: Effron; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Wed, 10/5 at 8: **Carmen** with Arrauzau, Hynes, Malamood, Holloway. Conductor: Pallo; director: Auerbach; designer: Varona. Thurs, 10/6 at 8: **Madama Butterfly** with Lee, Walker, Bartolini, Elvira. Conductor: Noll; direc-

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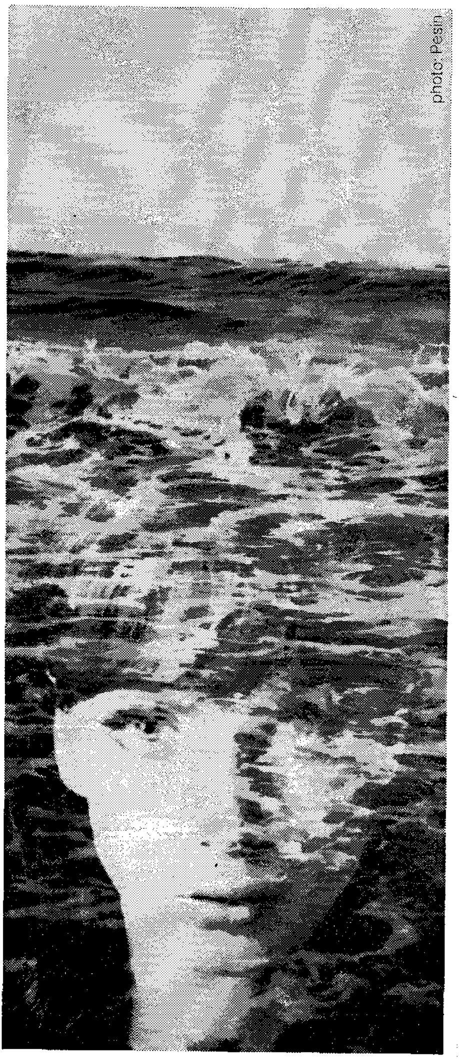
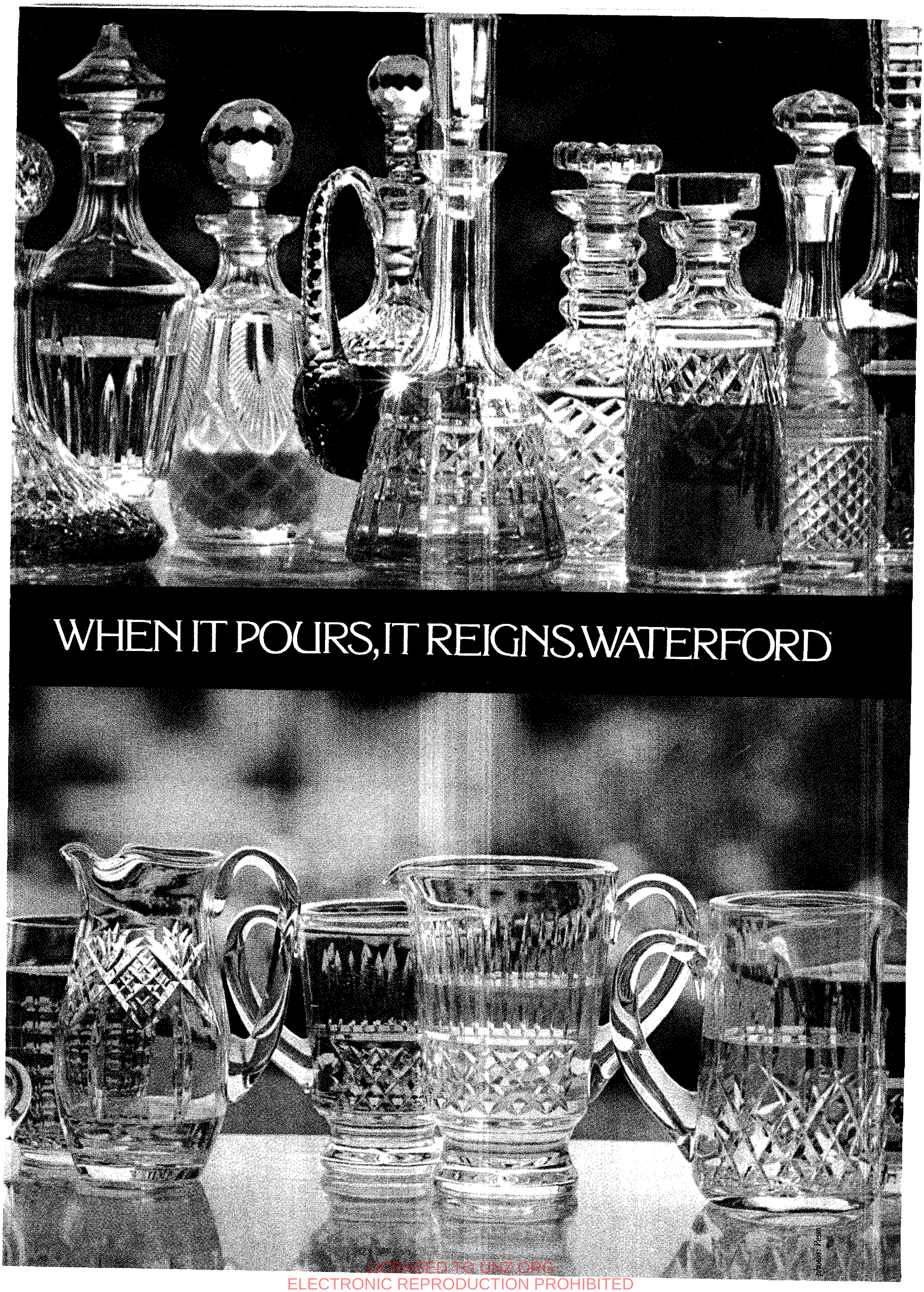



WHEN IT POURS, IT REIGNS. WATERFORD
photo: Pesin

tor: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Fri, 10/7 at 8: **Rigoletto** with Rolandi, Vergara, Di Giuseppe, Fredricks. *Conductor: Pallo; director: Corsaro;* designers: Evans & Varona. Sat, 10/8 at 2: **The Marriage of Figaro** with Meier, Malfitano, Wallis, Ramey. Conductor: Rudel; director: Copley; designer: Toms. Sat, 10/8 at 8: **La Bohème** with Soviero, Allison, Mauro, Cossa. Conductor: La Selva; director: Auerbach; designer: Evans. Sun, 10/9 at 1: **The Magic Flute** with Lindsley, Robinson, Rolandi, Price. Conductor: Rudel; director: Rudel; designer: Montresor. Sun, 10/9 at 7: **Carmen** with Arrauzau, Hynes, *Collins, Fredricks. Conductor: Pallo; director:* Auerbach; designer: Varona. Tues, 10/11 at 8: **La Bohème** (same cast as 10/8. Mester for La Selva).

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci,* 10/8 at 7:30, 10/9 at 2:30.

Descendants of Mike and Phoebe, Cami Hall, 165 W 57th St. (972-0113). *The Quarters,* 10/8 at 8.

Dance

Big Apple Dance Theater, 71 Eighth Ave. (924-8035), 10/7-8 at 7:30, 10/9 at 2.

Concert Dance Co, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 10/6 at 8, 10/9 at 3.

In(visible Woman), Theater for the New City, 113 Jane St. (691-2220), 10/6-9 at 10.

Rod Rodgers Dance Co., Cubiculo, 414 W 51st St. (265-2138), 10/10-11 at 7:30.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Phillipe Auge/Jean Dufy(1888-1964)–Female figures in flowing robes interlaced with arabesques/Scenes of Paris, race tracks, chateaux, other, thru 10/8.

Power Boothe–New paintings, thru 10/27. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

***Stanley Boxer/Howard Hodgkin**–Fantasy animals, insects, birds, and women/Abstract color paintings, thru 10/5/Classic scultures, thru 11/16. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0124).

***William Clutz**–Stark, luminous views of NYC in oils, in small works on paper, and in pastel drawings, thru 10/27. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Arthur Dworin–Poured, sprayed, and brushed oil and acrylic on canvas, thru 10/22. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Peter Flaccus/Marja Vallila–Calculated geometric abstractions/Welded steel microcosms, thru 10/8. *Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).*

Jim Harrison–Rural Americana, thru 10/8. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

***Andrew Hudson/Fairfield Porter**–Drawings by both, thru 10/6. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Aristodemos Kaldis–Paintings and works on paper done in the last year, thru 10/22. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

Doris Klein–Poems and paintings, thru 10/13. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

***Agnes Martin/David Von Schlegell**–Lyrical silver-gray grid abstractions/Floor sculpture dealing with angles, thru 10/15. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

***Alice Trumbull Mason**(1904-1971)–Biomorphic work from the late thirties and her geometric, architectural abstractions, thru 10/29. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

***Charles F.W. Mielatz**(1860-1919)–Etchings of New York and Long Island landscapes, thru 10/22. Sumers, 50 W 57th (540-8334).

***Robert Murray**–New abstract metal sculptures, thru 10/8. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Lucian Octavius Pompili–Sculpture, thru 10/15. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

***James Rosenquist**–Seven etchings with a garbage can as objet d'art, thru 10/21/New paintings, drawings, small sculptures, and prints, thru 10/15. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724)/Castelli, 420 W Bdwy (421-5160).

***Joaquín Torres-García**–Condensed constructivist canvases with modeled surfaces from 1929-1943, thru 10/29. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Consuelo Gonzalez Amezcua(1903-1975)–Filigree ballpoint drawings, thru 10/21. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-5.

Eleanor Antin–A color video work with cardboard *sets and hand-painted paper dolls, thru 10/29.* Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Peter Arno–Three decades of cartoons, 1929-1959, 10/5-11/5. Nicholls, 1014 Mad at 78th (472-0211).

***Mary Winder Baker/Debra Rapoport/Susan Wick**–Collaborative pieces by this Berkely trio including packed, clear vinyl suitcases and visual documents with found objects, thru 10/8. Duhl, 31 W 54th (582-4163). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Joe Bascom–Paintings responding to a short story by *Sherwood Anderson, thru 10/15. Gallery 84, 1046* Mad Ave (628-4920). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Ben Benson/Alan Davie–Small paper collages/Paintings and watercolors inspired by Carib island life, thru 10/22. Gimpel, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Edward Corbett–Landscape metaphors, 10/8-28. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Cair Crawford–Multi-paneled abstractions, thru 10/29. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Judith Godwin–Gestural abstractions, thru 10/12. *Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).*

***John Grillo**–Recent paintings, thru 10/7. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

***Hannah Hoech**–Collages and watercolors from 1919-1967 by this Dadaist, thru 11/5. Carus, 1044 Mad Ave (879-4660).

Jasper Johns–Graphic works, thru 10/15. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

***Paul Klee**–(1879-1940) Drawings and watercolors from 1930 to 1940, thru 11/12. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Susanna Lewis/Linda Mendelson–Body tapestries with art-deco motifs by the former, and poetry verses by the latter, thru 10/14. Julie, 687 Mad Ave (688-2345).

Dean Mars/Ann Cole Phillips–Marble sculpture of Ibis, torso, birth/Expressionistic drawings and watercolors, thru *10/15. Bodley, 1063 Mad at 80th* (249-2155).

***Reginald Marsh(1898-1954)/Raphael Soyer**–Oils, watercolors, and drawings by both from 1930 to 1954, thru 10/8. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

***Aurelia Munoz**–Large modular fiber units suspended in space, and architectural maquettes, thru 10/29. Hadler, 35 E 20th (533-4645).

***Alice Neel**–recent honest portraits in time and place, thru 10/29. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5767).

***José García Ocejo**–*Colorful Mexican surrealism, thru* 10/8. Rolly-Michaux, 943 Mad Ave (535-1460).

Alvin Sandler–Views of Lake Chapala, fisherman, children, processions, 10/6-27. Runyon-Winchell, 33 W 56th (889-6990). Mon-Fri 11-5, Sat 11-4.

***David Schorr**–Engravings of modern authors, thru 10/30. Gotham Book Mart, 41 W 47th (757-0367).

***Raphael Soyer**–Recent street scenes and portraits, thru 10/30. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Oswaldo Vigas–Female figures in oils, 10/6 thru 11/25. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

SoHo

Bill Alpert–Painted constructions, thru 10/8. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Jo Ann Audrey–Erotic pastel nudes, thru 10/9. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Ariane R. Berman/Anne Matthews/Robert Schechter/Gloria Trachtenberg–Satirical images/Constructions/Sculpture/Abstractions, thru 10/13. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).

***Miriam Brofsky**–Landscapes and figures in bas relief, thru 10/20. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Brad Davis/Ned Smyth–A "Persian garden" com*plete with a cement well and the illusion of moun*tains, thru 10/8. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

***Sari Dienes**–Silhouette heads of artists and musicians, thru 10/5. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Bob Duran–New paintings and drawings/"Drawings on a grid," paper works by Hesse, Snyder, other, 10/5-29. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (925-7979).

Diane E. Farrell–Coupling of anthropomorphic forms in paint and collages, thru 10/19. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Sally Fisher/William Graham–A video installation/Dust drawings and collages, thru 10/8. Hundred Acres, 456 W Bdway (533-2250).

Haitian primitives–Iron scultures, noon to 8, thru 10/31. Common Ground South, 151 Spring St, (989-4178).

***Clinton Hill/Max Spoerri**–Color and line within handmade paper/Soho bars and the environment in paint, thru 10/14. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Robert Mangold–Layered paint on graphite lines on paper, masonite, and canvas, thru 10/25. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

Kate Millett–Drawings of women with literary and lesbian overtones, thru 10/30. Levitan, 42 Grand (966-2782).

Vernita Nemec–Collages using drawing, fabric, photos, and diary fragments, 10/8-11/2. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

***Salvatore Romano**–*An environmental water piece* entitled "Greene Street Oracle," with black pools and floating geometrics inside white columns, creates a moment of deep, amazing peace, thru 10/15. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Paul Rutkousky–New sculpture, thru 10/14. The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), Tues-Sat 1-6.

Lucy Sallick–Watercolor of the studio floor, thru 10/5. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Michael Venezia–Narrow bar paintings, thru 10/15. *Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene* (431-3685).

Gordon Wagner–Mental landscapes in 3D constructions/Works by Allen, Dowis, Grieves, thru 10/30. Vorpal, 465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues-Sat 10-6, Wed til 9, Sun 1-6.

OTHER

Milton Avery–Monotypes, thru 10/28. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

Arthur Gibbons/Alex Traube–Cement, wood, steel, gravel constructions on the roof/Suites of photographic images and hand-written narratives, thru 10/8. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113). Thurs-Sat 12-6, Wed 6-9.

Kevin Sacco–Satirical drawings of street life in NYC, thru *10/9. Phoenix House, 164 W 74th (595-5810).* Daily 9-8.

***Mark Tobey**–Paintings fron 1920 to 1975. Drawings, lithos and etchings from his last years, thru 10/30. Transworld, 600 5th Ave (757-2700).

Allen Whipple–Liners and sailing ships, thru 10/5. South Street Seaport, 213 Water (766-9042). Daily 11-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Findlay**–17 E 57th (HA1-5390). French impressionists and post-impressionists, including Monet, Morisot, Redon, Sisley, Renoir, others, 10/6-11/5.

Just Above Midtown–50 W 57th (757-3442). Wire works by Hammons, encaustics by Jemison, works by Nengudi and Williams, thru 10/8.

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). Clipper ships, harbors, battle scenes by Buttersworth, Dawson, Salmon, others, thru 10/29/Portraits, landscapes, still lifes done at the turn of the century by Chase, Cassatt, Prendergast, others, thru 11/19.

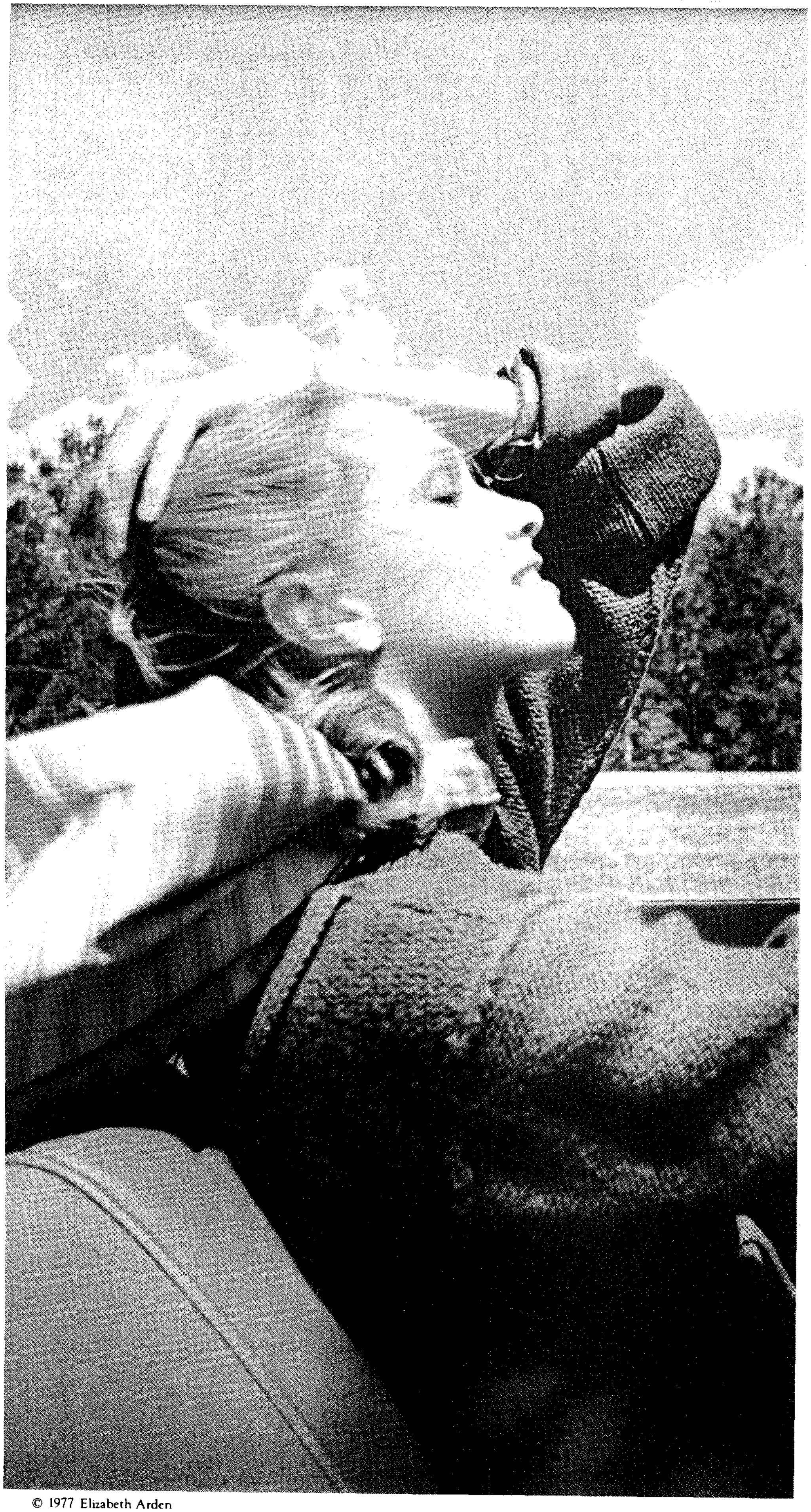
***Pearl**–29 W 57th (838-6310). American geometric abstraction of the fifties including works by Bolotowsky, Diller, von Wiegand, others, thru 10/31.

***René**–6 W 57th (765-1330). Geometric abstractions by Baertling, color works of the 1950s and 1960s by Kuwayama and Smith, plus Goldberg's black-and-white studies, thru 10/8.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Mon-Fri 10:30-5:30, Sat 11-4. Drawings, sculpture, and graphics dealing with baseball by Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Stanley, others, thru 10/22.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Davis & Long** and **Schoelkopf**–746 Mad Ave (861-2811) and 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639). Past faculty of Brooklyn College Art Department, including Samaras, Reinhardt, Rothko, others/Present faculty with works by D'Arcangelo, Jimmy Ernst, Pearlstein, Stone, others, thru 10/8.



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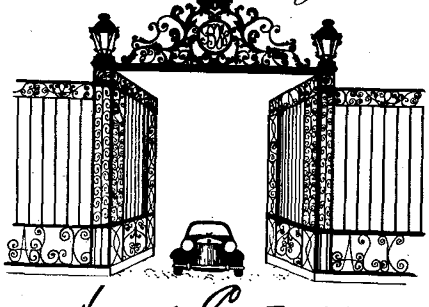

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Findlay–984 Mad Ave (249-2909). Art and architecture, thru 10/15.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Elliott, Grayson, others, thru 10/7.

***Laboetie/Goethe House**–9 E 82nd (535-4865)./ 1014 5th Ave (744-8310). Mon-Fri 9-5. DADA works by Duchamp, Grosz, Höch, Man Ray, Richter, Schwitters, others/A photo documentary of the DADA centers of Europe and America, thru 10/8.

***Lerner-Heller**–956 Mad Ave (861-9010). American painting, (1910-77), including Avery, Bluemner, Dove, O'Keeffe, Stella, others, thru 11/30.

***Levy**–981 Mad Ave (628-7088). American Art at the turn-of-the-century including the impressionist and ashcan schools with Boggs, Glackens, Lawson, Robinson, Weir, others, thru 10/22.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Dynastic art of Egypt, plus Coptic and Islamic pieces, thru 10/10.

***Reinhold-Brown**–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). Advertising posters from 1905 to 1920, thru 10/29.

***Ronin**–46 E 70th (535-2221). Mon-Fri 10-5, Tues till 8, Sat 10-2. 19th century ghosts and strange apparitions in Japanese art, 10/6-31.

Spaced–165 W 72nd (787-6350). NYC in watercolor row-houses by Lazzaro, rubbings of Firestein, others, thru 10/15.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Recent paintings by Cummings and Hollingsworth; wood sculptures by Hochhausen, 10/5-29.

SoHo

Bromm–90 W Bdwy (431-3927). Tues-Sat 1-6. Works by Berg, Castoro, Matta-Clark, Pozzi, others, thru 10/29.

Hansen–70-72 Wooster St. (431-5904). Human figures, thru thru 10/9. Tues thru Sat, 11-6; Sun, 1-5.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdway (431-3600). Narrative paintings by Attie, sculpture by George, works by Gold and photos by Wilson, thru 10/8.

SoHo Center–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Finkelstein, Singer, others, thru 10/8.

Solway–139 Spring (925-1200). Albers, Frankenthaler, Noguchi, Young, others, thru 10/22.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Pl (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 80 sculptures, paintings, and graphics by 20 contemporary African artists living in America, thru 1/14.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Warp-patterned weaves of the Andes, thru 11/13.

Lucas–981 2nd Ave (PL5-1516). Prints by master artists Hogarth and Rouault, thru 10/30.

***New York Public Library**–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Sacco and Vanzetti case, including posters, letters, newspapers, thru 12/31.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

***Berenice Abbott**–NYC in the 30s, thru 10/22. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4.

Gail Anderson–Fashion scenes, thru 10/17. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

***Ruth Bernhard/George A. Tice**–Nude studies and surreal still lifes/Two years in the life of a factory worker, thru 10/8. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

***Lewis Carroll(1832-1898)/Edward Weston**–Ellen Terry, the leading Shakespearean actress of her time, and her family in 1865/50 vintage prints, thru 10/15. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Peter J. Eckel–The life of John C. Drumgoole, a janitor turned priest in the late 1800s, thru 10/30. Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand (466-7868).

Tina Freeman–Color and black-and-white portraits, thru 10/15. Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Grey–NYU, 33 Washington Pl (598-7603). Tues-Fri 10-5, Wed til 8:30, Sat 1-5. Panoramic views from the Civil War to the Viking I landing on Mars, thru 10/29.

Glen Heller–Color abstractions and collages, thru 10/17. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Herta Hilscher-Wittgenstein–Photographs, thru 10/9. Genesis, 41 E 57th (751-7220).

Christopher James–Hand dyed and enameled studies, thru 10/8. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Max Kozloff–Color studies by this critic and editor, thru 10/19. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Vilem Kriz–Ordinary objects in unexpected/surreal relationships, thru 10/15. Kimmel/Cohn, 1 W 64th (799-6675).

Christopher Makos–Pictorial "punk" essays on our culture, thru 10/8. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

***Irving Penn**–Platinum prints of photos from 1947 to 1975 including small tradesmen portraits, nudes, cigarette butts, anthropological studies, thru 10/11. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

***Steven Scher**–Firefighting in NYC, thru 11/30. Image, 565 5th Ave (TN7-4747). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Ben Shahn**–Vintage photos from 1932 to 1936 by this modern American master, thru 10/29. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Peter Simon**–Reggae bloodline, the Jamaicans that create this music, 10/5-22. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 P.M. Lower Manhattan by Davies, nude nuances by La Gamba, others, plus gay sexual fantasy in black-and-white by Tress, thru 10/25.

Robert J. Steinberg–Heliographics, thru 10/28. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

***Paul Strand**–A retrospective from his unaffected images of NYC from '291' to the later images from his garden in Orgeval, France, 10/5-29. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. **Hayden Planetarium:** *The Cosmic Laser Concert:* Laser light and recorded music; Fri & Sat at 7, 8:30, 10 & 11:30 Sun at 7, 8:30 & 10:30.

GOOD AS GOLD

This Chimu mask is one of 225 items in the American Museum of Natural History's latest exhibition, *Peru's Golden Treasures*. The exhibition spans a 2,000 year period and represents the pre-Inca cultures. The masks, beakers, figurines, and jewelry that make up the show are among the few survivors of Peru's goldwork tradition.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. The flora and fauna of Japan on hand-scrolls, ceramics, lacquer boxes, other, from the 12th to the 19th century, 10/6-12/4.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30, Sun 12-5.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Lace:* 120 examples of lace from the 17th to the 20th century; thru 10/31. *Chassidic Artists in Brooklyn;* thru 10/24.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Drawing Toward a More Modern Architecture;* thru 11/6.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Major Battles of the Revolution;* thru 1/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Tues-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. Acquisitions; thru 10/16.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Collages by Romare Bearden; thru 11/6.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Woodblock prints from the 1660s to the 1850s, thru 10/23.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. Americana thru 11/30. Color photographs by Morris and Edith Jaffe; thru 12/18. *Chaim Gross:* A retrospective; thru 10/24.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Seurat As Draughtsman:* Fifty drawings and oil sketches; thru 11/27. *Rococo Fountains in Prints:* About 40 etchings and several books by artists such as Watteau, Boucher, and others; thru 11/27. *Highlights of the Irwin Untermyer Collection:* About 400 works of English and continental decorative arts; thru 6/78. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers. *Signac: Paintings, Watercolors, Drawings and Prints:* 32 works by the Neo-Impressionist master (1863-1935); thru 11/27.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *American Literary Autographs:* From Washington Irving to Henry James; thru 11/27. *Medieval Musical Manuscripts;* thru 12/4. *Rembrandt Etchings:* About 40 of his landscape and portrait etchings; thru 12/4.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 10-4, Sun 12-5. *Confrontacion:* thru 10/9.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5. *Traditional Pottery of Mexico*: Ancient and modern; thru 10/15.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Holodeon:* Innovative holographic movies, thru 12/31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Cézanne:* More than 100 paintings and watercolors focusing on the ten years preceeding Cézanne's death in 1906; 10/7 thru 1/3. Graphics assembled by designer Jan Tschichold in the 1920s and 1930s; thru 10/31. *Universal Pictures:* thru 1/31. *Chauncy Hare:* Photos of public and private interiors; thru 10/23.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Jenny Lind in New York:* thru 11/30. *The Grand Landscape* Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Cole, George H. Boughton, others; thru the autumn.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Masked Rituals:* Masks, dance costumes, and photo enlargements of African, Oceanic, and North American cultures; thru 11/13.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. The seaport district around the middle of the 19th century.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. An exhibition of traditional African art by Ghanian artist Andrews Ofori Danso; thru 11/6. Works by Andrienne W. Hoard; thru 11/6.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-10, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. **Permanent collection: 1945-75** thru 10/23. *Masterworks;* thru 10/9. *Turn-of-the-Century America:* Paintings, graphics, and photographs; thru 10/2. *Foirades/Fizzles:* Etchings by Jasper Johns and texts by Samuel Beckett; 10/11 thru 11/20. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASEBALL

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300). Tentative schedule for American League Championship: 10/5 at 3:15, 10/6 at 8:15. Tentative World Series schedule: 10/11-12 at 8:15, 10/18-19 at 8:15 (if necessary).

FOOTBALL

Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (210-935-8222); vs. Philadelphia Eagles, 10/9 at 1.

HOCKEY

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Boston Bruins, 10/5 at 7:35 (exhibition).

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. New York Rangers, 10/4 at 8:05 (exhibition); vs. Atlanta Flames, 10/8 at 8:05 (exhibition).

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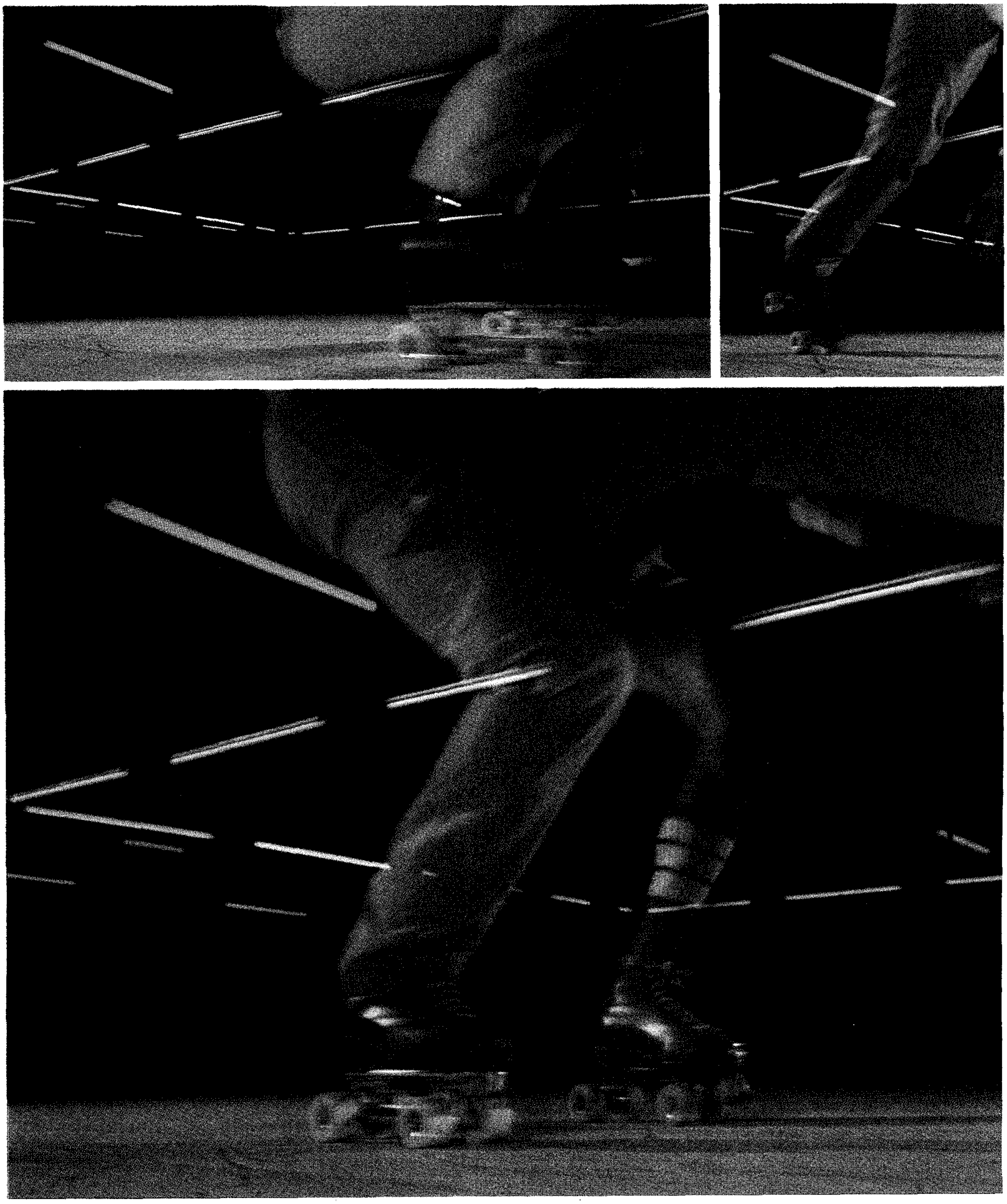
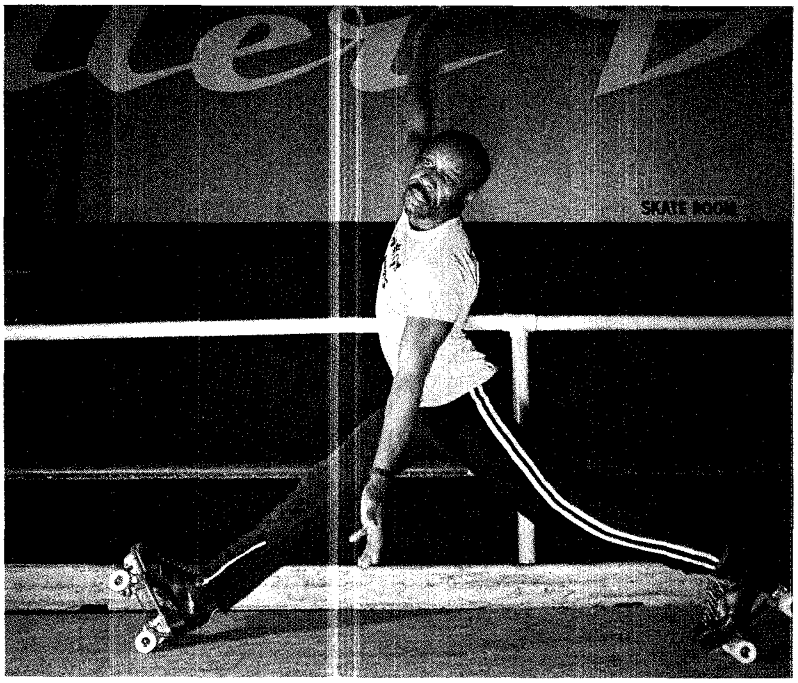
New York

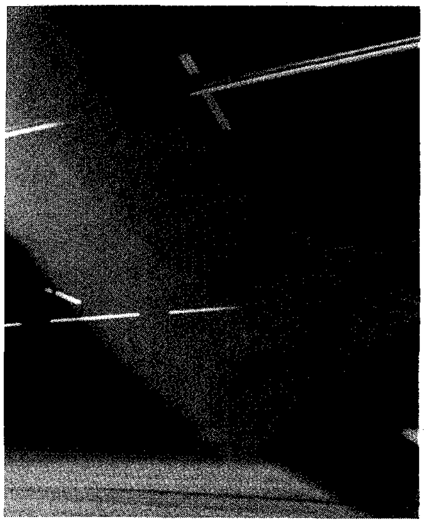
Disco on Wheels!

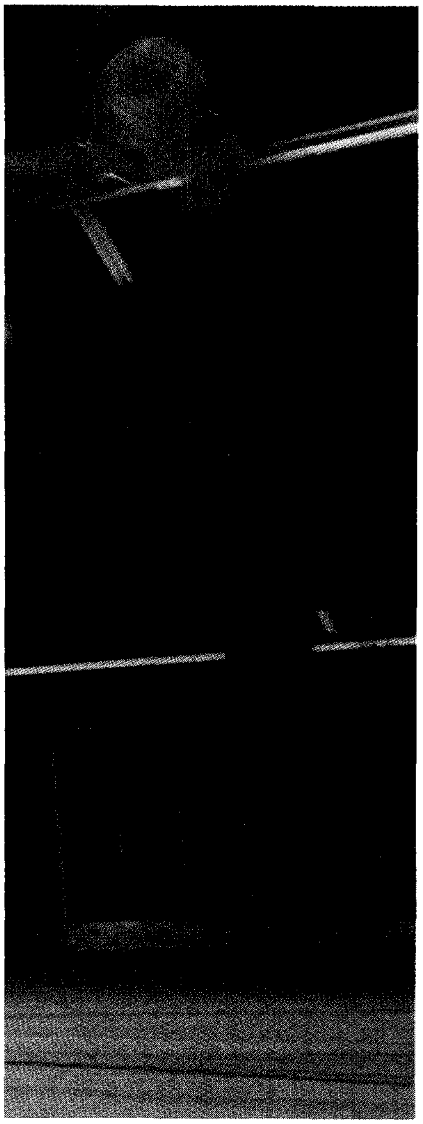
By Elin Schoen





Jamming at the Rollerdrome: *Even with 31 years of practice, you will probably never be able to skate the way Bill Butler does in these pictures. Bill takes an occasional spill, like other mortals, but he doesn't mind. That might be another difference between Bill and you.*





Photographed by Ian Patrick

"...Roller rocking, the wave of the future, answers 'Where do we go from disco?'..."

The weird thing is that you don't hear the wheels. The rink is thick with speeding bodies, a human fan cooling the rail clingers on a hot night in June. *They're thundering down the floor,* you'd like to say. But you can't hear the thunder because an avalanche of music swallows the skates' roar, Marvin Gaye falsettoing over a hard bass.

If you could *see* thunder it would look like this: the Empire Rollerdrome in high gear, a disco army riding the sound, high on the motion. The wave of the future is what it looks like, the answer to "Where do we go from disco?" Otherwise, what would I, having survived an entire American childhood without ever putting on a pair of roller skates, be doing out here in Brooklyn, hooked on the magic of dancing at twenty miles an hour?

Disco roller skating is catching on in St. Louis, Baltimore, Cleveland, Washington, D.C., Las Vegas, Sheepshead Bay, Yonkers, and in California. And one August afternoon on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills, a young man with earphones on his head and skates on his feet, wearing nothing but athletic shorts and a backpack, was dittybopping in front of Saks Fifth Avenue, stopping traffic, careening toward the disco boom's inevitable destination, Disco on Wheels.

And the Empire Rollerdrome is where it's happening like no place else, where momentum has been building for some twenty years, where mostly black crowds danced on skates to R & B music in the late fifties, then to rock 'n' roll and soul, where a mostly white crowd arrived one evening this past May for an Institute for Art and Urban Resources benefit. And that was it. The mainstream had hit the rink.

And I am now hooked on the 'Drome, the Joint, the Place, where you put wheels on your feet and grow five inches and, like Clark Kent out of the phone booth, your real self flies free, and you get to know the regulars by the shapes they cut in the body blur.

Or you get to know them by their T-shirts. The T-shirt messages dot-dash by . . ."Osculate". . ."Rolls-Royce". . . "Virgo Black" . . . "I AM A VIRGIN but this is a very old T-shirt" — and "Frank, Where Are You? I'm the Boss," which flaps around the bony torso of a real skating freak who is now picking his usual tippy-toe, elbow-jerking way down mid-rink, wrists wrapped in case he trips, which would not matter anyway. "Skating," they say, "is falling in love with the floor."

An hourglass figure—her T-shirt needs no message—streaks along the express lane, practically capsizing Penny and Tina, who are, as usual, passionately into their slide-jump-kick-turn routine, smile-smile-smiling like Miss America contenders.

Everybody's safe in the beat, as they say here. Keep the beat and you can't fall. Keep your faith in the D.J. who is up there in the booth. You're safe with Tony, who knows when to flip you into a physical fit and when to cool you out with mellow sounds. He knows because he used to skate, before he was elevated to D.J. He was

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Elin Schoen is writing a book about Brooklyn, Illinois, which will be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

A spree grows in Brooklyn: *Vinzerilli—sax player, "Jigaboo Jammer" supreme, and author—goes into a glide with Tina.*

good, too, he'll tell you. Not the best, but good. And sometimes, when he is really hit by skate fever, which happens to be the label on one T-shirt he can see from the windshield of his booth, he puts on an extra-long cut and tears down the spiral staircase, into his skates, under the rail, and is off.

It gets to the point where, as someone put it, "if you don't skate, your feet hurt." Or, as Bruce explains, his body slouched like a piece of spaghetti against the brick façade of the 'Drome, "it's like a narcotic, man. Skating is one thing and dancing is one thing. But skating and dancing? It's a trip, man. Specially when you master it. Sometimes I just stand out here and giggle, just giggle, 'cause I feel so good, and everybody thinks I'm crazy."

But Bruce is not giggling tonight. He's furious, in fact, standing out here waiting. His girl friend went off with the car and the money. That was an hour ago. So he doesn't have three bucks to get into the Joint, and the Joint has been the focus of his entire life ever since two months ago, when he was walking by with his transistor and the music coming out of the place drowned out his radio. He couldn't resist. "It sounded so good. And I come to the door and seen everybody getting down. It's got to the point now I don't like dancing on my feet no more. I need the *glide.*"

He stares at the sidewalk, thwacking his big straw hat against the brick. "Hmmmmph." And the music gets to him, and he starts to move, shaking his hat like a tambourine, humming. "Doo doo *doo* doo daaaahm."

I find myself offering to lend Bruce $3, and the look on his face is as if he has just hit the lottery. Within five minutes, he's turned in his shoes at the men's skate rental and is jiving with the best of them in the clearing at the center of the island, where the beat pounds from giant overhead speakers, where pure yellow light pours down on tables loaded with Adidas satchels, bags of Munchos, water jugs, copies of *What's Happening*, and tangles of towels.

At a table near one of the tall palm trees that arc over each corner of the island, Vinzerilli accompanies the hip sound of Grover Washington on his soprano sax, "the last horn Coltrane ever

"... Every day Bill Butler practiced in the basement, kicking up the Old Dutch Cleanser he used as rosin, perfecting his stride..."

played," one glossy green skate resting on one knobby knee. He dyed the skates himself and sprinkled the toes with that sparkly stuff that goes on kids' batons. There is a glitter speck to the left of his nose, twinkling as he slopes back, saluting the ceiling with the horn. The silver slogan on his T-shirt glints too in the sunny light: "Jigaboo Jammers Queens N.Y."

The members of the club are Vinzerilli himself, his friends, and anyone to whom he decides to give a T-shirt. "Jigaboo Jammers," according to Yvette, a charter member, means "happiness." And it's also "about skating" and also about the motorcycles and vans Vinzerilli custom-decks-out and the "van punch" he brings to the rink, a special blend of fruit juice and Kool-Aid, which is golden like his fur-lined van, parked outside. And it's about the book. Vinzerilli may *look* out of it, writhing and bowing behind the heavy sax, but he's not missing a move. He is writing a book. The rink is his laboratory. The name of the book is *Astrodomic Celestial Observations of the Reconstruction of the Black Family Structure in America.*

And right now something pretty celestial is happening. A colossal voice rises above the music, and Vinzerilli's horn answers Dr. Martin Luther King: "I have a dream that one day ... the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. . . ."* The sweat-slick figures ripple and crackle in island central, the words of the Man firing up the music and getting into the blood and bones and coming out in solid action like an ancient ritual mechanized, modernized, put on wheels.

It is too much for Vinzerilli, absolutely too much, and he grabs the baby-faced Yvette. They buggle up together, kiss, jerk back, and jitterbug into a cakewalk, smiling so hard their faces might break. "All right all right all ri-i-ight," chant the table sitters, cheering Vinzerilli into a high kick, one arm resting on another bopper's shoulder. He tumbles into a tall girl with vampire-red nails and buries his head in her stomach, right under the "Playmate of the Month" logo, twirling her around once before streaking off. He stops short. Bill Butler is getting down.

Bill Butler is "Doc" to Vinzerilli. Other people call him "the Godfather," "the Grandfather," or "Brother Bounce." He is 43 years old and built to *move*, with a torso that stops kids in the street. And when he says he doesn't pump iron, that he roller-skates, they look at him as if he's nuts. Which he thinks he might be, since he has never in his life earned a dime doing what he is, in fact, a genius at. He slides into a crouch, his teeth clenched so that the parenthetical lines around his mouth are chasms, his right knee raised—and he springs high in the air and pounces like a cat into a maze of motion, fighting to get out of the tunnel, the black hole in which he skates.

The tunnel was there, too, in Macon, Georgia, in 1963, when Bill, an air-force sergeant winding up ten years' service, skated in his barracks room. The tunnel had been harder to escape from then. He had called his mother when the orders for Macon came and told her he didn't want to go south. "I didn't raise an idiot," she said. "Do what you have to do." So he went to Macon and found out what it was like really being in a tunnel, behind bars for a speeding ticket ("You'd think I had looked at a white woman or something") at the exact moment Martin Luther King was himself in Macon, out on the highway, marching.

And the tunnel had been in the sweltering barracks of Dhahran, Arabia. They put tinfoil on the windows to keep the heat out and Bill skated around the cement floor to Miles, Dizzy, Brubeck, Garner, all the riffs stored in his head. Before that, before the tunnel, there was the Alcan Highway in Alaska. It was his first year in the air force, his first time away from home, and he skated from Seward to Anchorage, ducking traffic, and right into a rink where he ripped through a four-hour session, skated Russian Splits, Jackson Spins, Sow Cows, Mapes, the Grapevine. He skated the way you had to skate to make any dent at all at the Arcadia Rink in Detroit, where they jammed to R & B records back in the forties, when roller skating elsewhere meant da-da-da-dumming to "The Skaters" waltz on the organ.

There had been a guy named Archie at the Arcadia Rink. Bill was twelve years old, and he wasn't about to get on that floor until he could "deal with it" like Archie, "light as a feather, no rough stuff, but *mean*." He would lean on the rail, memorizing the motions of the tailored dudes and skirt-hitching ladies. And he'd practice in his basement, in the $23 skates he'd earned delivering groceries. Every day he would be down there, kicking up the Old Dutch Cleanser he used for rosin, careening into the hot-water heater and the coal bin, perfecting his "stride."

Perfection became his byword. Perfection was what his mother demanded in everything. She would flatten spoons with hammers, and Bill would clean the corners of the house. Spotless. Perfect. And by the time he was seventeen he knew he was ready for the Arcadia Rink and skating with girls, and ready for the world where he would occasionally run into someone who had the "Detroit Stride"—like the guy in Alaska who was so swift he could do the Grapevine on his footlocker—and where he ran into freestylers, fifteen-steppers, and refined his moves into a style that is totally his, for which there is no name. Just jamming, maybe.

But he never made a living at it. After leaving the air force he drove a cab—drove it down the sidewalk across from the Delmonico Hotel one day because traffic was fierce and the passenger was in a hurry. He fixed computers from one end of Manhattan to the other and taught math and gym at the Day School, uptown, where the kids gave him yet another nickname, "Mister Charisma." He left teaching last spring because the routine was closing in on him, and left his eighteen-year marriage at about the same time for about the same reason. It was a matter of escaping from tunnels.

"Last one for the ladies," booms Tony the D.J. "Ladies, clear the floor." And in the void between records you can hear the wheels, a faint, hollow, bowling-ball rumble, and the bodies scatter in all directions.

"Couples," shouts Tony. "Couples, check it out." The lights dim except for the yellow triangle over the island, and the couples float out, hand in hand, listing in sync . . . "Feeling hi-i-i-igh, and so sa . . . tis . . . fi-i-ied. . . ."*

Somebody's white-rimmed sunglasses skittle across the floor, and Bill Butler picks them up without missing a beat, without letting go of me because he knows it is my second time on skates and I am stiff with terror, conscious only of cramping his style. A couple, to him, means a man and a woman skating backward. Skating backward, he has told me, is the ultimate—

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*© 1963, MLK Jr., by permission of Joan Daves.

*© 1976, Nick-O-Val Music.

". . .'Backward skating has a lot of class,' Bill said. 'A forward groove is lights on; a backward groove is lovers' lane'. . ."

"unique, private, personal, like when you take water in a glass and you move the glass around but it doesn't splash. Smooth, not choppy. Backward skating has a lot of class, a lot of class. Whereas a forward groove is lights on, a backward groove is lovers' lane. Your woman is a lady."

And skating with him I feel strong. Every time I tense up he loosens my grip on his hands, slaps my wrists lightly, smiles. "Relax," he keeps saying. And I feel my joints loosening as if they were oiled. His directions are just vibrations, just feeling moving into my fingers, hands, arms. It really is like love and I almost get there.

"This should have happened a long time ago," he says.

"What?"

He nods at me, then at a white couple meandering along arm in arm.

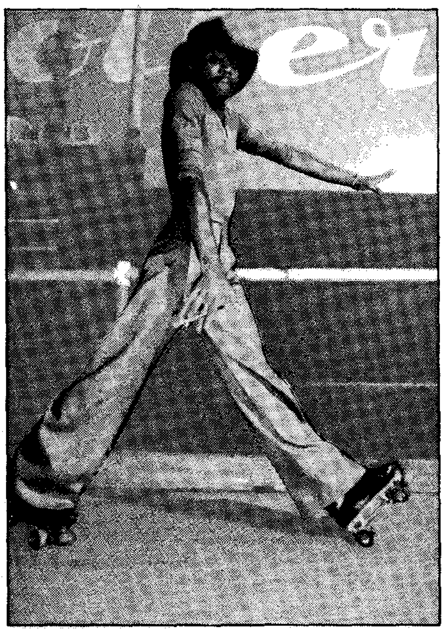
"This," he says, "it's beautiful."

Hank Abrami, the owner of the Rollerdrome, a slight man with bushy gray hair and a George Burns voice, knows, finally, that he's got a gold mine on his hands, even though he doesn't quite understand what it's all about. He just can't get into the soul sound. Roller-skating, to him, means the figure skating his kids did so elegantly 21 years ago. He bought the rink for them, really. And one afternoon in his office he showed me a picture of his oldest son in a white costume with pink and purple sequins and explained the changes his rink has been through.

He once installed a removable indoor golf course. The equipment could be raised into the ceiling for skating sessions. Then there were concerts; Bobby Rydell sang here. And wrestling matches. And the New York Chiefs roller-derby team used to practice here. But Henry Abrami realized, recently, that "being as disco is so popular, you have to be up with the times." So he brought in the palm trees, hired GLI to revamp the sound system and Design Circuit, Inc., for disco lights and three graduates of Pratt Institute to paint murals.

The Empire Rollerdrome has become, at any rate, a far cry from the rink Bill Butler walked into in 1957, fresh from Alaska, wearing his air-force uniform and carrying a record, *Night Train*. It was an all-white scene then. The roof leaked in two places, and there was organ music. But there was a record player in the rink too, and Bill persuaded them to play *Night Train*, and eventually every Friday night was "Bounce Night." Black skaters flocked to the rink to do this intricate, stylish, one-foot-behind-the-other strut known as "the Brooklyn Bounce." Gradually, the neighborhood became black and so did the population of the rink. The organ music stopped altogether.

And on a Friday night in 1960, Bill spotted a gangling kid zigzagging down the floor and he felt as if he had been born again. Maurice Gatewood was nine years old at the time, a product of the Arcadia Rink and outdoor skating parties on the east side of Detroit.



Puttin' on the ritz: *Anthony Ford, a regular at the 'Drome, is swell on wheels.*

Bill invented a game for Maurice, "Top This." They were challenging each other, competing, and "spreading our venom" beyond the Rollerdrome, to rinks in New Jersey where they would outjam the best skaters. In Ocean Park, New Jersey, when "Reecy" was sixteen, Bill gave him his own skates and Reecy broke them in by taking on the local whiz kid, who was so hard put to keep up with him that he "Jersey Bounced" right off the floor and through a plate-glass window.

And there were other kinds of challenges at the Rollerdrome, where Reecy was, by this time, a floor guard. He was six foot five, loose-limbed, fast, tougher than his gentle eyes let on, and given to carrying a knife because gangs like the Jolly Stompers and the Tomahawks would threaten to take over the Joint unless they got in at half price. Which started fights—so many that Reecy does not, to this day, know which incident led to the burning of his car. He remembers that it was a Sunday night, "stunt night," and that he was jumping over and cutting under the table hurdles they placed around the rink. Someone shouted his name and he heard the words *car* and *fire*. He skated out the door and saw the flames shooting from his brand-new green Chrysler New Yorker. There were firemen, and Reecy was screaming at them, "Don't be tearing up my ride with them axes," and batting at the flames himself with the coat somebody had thrown him. He was under the dashboard, trying to get at the burning harness cables, throwing up from the smoke, lashing out at the men who were trying to pull him out.

When Bill arrived at the rink, he found Reecy crying and choking, listening to "this one done it" and "that one did it." Bill yanked the accusers away, one by one, pinning them against the rail, against the wall, because it didn't matter who did it. It was done. He grabbed Reecy. "I'd rather see the car burned up," he said, "than you lying in the street with your head busted open. Hey, the car's just *material* and your life's worth more than that."

The car could have been repaired, but Reecy sold it. He still had the wheels under his feet, and the only challenge that really mattered, the ever-changing conundrum of the rink.

June 30. The full moon glows over the Rollerdrome, and inside it's high noon, TV floodlights all over the place. A few people, squinting, ask, "What's the lights about?" and, upon hearing that it's an Italian TV crew, shrug and succumb again to the motion. A man named Anthony, meanwhile, is pouring another kind of potion into a giant watermelon which is bleeding juice all over his table.

The crowd is two deep around the watermelon table, and there's a little controversy fluttering over the watermelon, since its owner has scooted away from the table and onto the floor.

"Whose watermelon is that?" "That *your* watermelon there?" "Gotta find out whose watermelon that is." Because nobody here would eat watermelon that didn't belong to him. It's a known fact that ripoffs just don't happen here. And this is also one of the few public places on the face of the earth with no graffiti in the bathrooms. Because who has time? "It's *about*

Roller Basic Training

The Empire Rollerdrome is at 200 Empire Boulevard, between Bedford and Rogers, a $7 cab ride from midtown Manhattan. Or take the D train to Prospect Park (at Empire and Flatbush Avenue, three blocks from the rink). On Tuesdays and Thursdays the hours are 8 P.M. to midnight and admission is $3. On Friday and Saturday nights admission is $4 and the hours are 10 P.M. to 2 A.M. Night skating is open only to those eighteen and over. Daytime skating, on Saturdays and Sundays from 2 to 5 P.M., is open to everyone; admission is $2.50. Although action on the floor can get frenetic (especially during "men only"), the floor guards and the other skaters are quick to help fallen novices to their feet.

Dress in whatever is comfortable (most skaters wear blue jeans). Cotton socks are essential. Wearing glasses at all when skating is inadvisable. If you want your own wheels, the Cadillac of roller skates is Douglass-Snyder precisions: Peck & Goodie (919 Eighth Avenue near 54th Street, 246-6123) fits you with the boot ($64 to $110) and offers a wide selection of plates and wheels ($130, on the average, including the rubber toe stop). Bill Butler recommends Formica wheels for both longevity and stability.

Disco skating can't be mastered overnight. But the rewards (physical and mental) are enormous. As they say at the 'Drome, "Check it out."—**E.S.**

skating!" shouts Randy Higginson.

Randy, a bearded giant with the smile of an angel and eyes that snap-crackle-pop when he gets "out to lunch," which he is now—"sweating like I've been to the beach"—is on his knees in front of the rail where a pretty stewardess named Elyse perches, wearing a BWIA T-shirt and a ton of Bal à Versailles.

"I let my heart run me," he says to her, kissing her elbow. "Stop eating pork." Randy is a follower of Dick Gregory. "How 'bout Saturday? I'll come and fix you breakfast."

"I'm working Saturday."

"How 'bout we go to a little lecture Sunday?" That's when Reverend Barker, another of Randy's idols, is at Alice Tully Hall.

"Okay."

"Outtasight." And Randy laughs his way back into his own free-falling art form to buzz Reecy, who is head and shoulders above everyone on the floor, a leaning tower of speed.

When Randy first came to the 'Drome in 1972, he was 100 pounds heavier, nowhere on skates, and accompanied by some 200 friends, members of his skiing-biking-partying club, We Four Guys. Maurice and Bill taught Randy to skate, and Randy lavished his love-peace thing on the Joint, semi-managing it, really, getting on the mike on full-moon nights like this one, talking about the zodiac, pushing fruit juice and the power of positive thinking. And he would play "I Have a Dream" and talk about blessings and miracles.

Randy thought of it all as "Roller Rocking." There were Roller Rocker T-shirts and hot-pants contests. And one night Reverend Ike showed up. Randy had been spreading the skating gospel, you see, and finally he got a chance to tell Reverend Ike about it, never believing that this man, an all-time idol, would really check it out for himself. But Randy wished for it and told Reecy that if *he* wished hard enough he would get the new Douglass-Snyder precision skates he wanted so badly. One afternoon, Randy took Maurice to Peck & Goodie, where Maurice tried on skates. "It helps, when you're wishing, to know what size you are," Randy told him.

Then one night last spring, Maurice was called into the office, and the desk was heaped with baked fish and fruit salads—a real feast. And there, in a chair from which crepe-paper streamers yearned toward the ceiling like the sun's rays, sat . . . "You're . . ." stammered Reecy. "You are . . ."

Reverend Ike blessed the skates that Randy had bought for Reecy that afternoon. These skates, according to Reverend Ike, were going to take him to Hollywood, take him all around the world. But Reecy didn't put them on that night. "I wanted to give them a chance to stand up and talk to me and tell me how much money they was gonna make me."

It is a toss-up as to which is hotter, the TV crew's klieg lights or the music, "Doctor Love." "Everybody on the floor, and we mean everybody," booms Tony the D.J. And then "Doctor Love" goes dead and Tony is telling the people to "hum to yourselves and just skate around." There are hoots and moans of protest. "C'mon, people," shouts Tony. "Cooperate for two lousy minutes and we'll get back to our regular program." Bronx cheers, whistles, catcalls. Then Tony tells everyone to "leave by the nearest exit." Selected regulars are going to show their stuff.

Bill and Peanut duo down the "showcase route," and it is as if Bill is steering a tiny replica of himself, down to the subtlest move, even to the grimace of pain, almost, when the going gets really good. The floor is empty, as empty as it had seemed to Bill the night a year ago when Peanut, after six years of coaching, "came into her own." They had been in perfect movement communion when Peanut wriggled free, surged away, every move of her fragile body screaming, "You don't have to hold me anymore. Watch me! Watch me!" And he had watched, the other bodies on the rink evaporating. It was as if she had been "ordained." And not long after that, someone crashed into one of their tricky maneuvers and their legs became entangled. Peanut had left the rink in a wheelchair, her leg broken. Bill didn't skate for three months. They talked skating over the phone. He would go to her house and they'd skate on paper, sketching the steps and routines they'd do when her leg healed.

None of which the cameras could pick up, not the facts or the feeling—just, for a shooting-star moment, the look of it, one of those times when Bill sees their two bodies as one, a colossal, indestructible spider. Perfection. And then they are engulfed in this torrent of skaters, as if the ocean has been bottled and somebody popped the cork. The hard, white kliegs are gone, and in the buttery light of the island "Mr. E. Dexter Abernathy," whose business card says "Dance Instructor Recording Artist Commentator Model Tailor," is brilliant in rhinestoned denims, leading a dozen damp bodies in a swiveling cancan chorus. "Shout it out!" he yells, and they all hop five times to the right. "Mambo!" And they make like Carmen Miranda. "Spins! Get down! Hop turn! *Knees!*"

"Put your hands up," orders Tony. "I said—put your hands up!" And out on the floor they're tearing around like victims of a gunman, fielding metallic ruffles of music—a kamikaze blitz.

"Get funky," shouts Tony. "*C'mon!*" And they go crazy, convinced, now, that they're going to get a whole extra hour because of the TV crew's intrusion. There's been no time lost. Not for the girl in the licorice leotard, kaput, then rising, swept to her feet by two gracious brothers. Not for Sensuous Woman (says the patch on her cutoffs), hustling with the rail. Not for Anthony-of-the-watermelon, who is telling a sister that he'll take her anywhere, anywhere.

"How about Paris?" she asks.

"Paris is a state of mind," he crows. And they stand together watching the five-slapping, kayoing skating freaks squeezing every last inch of action out of the night, everybody safe in the beat.

Is This Any Way To Run an Airline? No!

By Blair Sabol

"...As far as debut events go, this Laker bird was laying an egg. The cast of characters didn't even include a drunk or pothead..."

Don't kid yourself . . . no frills is no (cheap) thrill. And who said bunking out at Laker's Skytrain ticket office in Rego Park from midnight to 4 A.M. (in order to be one of the chosen $135 "cheapettes" allowed to board the same-day 11 P.M. inaugural Skytrain flight from Kennedy to Gatwick) is tops in Outward Bound experiences. Sure, the idea would seem appealing to eighteen-year-old Californian Nick Ratner, who became an overnight George Willig success by appearing first at the ticket office at 5 P.M. on Friday for Monday's inaugural trip. ("I don't mind waiting—I have nothing else to do with my life.") By Saturday he was joined by 40 other assorted bearded and L. L. Bean–bush-jacketed brigadiers. Not a middle-aged couple in Nyesta leisure suits or Comfort Stride shoes was spotted in this passenger lineup. But by Sunday night the press had invaded with their cash in hand (no freebie tickets from Freddie Laker), a place in line, and a few Bolexes on their shoulders.

By Monday morning the cast of characters looked a bit tired. How many interviews with 28-year-old construction-workers-from-Colorado-and-Canada-and-on-their-way-to-Australia can you stand? And how many shots of camped-out ticket-holding refugees can one snap? The all-night sport of ticket scoring and snoring at Rego Park's Skytrain office may have been newsworthy, but I ask you, Is that any way to run an airline? Freewheelin' Freddie would no doubt answer, "You bet it is."

The last tickets were sold at 7:45 P.M. to a *Time* photographer. By 10 P.M., everyone had been bused from Rego Park to the United Airlines terminal. Originally the plan was to leave at eleven, but the plane was late ("Laker flights are never ever on time," assured one "regular" Laker customer), and Freddie had a champagne ribbon-cutting ceremony in the terminal that took a little longer than expected. While Mr. Laker chatted and scatted amid the shower of NBC-TV spotlights and the clutch of mikes and spiral notebooks, the 200 or so nonpress passengers anxiously gathered at Gate 6. It was the typical student/charter-flight sight. The kind so reminiscent of cheapie "vomit comet" Icelandic Airlines trips to Europe. At least we were spared anyone's strumming a guitar or gumming a harmonica. Instead everyone sprawled about the floor pleasantly flipping through copies of *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* and *Know Your Nutrition.*

Actually, the longest wait had to do with getting through the security check, since every backpack brace had to be unbuckled and searched twice due to a faulty alarm. Eventually I realized that more than half your time as a Laker passenger is spent sitting on cold cement surfaces (it's crucial to bring a pillow along with your food frills). At last, friendly "Freddah" (as he calls himself) appeared at the end of the terminal and an announcement was made that all was ready for boarding. It was 11:45 P.M. Laughter and applause greeted Laker and his spotlights as he met Nick Ratner, and they literally danced arm in arm through the tube entryway onto the plane. The rest of us squeezed through the doors, getting a black gift box stuffed under our armpit "with compliments from Mr. Laker." It said "Eggocentrics" on it and inside was a small Ping-Pong ball with plastic wings and the Laker DC-10 logo painted on it. Apparently this was a memento of Mr. Laker's own ego trip.

The seating was as expected . . . ten across, cramped, and unbearable. If you pushed the reclining button too hard, you flew flat on your back and on into the lap of the person behind you, never to sit upright again. The interior color scheme was a dirty gold and muted orange, with the overhead fluorescent lighting resembling that of a Chinese restaurant. There were private reading spotlights that remained unadjustable and solidly focused on the head of the person in front of you. And though there were no private air-conditioning ventilators, the plane was kept at arctic temperatures at all times, causing everyone to scramble for the small soiled blankets (of which there were few) stored overhead. There were no "in-flight magazines" stuffed in the storage pouch, only a vomit bag and a strange page of safety diagrams with no words on it but, rather, obscure drawings of a man putting what appeared to be an intrauterine device around his neck and chest.

The quivering tape track of Paul Simon's "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover" (and I question whether a Laker flight is one of them) broke just in time for a bellowed welcome from Freddie himself, who thanked everyone for waiting so patiently and announced that he would be positioned in the cockpit throughout the flight in case anyone cared. At one point many wondered if Freddie was indeed on the plane at all, since he only made two grand appearances, at the start and end of the flight, and never did go up and down the aisle for a few handshakes as was promised. (His representative later told us that the flight coming over had been a nonstop party and that Mr. Laker was simply too tired to "aisle cruise" on his return.) In his intro remarks, Freddie made three attempts to get his lines across before the faulty intercom was finally corrected. Originally, however, he started to say something about three people meandering about on board. This caused a state of mini-panic, since people immediately assumed he was announcing a bomb scare or hijack. A girl behind me immediately remarked that she thought she'd seen three Arabs disappear with a lampshade into the plane's bathroom upon boarding, and they had yet to reappear. Actually, what Mr. Laker was trying to say was that there were three people on board who had never flown before, so he decided to take it upon himself to narrate the entire takeoff procedure for their benefit. Needless to say, no one welcomed his blow-by-blow account of every bump and meter-measured climbing statistic. Eventually it seemed as if Freddie got the hint, because, curiously, he never completed his report.

As far as debut events go, this Laker bird was laying an egg. The cast of characters didn't even include one drunk or one pothead, at least not one we could smell. Poor Nick Ratner kept strutting up and down the aisles trying to arouse more interest by announcing his decision of "maybe going on the lecture circuit." Never once did it occur to him that the newspeople had had enough of him and that in fact he was fast becoming a six-hour-old has-been. So much for no-frills fame. As soon as the movie (an unknown dud entitled *Swashbuckler*, with Robert Shaw) skipped on the warped screens, everyone sacked out. Actually, that came after the meal, which consisted of something resembling a cold breast of chicken, a plastic box filled with green leaves and a pink putty for French dressing, and another plastic box dolloped with brown Play-Doh in the guise of a brownie.

Craig Claiborne had the right idea about junking all kinds of airplane food and bringing your own picnic on board. The only problem with doing that on a Laker flight is that there is absolutely no room to stash a lunch box or brown paper bag let alone an elaborate Abercrombie hamper. There's not even room enough to eat, since you have to remain seated in that sardine position, knee to nose, with the tray table stuffed up to your chin. And legroom is unheard of, since all carry-on luggage must be stored under the seats.

Garbage collections were not frequent on the Laker line. I thought this a real health hazard, since garbage grew about me and my two flying companions (or were we actually Siamese triplets all joined at the hip?) until it reached the point of contamination. I suggest that along with your pillow and pâté you bring a Glad bag.

Actually, my flight companions were quite civil. One was a reporter who developed palsy if he sat for more than six minutes. He took to continuous aisle roaming. The other was an amateur comedian on his way to London to see if "I can become a regular on *The Muppets Show*, maybe as Fozzie Bear's stand-in." That sample of his humor killed off any further verbal exchange.

The only signs of life came during the toilet lineups. At least while waiting for "Occupied" to change to "Vacant," you had an excuse to get to know your neighbor. At one point I was waiting for an interview with Mr. Laker in the cockpit (he was staging five-minute audiences with the press members), but the toilet was right next to the cockpit door, and when there was that rare flash of the "Vacant" light, I decided to go with Mother Nature's flow and forfeit my place in the interview line. Luckily Laker's flights don't have pay toilets, but this one did have elasticized mauve-colored toilet paper and hot and cold dripping—rather than running—water. Though I lost my "five with Freddie," by the dawn's early light he decided to hold a full press conference in one of the emergency exits. Fabulously animated though Mr. Laker is, and a bit of a vaudevillian to boot, he unfortunately started to show signs of inaugural multiple transatlantic round trips by jet, by repeating the same lines. He acknowledged the compliment of being called the McDonald's of air travel. "If other clever people see that the spin-off from Skytrain can be phenomenal and start motels, delis, or even dorms, well, that's fine with me. Give people a chance to make up their own minds. Deregulate," he shouted to a set of six reporters, all stifling yawns as well as trying to politely pop their vacuum-packed ears. I scurried back to my seat, stepping over eight prone bodies, plastic cups, cigarette butts, and empty beer cans. I can understand no frills, but why must it become such swill? All the high anticipation had evaporated as passengers awoke with red singed eyeballs, creased faces, cricked necks, and "dragon breath." Suddenly Freddie broke the intercom sound barrier again with his Cousin Brucie wake-up call and a heartfelt thanks to customers and crew. "Whatever you do, don't forget why you came to London . . . to have a good time, and remember that you are indeed special because you are our original band of Skytrainers." We almost felt like shouting back, "Thank you, Uncle Freddie," but gave him a rip-roaring applaud, plus a few Johnny Carson "Heeeiooos." Laker always got applause no matter where he went on the flight or in the terminal. The man is a modern-day hero, and who can fault a person who believes that "all the world is a dormitory . . . and don't you forget it"?

LAKER AIRWAYS

Free at last: *Back in New York, Ms. Sabol models her transatlantic-flight outfit.*

We deplaned into Gatwick's immigration, where the women were awarded Laker plastic shoulder-strapped flight bags and the men were presented with Laker-insignia ties. I gave Mr. Laker some advice—how he should have scrapped both presents for a neat supply of T-shirts instead. He assured me that there would be a Laker boutique within six months.

I left the Skytrainers suffering from the Dorian Gray effects of jet travel, looking ten years older and more haggard than their beaten baggage. I raced over to Heathrow Airport to catch the Concorde back to Washington, D.C., but missed it by ten minutes. So I settled for a deluxe seat in the next flight out, which happened to be on the shah of Iran's own Iran Air. It was a treat to settle down into a couch for a seat with plenty of thigh-spread room and an operable reading light with decent cabin-temperature control. However, it took us an hour and a half to get off the ground, the stewardess managed to dump curried rice all over my lap (and never returned for a cleanup), all six toilets were stuffed and overflowing, and there wasn't a pillow on board. And the bill for *this* "no-frills" flight was $589. ■

Photographed by Armen Kachaturian

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"My wife got me to switch to Vantage."

VANTAGE
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VANTAGE
VANTAGE
MENTHOL

"I smoke. My wife doesn't. And she would remind me of the stories being told about high-tar cigarettes.

"Well, I began looking into those new low-tar cigarettes. I tried just about every one that came out. They didn't satisfy my taste.

"Then I read about Vantage. I didn't expect much but I tried a pack anyway.

"They were quite a pleasant surprise. They tasted really good and they actually had less than half the tar of my old brand.

"So now I smoke Vantage.

"I get the taste I want, and the low tar that she wants."

Dave Ness

David Ness
Seattle, Washington

Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ABC's Pierce: The Most Powerful Man in Television

By Frank Swertlow

"... Fred Pierce is the boss who says yea or nay to Roone Arledge. He's the man who wrote a $1-million check to Barbara Walters ..."

If you met Fred Pierce at the "21" Club or any of the watering holes along Broadcast Row, you would not be impressed. He doesn't slap people on the back, tell rib-tickling jokes, or ooze network small talk.

Frankly, by TV standards Frederick S. Pierce, the president of ABC Television, is dull—dull as a CPA wearing a gray pin-striped suit and Florsheim brogues. The only flash of showmanship is his fingernails. All ten are smoothly lacquered with clear polish, a throwback to the Hollywood of Louis B. Mayer and Sam Goldwyn.

But behind Pierce's accountantlike façade crackles one of the most creative and calculating minds in television. He's the Fred more powerful than ABC programming chief Fred Silverman. The boss who says yea or nay to Roone Arledge, the head of news and sports. And the man who wrote out a $1-million check to Barbara Walters.

Pierce's own programming touch is awesome. He—not Silverman—guided onto the air such shows as *Family; Baretta; Starsky & Hutch; Welcome Back, Kotter;* and *Barney Miller*. By switching the failing *Six Million Dollar Man* to Sunday nights, Pierce made it a smash, paving the way for the spinoff, *The Bionic Woman*. And well before *Wunderkind* Silverman left CBS, *Rich Man, Poor Man* and *Roots* were on the drawing board at ABC.

"Pierce is the secret to ABC's whole success," admits Paul Klein, NBC's vice-president for programming and Silverman's arch-rival.

Yet, even with his triumphs, Fred Pierce maintains a monklike profile: shy, unassuming, laconic. Unlike the flamboyant Robert Wussler, president of CBS-TV, or colorful Paul Klein, Pierce seems to cultivate anonymity, preferring big ratings to big headlines. Silverman and Arledge get the credit—or the blame.

How did this retiring 44-year-old executive, the son of a Brooklyn store owner, mastermind ABC's dazzling successes, especially when the network seemed to have a perpetual lease on the subbasement of broadcasting?

One former colleague offered this answer: "You have to watch Fred play tennis. He's like a bull. He is not graceful, but he keeps hitting the ball back. He'll just stand at the net and pound away, and he winds up the winner."

His colleague continued: "In business, he is the same way. He doesn't have any flashy strokes, but he is relentless. He has the experience to know what he must do to win. And the people around him know it; they will die for Fred because they know he works his ass off."

While hard work and perseverance are important ingredients to Pierce's success, so is experience. Since joining ABC in 1956, Pierce has worked in every major area of the broadcasting division, initially starting as a junior research analyst—the programming version of the mail room—and then moving up the ladder year after year until he became head of ABC Television in 1974.

During his years in the research department, he learned to gauge what audiences wanted to watch. In sales, he learned the bazaar atmosphere of dealmaking. And finally, as a programmer, he learned to be a consummate showman—to fill the house. Today, all broadcasting divisions and their presidents report directly to Pierce. No one else at the network has such clout.

Julius Barnatham, who headed ABC's research department in the mid-fifties, recalled hiring Pierce: "He had a good background in numbers [Pierce had graduated from City College's Baruch School of Business], and I thought he had a head on his shoulders."

After Pierce accepted the job, Barnatham handed his new associate a ratings book. "He said, 'What's that?' and I told him. 'I guess I'll get to know it,' Fred replied."

Barnatham now works for Pierce as the vice-president in charge of broadcast operations and engineering at ABC. He remembered Pierce "working around the clock" at his first job. "Those were the days when we were fighting for our very survival," said Barnatham.

By the time Pierce assumed the presidency of ABC Television, he was the homegrown executive, a man who, at the age of 42, had spent nearly half his

> "...'Freddie Silverman wasn't a classy guy. At CBS they treated him just like the fourteen-year-old child he programs for'..."

life with the company. He *is* ABC.

"Fred is a TV man," said Al Rubin, an ABC vice-president for finance. "He grew up with the industry."

Even so, taking over ABC's TV division in the late fall of 1974 was not a job anybody relished. The network's schedule looked like battleship row in Pearl Harbor on December 7. More than half the shows were sinking, and the others were leaking badly.

Looking back, ABC officials remember that season as "the year of the K," a reference to such disastrous shows as *Kodiak, Kolchak, Nakia,* and *Kung Fu.*

While Pierce methodically surveyed the wreckage of that season, he decided to take a night off during the Christmas holidays, usually a slow period in television. That night, he went to a party for some advertisers. Afterward, Pierce, feeling in high spirits, dropped by the "21" Club for a few more drinks. That decision turned out to be serendipitous.

Pierce, standing at the bar, spied CBS programming chief Fred Silverman and his wife sitting at a table. Although Pierce did not know Silverman well, he had met him off and on for years, dating back to the days when the scheduling wizard was a mere graduate student at Ohio State. Silverman's master's thesis was on ABC's program schedule.

That evening, Pierce and Silverman began to chat and drink. "A lot of drinks," recalled Pierce. "It's true. Remember, it was Christmas week."

It was during this meeting that Pierce's instinct told him something was wrong. "We had an exchange of ideas about how to have gratification out of what you are doing in the business and having some fun while you are doing it. I obviously was full of a lot of piss and vinegar; I was only two months into this new position. I told Silverman we were going to change a lot of things and have a lot of fun. But I just sensed he might not have been totally appreciated at CBS."

While much of the conversation was about families and work ethics and the type of people at ABC and CBS, Pierce was up to more serious matters. "I wasn't concerned with what his relationship was over there, but I assumed that it was not totally in sync or I wouldn't have gotten the vibrations that he and I were, so to speak, on the same wavelength."

Pierce had detected an unhappiness that could only bode well for ABC. According to CBS sources, he was right. Silverman, broadcasting's top programmer, did not fit into CBS's high-powered executive suite.

"Freddie was appreciated," said one CBS source, "but never accepted. He wasn't a classy guy. He needed to be controlled or he would destroy you. They treated him like the fourteen-year-old child he programs for."

Another said that Silverman was not the Ivy League type: He didn't buy his worsteds at Paul Stuart or know the difference between Dunhill Montecruz and Montecristo cigars. He also didn't carry Twinings tea bags in his pocket, as one CBS executive did.

In the eyes of many of his colleagues at CBS, TV's number-one programming whiz was a baggy-pants slob. And because of it, he was denied the kind of salary he wanted and the perks and recognition he deserved.

One insider said, "Silverman would have stayed at CBS if they had given him a $10,000 raise and a limousine."

But another CBS source suggested that Silverman may have been too Jewish: "There are white Jews—you know, the ones above it—and there are Jew Jews. Freddie always had that Hester Street quality about him."

One former ABC official agreed with this analysis: "CBS can be pretty Waspy. Look, I am Jewish, but there are several forms of being Jewish. Freddie was sort of old-country, not the Princeton and Harvard type. I could see where he didn't fit in. I think he is much more comfortable at ABC."

Michael Eisner, a former ABC programmer and now the head of Paramount's Motion Picture Division, said Silverman feels that his former bosses had that attitude about him.

But Eisner disagrees that anti-Semitism was the root of the problem. "It was not a religious thing. It was a difference in attitude. . . . He was not a slick, Brooks Brothers, Harvard executive. I think the reason he left was that they never told him that he did a good job or gave him a bonus. When he quit, they didn't even try to stop him."

In discussing Silverman's departure, CBS chairman William Paley reportedly sniffed, "We were successful before he came and we'll be successful after he goes."

Competitor Pierce, however, obviously appreciated Silverman's talents, and he kept after his prey. In the spring, the two met at a colleague's wedding, and conversation turned, once more, to programming. The two men met twice more before the deal was consummated in May, just after the CBS affiliates' meeting in Hollywood.

When ABC announced Silverman's appointment as president of ABC Entertainment, it rocked the programming world. It was on a par with Paley's wooing Jack Benny away from NBC in 1950. Wall Street reacted too: ABC stock jumped two points (worth $33-million), making Silverman's salary and perks look insignificant.

When Silverman signed with ABC, he got a $250,000-a-year salary, a paid-up life-insurance policy reportedly worth close to $1 million, stock options, and housing on both coasts. Finally, he was appreciated.

"Fred wanted a strong programming guy and a strong scheduler," said Julius Barnatham. "Freddie also talked his language."

But make no mistake about it, Pierce is Silverman's boss.

"Everything is under my administration," said Pierce. "Fred Silverman does not operate a separate company, believe me." And while many people credit Silverman as the prime mover behind ABC's success, it was Pierce's schedule that provided the base for ABC's victories. Fred Pierce was the architect, and Freddie Silverman was the contractor.

Well before Silverman arrived, Pierce had to retool his disastrous fall schedule, turning away from rural-oriented programs like *Nakia* and *Kodiak* and returning to ABC's former strength with city-targeted shows such as *S.W.A.T., Baretta,* and *Barney Miller.*

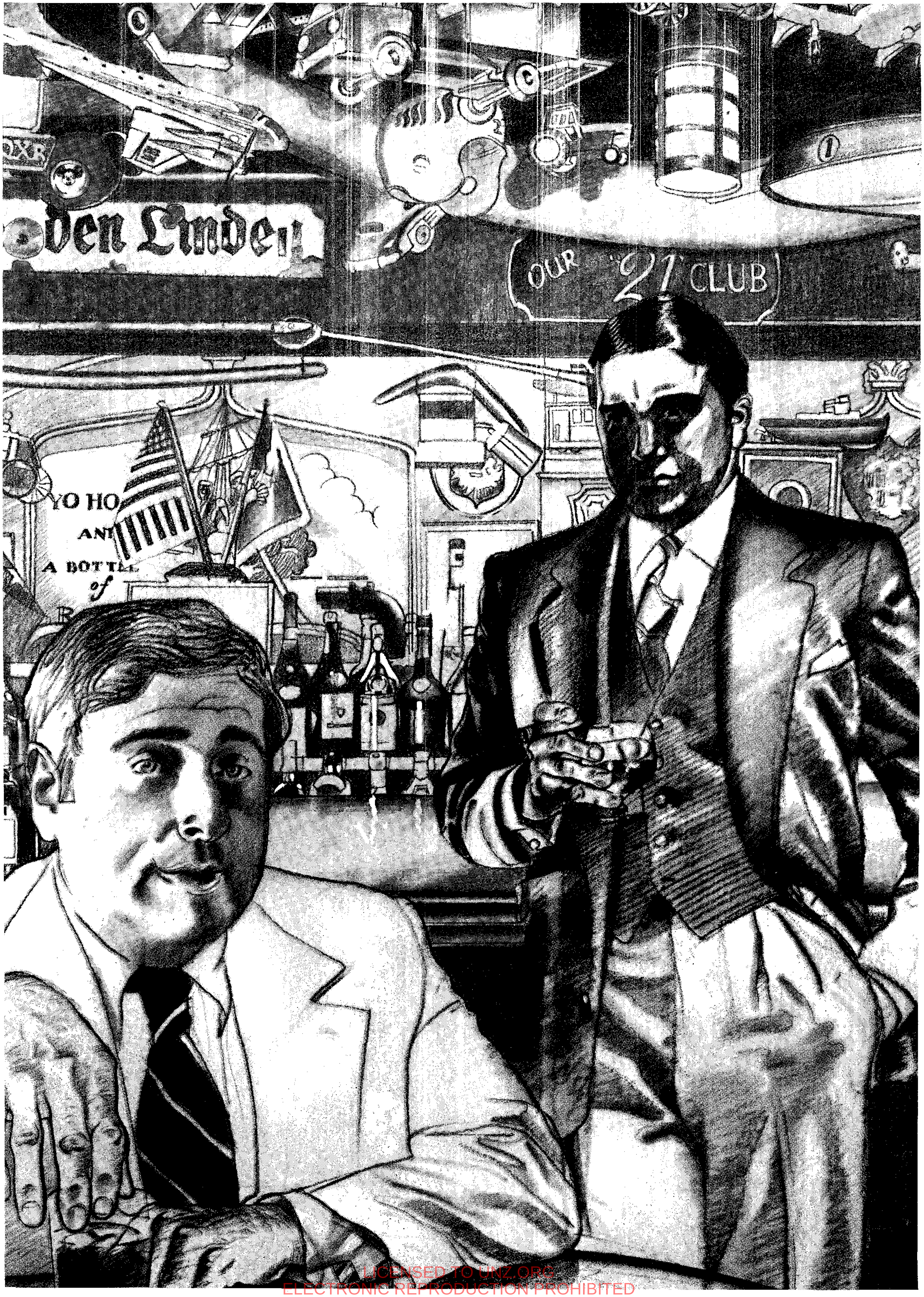
"The philosophy in redirecting ABC was to go back toward urban appeal, young adults, and leading-personality types of shows," said Pierce.

Then he planned a few scheduling tricks for the following season, the debut of the so-called "family-viewing hour"—the 8-to-9 P.M. slot, where violence and sex were taboo.

Pierce realized that to sanitize this hour, the three networks had to shuffle their schedules completely. Recalled Pierce, "It meant we had a whole new ball game."

But, unlike the other network bosses, he reasoned that programming for family viewing would be chaotic, and so he shrewdly anchored his strongest shows at the 9 P.M. slot: *Monday Night*

Great moments in the history of Western man: *Christmas, 1974, at "21." ABC preside Pierce (background) about to recruit CBS's programming genius, Fred Silverma*

QXR
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"... For the moment, Arledge has taken a chapter out of Pierce's book and is devoting himself to spoiling the competition..."

Football, The Rookies, Baretta, The Streets of San Francisco, S.W.A.T., and two movies.

"The key to his theory was that if you did not make it at 8 to 9 P.M., you had the strong shows in the second hour acting as a stopper," said Barnatham. "Your whole night wouldn't be a disaster. The first hour was up for grabs."

Next, Pierce gambled on using comedies in "family viewing": *Barney Miller; Welcome Back, Kotter; On the Rocks;* and a Mel Brooks show, *When Things Were Rotten.* On Sunday night he slotted the dying *Six Million Dollar Man*, which was being destroyed on Friday by NBC's *The Rockford Files.* It was reborn as a smash.

Then Michael Eisner came to Pierce with a suggestion: Save the failing *Happy Days* by concentrating on a minor character in the show—Arthur Fonzarelli, "the Fonz." Pierce agreed, and a show that seemed destined for the scrap heap—it was getting 20 shares—turned into a phenomenon, with 48 shares.

When it came to hiring talent, Pierce turned spoiler. Like CBS's Paley, who strengthened his company by wooing away NBC radio stars, like Benny, Pierce carefully went star hunting in his opponents' stables. Redd Foxx is a prime example.

At NBC the feisty Foxx felt he was unappreciated as the star of the hit comedy *Sanford and Son.* He wanted to do specials, a variety show, be a guest host on *Tonight.* NBC declined.

Surprisingly, the man who brought Foxx to Pierce was NBC's Paul Klein, who at the time was a consultant for Foxx. "Fred has a very good grasp of the business," said Klein. "He knows the secret to a hit show is no competition."

Pierce wooed Barbara Walters from NBC for the same reason. He hoped to bolster the *ABC Evening News* by putting her at the anchor desk with Harry Reasoner. And, by taking her off the *Today* show, he hoped to help *Good Morning America*, ABC's early-morning broadcast. One colleague called the strategy "the double whammy."

Explained Pierce, "People who have become successful, whether you label them stars or star reporters or what, they don't come along that often. While it may be a major investment to get them, those risks are worth taking. Not only do you have a chance to improve your position, but you also are taking an asset away from your competitor."

In the case of Foxx, Pierce's strategy seems to have worked. *Sanford and Son* is now defunct, replaced by a potentially weaker *Sanford Arms.* This could pave the way for the success of ABC's rival show, *Fish.* And on its first outing, Foxx's variety show successfully drew a 34 percent share of the audience.

Like any successful executive, Fred Pierce is not putting all his bets on one man's magic, even Freddie Silverman's. He knows that Silverman's contract expires in June. "Freddie is starting to make waves," said one associate.

Pierce, however, said that if Silverman decides to leave, "as he and I have talked about it, it would be a very quick transition. We have at least three individuals who could move into that situation [head of programming]."

Pierce declined to name the executives, but one man who is high on everybody's list is Lewis Erlicht, the head of East Coast programming for ABC. Said one ABC executive about Erlicht, "Lou doesn't just watch *The Bionic Woman* because he has to. He really likes *The Bionic Woman.*"

While Pierce and ABC have become successful together, a cloud has developed over his regime. Pierce's opponents criticize ABC for creating high-rated shows, like *Charlie's Angels* and *Starsky & Hutch*, at the expense of lowering the level of television.

"All you get is kiddie porn," said Paul Klein, who warns that the fickle appetite of teens and young adults must be fed continuously with sexually suggestive programming. "All they show is girls with no underwear on and have them jump up and down. That's a hit."

Pierce retorts, "We don't start to put something on the air that we are not proud of or that is in bad taste. I assume they operate from the same point of view. If something does turn out that way, you are human. You do make mistakes in earnest. I really don't feel that kind of a comment does the industry any good."

While the deal to get Freddie Silverman was a smashing success, Pierce's big failure is Barbara Walters. Despite the ballyhoo about her arrival at ABC, Miss Walters single-handedly took the *ABC Evening News* from third place to third place in a year.

The hiring of Roone Arledge as president of ABC News masks the disaster. Instead of firing Miss Walters as he should have, Pierce demoted ABC News chief Sheehan and brought in Arledge, the president of ABC Sports. Arledge now heads both news and sports, a sort of president for all network nonfiction. It remains to be seen if the man who discovered slow motion, stop action, and Howard Cosell can now reinvent the third-place *Evening News.*

Arledge, who dallied a full year at ABC Sports without a contract before accepting the news deal from Pierce, could make more money on the outside. But he couldn't resist the new challenge. The basic problem he faces is the disastrous on- and off-air hostility between Harry Reasoner and Barbara Walters.

He has moved to minimize the Reasoner-Walters mismatch by using subanchors in the field, major correspondents who coordinate lesser reporters in covering a single story. Until the Son of Sam crisis in New York, however, it looked like he was grooming one of his field types, one Geraldo Rivera, aka Jerry Rivers, to take over the anchor. However, Rivera's breathless network coverage of the .44 caliber killer sparked a mini-revolt in ABC's Washington bureau, prompting a confidential note to Arledge. The note—cosigned by Sam Donaldson, Howard K. Smith, and others—was critical of the coverage of the arrest of David Berkowitz. The message hit home; both Arledge and Pierce now say publicly that golden-boy Rivera has potential but that he must be more disciplined and experienced before rising higher in the network's galaxy.

For the moment, Arledge has taken a chapter out of Pierce's book and is devoting himself to spoiling the competition. He has snatched away reporters, producers, and executives from NBC and CBS. He pulled Cassie Mackin from NBC, Sylvia Chase from CBS, and producer Wally Westfeldt from public TV. All of the new hires are clearly second-string. It's unclear what Arledge has accomplished with this buying blitz except to unsettle the other networks.

His best move to date, closely coordinated with Pierce, has been the instant special, covering the deaths of Elvis Presley and Groucho Marx, the Panama Canal debate, and Bert Lance's appearance before the Senate Committee on Governmental Affairs. The Lance special, which preempted local programming for Lance's flashy testimony but left out the subsequent committee interrogation, brought some sniping from other network executives. Carped one key CBS News official: "Not even Perry Mason would get away with that."

But the area in which Pierce seems to have faltered the most is with the press. When John J. O'Connor, the TV critic of the New York *Times*, criticized ABC's coverage of the Ali-Evangelista fight last spring, particularly Howard Cosell's role in it, Pierce dashed off a sharp letter to Arthur Sulzberger, the newspaper's chairman. Cosell himself, in an appearance on ABC's *Good Morning America*, attacked O'Connor's remarks.

Later, Pierce held a meeting with a large contingent from Hollywood's production community. The purpose was to discuss the growing activities of various pressure groups against the industry. The press was barred.

But the worst incident in the deteriorating relationship with the news media took place in June at an ABC press junket in San Diego, California. In view of Cosell's appearance on *Good Morning America* and a report that Arledge might air a documentary on the press criticism of television, this reporter asked if Pierce might form a "truth squad."

Pierce replied, "I don't know if we are going to label it a truth squad. It might not be a bad idea. We will take it under advisement. We are setting up an investigative unit—which is unrelated to the issue. This may be one of the issues that could be part of what they do."

Moments later, Pierce pulled back: "I don't want to imply that the investigative reporters were directed at the print media. We ought to have a unit we're going to put in place to do investigative reporting on a broad base of subjects.

"I was responding to a question . . . those are unrelated situations and issues. I don't want you to come away with the wrong impression."

Unfortunately, most of the reporters did. They fixed their sights on the phrase "truth squad" and its Nixonian overtones. Dozens of TV columnists attacked Pierce.

Later, Pierce cleared the air: "There is no truth squad." But, it seems, the phrase is destined to haunt him.

One associate said the reason for Pierce's problems with the press is that he doesn't understand newsmen. Added one former associate, "Fred's problem is that he is a very close-mouthed, uptight kind of guy. He can't schmooze. He is more of a thinker."

But at least when Fred Pierce makes a gaffe, it is an honest one. Said David Rintels, the creator of *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*, "Fred Pierce is not a poseur."

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¡Olé! *A veronica of Spanish specialties at the Café San Martin. Center, garlicked baby eel; near left, sherried minced crab; front, chicken in lobster sauce.*

An Inquisition Into Three Spanish Restaurants

By Linda Wolfe

"...Is there an émigré Spanish chef in existence who doesn't overcook fish, oversalt soup, and fear herbs and spices?..."

Ever since the demise of the old Spanish Pavilion, New York has not had a distinguished—or even a brave—Spanish restaurant. This is not to say that we haven't had a deluge of Spanish restaurants. In one recent year, five of them opened in midtown, but they were incestuous siblings, stucco-and-wood-beam look-alikes whose very menus wore almost identical typefaces and whose food was dismally boring and repetitive. If there was more to Spanish cuisine than red gazpacho, rice-heavy paella, and bland, cornstarch-gluey fish sauces, it certainly wasn't reflected in New York Spanish restaurants. Nor could anyone have told that there is regionalism and variety aplenty in Spanish cuisine; that gazpacho can be white and made with grapes, almonds, and vinegar; that game birds and squid are as much a part of the Spanish repertoire as chicken and hake; or that in the Pyrenees there is a goat cheese so remarkable that even the cheese-arrogant French cross the border to take it home, coals to Newcastle.

Most important, one couldn't tell there was an émigré Spanish chef in existence who didn't overcook fish, oversalt soup, and fear herbs and spices as if being conversant with them would bring the Inquisition down on his head.

Now, once again, New York has seen the birth of a new crop of Spanish restaurants. I have visited three: Tres Carabelas, at 314 East 39th Street; the Café San Martin, at 1458 First Avenue near 76th Street; and Mesón Castellano, at 135 East Post Road in White Plains. Can they redeem the reputation of Spanish cuisine in New York? Two of them stumble dreadfully, barely making their passes in the right direction, but one does try to grab the bull by the tail and is, at least, braver, bolder than its fellows.

Tres Carabelas is not the best of the three restaurants, although surely it was meant to be. It comes to us with, in effect, a royal stamp of approval, the very blessing of the king of Spain, for it is housed in La Casa y Circulo Cultural de España, dedicated by Juan Carlos when he was in New York in June of 1976. The cultural center, discreet and dignified, is a gathering spot for the Spanish in and around New York, a place where they can listen to lectures or Spanish music and read books and newspapers from home. It is also a place where they can eat their national cuisine in a restaurant that promises sustenance only to them and to the most venturesome of English-speaking Americans, for the menu is entirely in Spanish, and many of the waiters speak only the mother tongue.

To happen upon the restaurant (its entranceway is unmarked) or to hear about it from Spanish friends, as I did, and to push door after door to determine the one that opens from street to cultural center to dining room, is to believe once again in New York and its wealth of hidden treasures. When at last a door does swing open, revealing within a white-clothed, flower-bedecked place with chairs made of comfortable Spanish leather, its walls hung with gilt-framed oils, one's excitement is profound. Unfortunately, the rest of the adventure is downhill, for the food at Tres Carabelas is woefully inconsistent.

I did have one fairly good meal there. It began with a dazzling swirl of gambas en ajillo ($2.25), crunchy shrimp in a spicy dark-brown garlic sauce, and proceeded to a veronica of chuletas de cordero lechal *(Continued on page 48)*

Photographed by Armen Kachaturian

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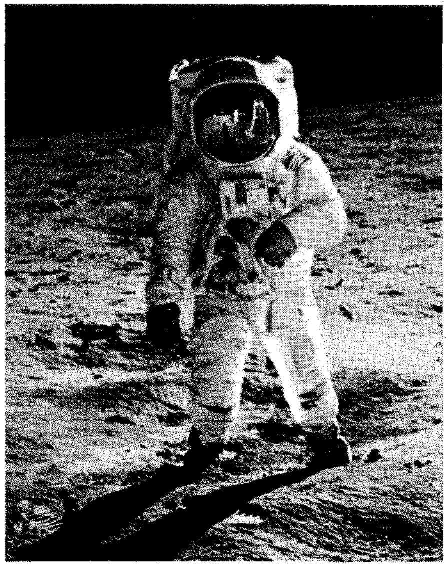
In the American Middle West, an office worker pauses on his way home to buy a bracelet for his wife. It is 18-Karat gold; as beautiful and enduring as the love he wants to express.

At the same time, somewhere beyond the ionosphere, an astronaut, preparing for a space walk, carefully runs his hand over a gold-plated heat shield. It will help protect him from a horrible death.

Brief as its descriptions are, this trilogy says much about man and his gold in this century. He still very much values it above money. It still expresses his deepest emotions. Its unique properties continue to contribute to his advancing technologies.

One cannot think of gold in the same context as other metals for it contains a combination of characteristics that none other has—lustrous beauty, easy workability, rarity, and a virtual indestructibility. None of the other precious metals has all four. In fact, no other substance known to mankind has these four, not even the diamond.



Gold, useful today in hundreds of industrial applications, went with man on his most far-reaching adventure. (Photo courtesy of NASA.)

Gold's lustrous beauty needs no elaboration but perhaps its other characteristics do. Its easy workability is known to experts by such terms as low melting point or fine malleability, but it probably makes the point more memorably to say that one ounce could be stretched into a wire 50 miles long or hammered so thin that it covers 100 square feet.

Its rarity, like its lustrous beauty, is also well understood though not often dramatically defined. On this, one should maybe consider that the world pours more steel in an hour than it has poured gold since the beginning of time.

The fourth characteristic, indestructibility, also is not often reflected upon, but it makes gold truly special among metals. Since it does not rust, corrode, or tarnish, gold virtually lasts forever. The coins turned up from a sunken galleon are as bright and shiny as the day they were cast.

In scientific terms gold is just a useful metal. But because of its unique set of characteristics, it has become something that touches man and touches him deeply. Somewhere in his psychological complexity it satis-

Probably the world's largest solid gold object is the phoenix-shaped bathtub at the Funabara Hotel on Japan's Izu Peninsula. It is 22-Karat gold and weighs 313½ pounds.

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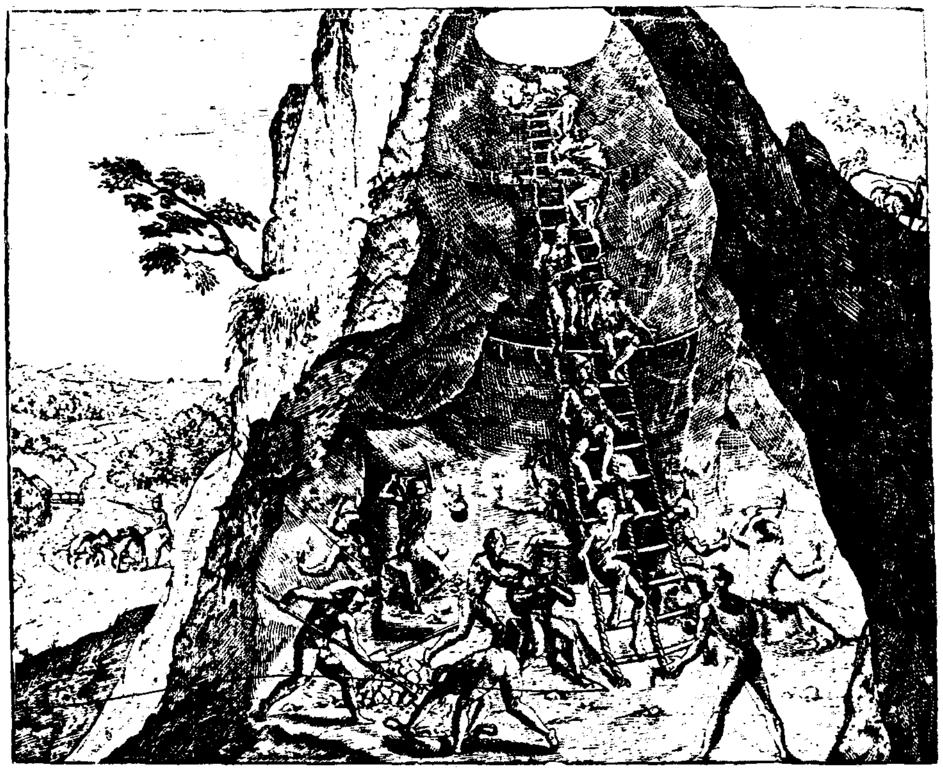
fies an inner longing that is both universal and timeless.

Thus, from the Far East to the Andes, in primitive as well as enlightened cultures, and in both ancient and modern societies, gold has been admired, worn, treasured, and even worshipped.

It has also been sought with an awesome resolve that in the end did much to change man's own life as well as history and sometimes the geography of the world. It urged Spanish galleons across a sullen Atlantic and American wagon trains over a rocky Continental Divide. It drew man from his European comfort to a parched Outback of Australia, a trackless Veldt of Southern Africa, and even to a frozen Siberia. Man, seeking gold, often explored new territories, often settled them, and whether he ultimately got his gold or did not, found a new way of life.



An Old World view of New World mining, from a 16th Century German artist. (Published courtesy of Éditions Robert Laffont, Paris.)

According to scholars, man has had over sixty centuries of involvement with gold. It follows that his first nugget, now some 6000 years old, remains untarnished and exists somewhere. Given the way history has remelted crowns, displaced objects and spawned emigration, that nugget—remelted and recast possibly a hundred times—could actually be in a ring, or watch, or chain that you wear.

This advertisement has been written and produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information on gold write to The Gold Information Center, 645 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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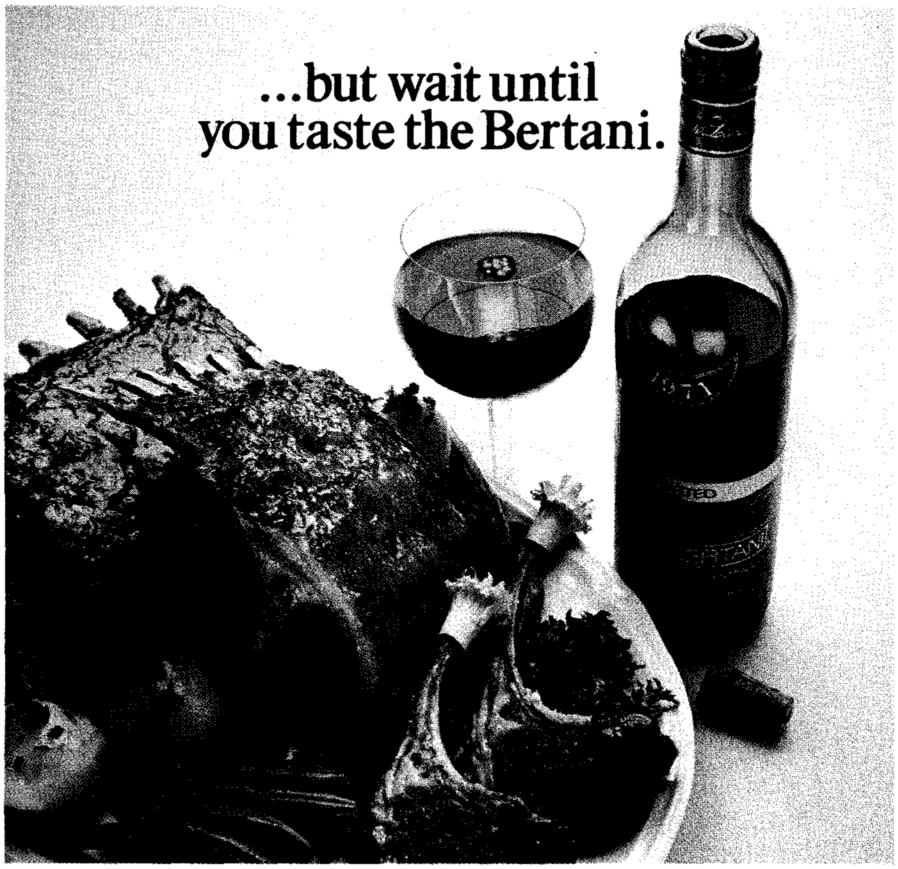

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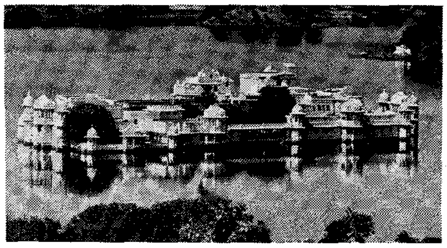

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(Continued from page 44) al ali-oli ($7.90), delicate lamb chops with a rich olive-oil-and-garlic sauce. My companion was almost as well pleased with his caracoles al vino blanco ($2.25), plump snails in white-wine sauce, and merluza a la Vasca ($5.75), the familiar hake in harmless green sauce (on this occasion it was not pasty at all) and augmented with a handful of fat clams and mussels. But the salad, iceberg lettuce and cherry tomatoes, came iceberg-cold, with lumps of congealed dressing on top; the French-fried potatoes served with the lamb were cold and squashy; the beans served with hake were canned; and even the pine-nut cake ($1.25), cousin to the one the Spanish affectionately call *brazo de gitano* (gypsy's arm), because of its round shape and nut-bejeweled surface, was disappointing, a gummy, oversweet rendition.

On the next visit, things were a lot worse. The restaurant, haughty and austere the first night, was noisy and crowded the second, and perhaps the chef wished to drive everyone away. He poured salt by the cellarful into every dish. A garlic soup ($1.25) seemed made not with the profusion of garlic cloves it traditionally requires but with a profusion of salt crystals instead; a seafood soup (special, $1) tasted like the briny ocean itself. The snails were skinny this time and barely herbed, and a highly decorated pâté ($1.75) proved dry and rubbery. But the worst offering was the paella Valenciana ($12 for two), amply provided with chicken and shellfish, but again so salty that to eat more than three mouthfuls was torture. Also a torment was the wine, Viña Pomal 1966 ($6.50), acidy and about to belch into bubbles. Perhaps this bottle had been stored badly, the waiter said, and graciously took it back to bring another—equally poor.

There was, that night, one dish that worked, and I am beginning to believe that it is the single reliable choice in any doubtful Spanish restaurant. It was the rack of baby lamb ($16.50 for two), accompanied by a vinegar, wine, and garlic sauce.

Tres Carabelas, 314 East 39th Street (689-6388). Lunch, Tuesday–Friday noon–3 p.m.; dinner, Tuesday–Sunday 5:30 p.m. –11 p.m. American Express.

What had gone wrong at Tres Carabelas? Surely, with government assistance, it should have been better than it was. The problem may have been that Ramón San Martin, the manager of the restaurant, decided to run it with one hand and, with his other, open and maintain his own establishment.

That establishment is the **Café San**

Martin, and this private enterprise is far superior to the government-assisted one. Eclectic, imaginative, less formal than most Spanish restaurants, it features colorful tiles, shimmering mirrors, and an attractive skylight replete with hanging green plants. And diversity and imagination are also apparent in the menu.

Among the hot appetizers are the Spanish regulars like shrimp in garlic sauce ($3.25) and mussels in green sauce ($2.25), but there is also an unusual—and fine—northern specialty, changurro ($4.95), a mince of parsleyed, sherried crab. Among the soups are predictables like black bean ($1.75) and crab bisque ($2.95), but also a light springtime-vegetable soup and a filling gypsy soup with fresh tomatoes, cabbage, and chunks of beef.

Main dishes too are divided between the familiar and the unusual. One night, I heard, the chef produced the one dish I have craved constantly since first eating it in Madrid: pencil-slim baby eels ($5.50) briskly sautéed in garlic and olive oil. But, alas, it was one of the specials and not available the nights I visited. I had to content myself with hake en papillote (special, $9.95, with soup and dessert and coffee), the sherried fish accompanied by vegetables and served inside a tinfoil envelope. Also uncommon and interesting was the merluza madrilene ($7.25), hake again, this time stuffed Cordon Bleu style with ham and cheese. The old standbys are quite good here too, notably zarzuela ($9.50), the seafood stew, done with a brandy, cream, and almond sauce, and the rack of baby lamb ($22 for two).

Unfortunately, not every dish is quite up to snuff. The gazpacho ($1.75), while accompanied by small bowls of chopped vegetables and crisp croutons, has not traveled far from its canned-tomato-juice origins, and the Mediterranean Delight ($9.50), an aquariumful of fish, founders in the traditional and spiceless plain-Jane green sauce. Also sad are the restaurant's cakes and tarts, stunning to look at but heavy, dull, to eat. Actually, the best dessert here is one not on the menu but often displayed on the dessert table—whole oranges marinated with wine and cinnamon.

The Café San Martin has flaws, but it is one of the most promising new Spanish restaurants to come to town lately, a bustling stay-up-late place alive with Spanish diners arriving for their meals even after ten.

Café San Martin, 1458 First Avenue near 76th Street (288-0470). Dinner, 5:30 p.m.–midnight seven days a week; Sunday brunch, noon–4 p.m. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa.

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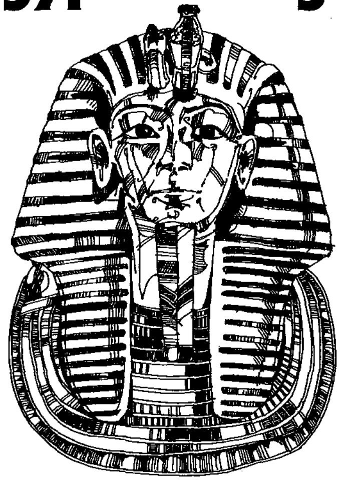

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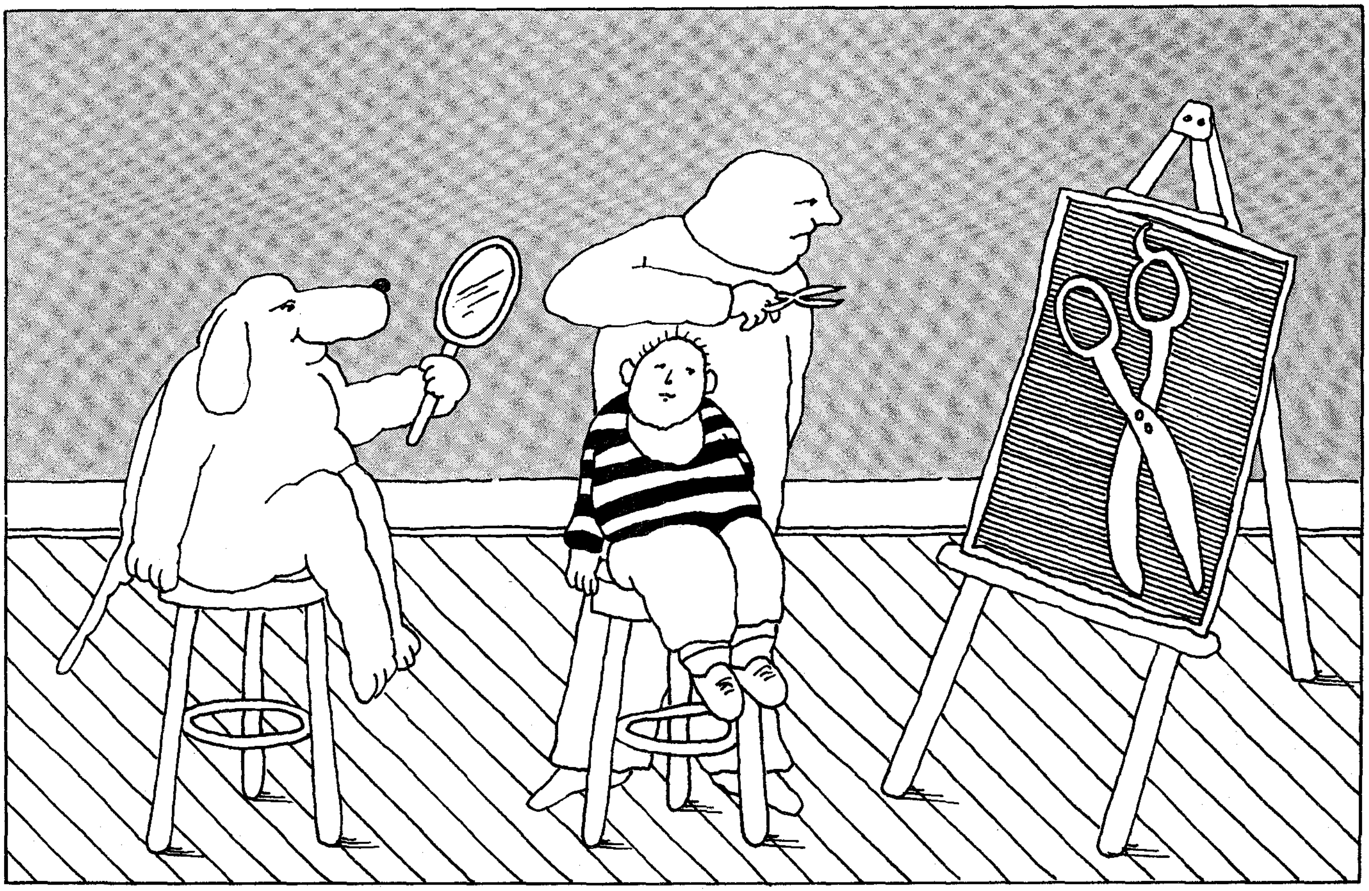
The **Mesón Castellano,** in White Plains, New York, is popular with that suburb's surprisingly large Spanish population. It is prettily decorated with stucco-and-tile walls, plants, and hand-painted jugs. Yet it has a lugubrious quality, for it is lit with eerie yellow bulbs, and when the Spaniards don't come, the restaurant seems vast, empty, unhappy.

The menu here is elaborate, with a number of unusual dishes as well as the standard paellas Valenciana ($14 for two) and marinera ($18.50 for two) and the merluza a la Vasca ($5.75). The chef does chicken with pears ($6.50) and sole with bananas ($7.50) and a curious pollo relleno ($7.50), baby chicken stuffed with chopped chicken livers and veal. But while the specials are intriguing to read about, they are disappointing to taste.

Chicken, fish, and veal are all indiscriminately overdone, and the sauces poured over them are pedestrian. A zarzuela mesón ($9), described as a "mixture of shellfish in a magnificent sauce," is actually a mixture of shellfish in a floury dinerlike gravy, and the same gravy, or its first cousin, tries to drown the elaborately stuffed baby chicken. Similarly, the soups are insufferable, from the oversalted lobster bisque to the dreary gazpacho, burdened with spreading, mushy croutons. The only two dishes sampled that were at all satisfactory were the gambas al ajillo and the rack of baby lamb ($21 for two).

A Spanish friend of mine tells me that ever since coming to the United States he has given up on his national cuisine. "Spanish cooking just can't be done here," he says. "The ingredients don't travel." But I'm quite certain it is not the ingredients but the chefs who don't travel. Once the Rainbow Room invited eight Spanish chefs to come to New York for a fortnight and put on a Spanish-cuisine spectacular. It's true they slipped some special mild garlic cloves and distinctive chorizo past the customs inspectors, but there was more to the excellence of their production than just the contribution of some contraband. They were experienced, well-trained, highly paid chefs. The chefs in the New York Spanish restaurants I have sampled all seem inexperienced and insufficiently trained, and even at Café San Martin, the best of the new lot, one is painfully aware of a certain puerility and instability in the kitchen. I'm waiting still for a notable, truly mature Spanish restaurant.

Mesón Castellano, 135 East Post Road, White Plains (914 428-8445). Lunch, Monday–Friday noon–3 p.m., dinner, Monday–Thursday 5 p.m.–10:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday 5 p.m.–11 p.m., Sunday 3 p.m.–10 p.m. American Express, Visa. ■



What Ever Happened to the Old New School?

By Paul Gardner

"... Do adult-division courses in dog-grooming, bicycling, and cutting children's hair devalue all New School degrees?..."

How to Get Up
14 sessions, Tues., 7:45–9:15 p.m. $110. Limited to 25. *One of the most urgent problems confronting the American people is how to cope with the Puritan work ethic while enjoying full creative-expressive techniques of new leisure life-styles. This course examines methods whereby action-oriented individuals (the Capitalist Utilitarians), who face the Kafkaesque office crisis at 9:30 every morning (the Marxian Apocalypse), can effectively get out of bed when the alarm goes off without risking dehumanization. Through lectures, slides, and round-table discussions, we review the coded neural and hormonal signals, both normal and abnormal, that prevent a guilt-free awakening because of drugs, alcohol, nicotine, dementia, and hyperactive sexual stimuli. Dress comfortably in clothing that allows in-class demonstrations.*

Now I bet you assume this anthropological exploration into the existential alchemy of noncalculative nothingness—as the advertising fliers might coax—is being taught this semester at the New School for Social Research. And why not? That catchy title and trendy description of pedagogical succulents sounds like a natural. It is, however, the winner of a parlor game called "N.S."—in which players are asked to concoct typical New School–catalog entries—written by Rosalie Onorato, the circulation manager of *Artforum.*

I asked Ms. Onorato if she had ever gone to the New School. She shook her head. "It's too pop for me. Relevancy is more important than basic knowledge. There seems to be an absence of any intellectual rigor. But, maybe, 'adult education' is supposed to focus on trivia."

The former hotbed of intellectual ferment in Greenwich Village—which some critics feel has become the Seidlitz powder of adult education—is chock-full of psychophysical "Who am I?" T'ai-Chi Ch'uan aesthetics, plus how-to-hobby workshops in crocheting (motivational appliqué) and self-awareness exercises in yoga ("awakening the Kundalini"). But the New School's box-office curriculum—an influential model

Illustrated by Steve Henry

"...Sadly, 'The Art of Picture Framing' was booked. My Farrah Fawcett-Majors poster would have to stay tacked to the wall..."

for adult-education classes everywhere—is not a joke, certainly not with the nearly 20,000 students who entered its historic doors when the fall crush began last week.

To appreciate the critical fuss about the granddaddy of adult education—and why some academic purists feel it is experiencing an image crisis—it's necessary to remember its colorful history. The New School was founded in 1919 by dissidents from Columbia University on the issue of academic freedom, its mission being to meet the "enduring interest of the intellectually mature." Under the progressive leadership of John Dewey and Thorstein Veblen, the school stressed that it was not "a lyceum or town chautauqua providing light cultural entertainment for the dilettante or leisure class." Is the current criticism unfair—or were the founders prescient?

In the early thirties, the New School—which then offered no credits—moved from the Chelsea area on West 23rd Street into its starkly "modern" quarters at 66 West 12th. The building was designed by Joseph Urban, who created an illusion of height, without disrupting the scale of the townhouse street, by gradually narrowing the space between windows on the upper floors. "Few buildings have opened with an equal air of suspense," summed up *Architectural Record*. "Few buildings have had so much experiment and intense conviction at stake."

Murals and frescoes were commissioned for the building. Thomas Hart Benton depicted the growth of America; Ecuadoran artist Camilo Egas added scenes of South American life; and Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco celebrated heroes of the Russian and Mexican revolutions. Their work is now virtually discarded in obscure corners, dreary decorations of the past. But when the art was commissioned, it reflected the New School's spirited dictum that "the modern mind must not be limited by national boundaries."

American colleges in the thirties were almost as isolationist as the country itself. As Hitler's Nazi horde threatened to goose-step across Europe, Alvin Johnson, who then headed the school, organized a rescue operation—aided by the Rockefeller Foundation—for trapped scholars and artists, and saved 173. The refugees from France, Italy, Austria, and Germany included economists Hans Staudinger and Karl Brandt, political scientists Arnold Brecht and Max Ascoli (later editor of *The Reporter* magazine), Gestalt psychologist Max Wertheimer, sociologist Claude Levi-Strauss, musicians George Szell and Otto Klemperer, and theater director Erwin Piscator, who founded the school's dramatic workshop (and gave Marlon Brando early acting lessons).

And so the New School's extraordinary "University in Exile" began in 1933. Its international profile changed American education and culture, and gave the New School intellectual momentum. A graduate faculty was smoothly formed and the first degrees were awarded in 1936. (Since then, about 4,300 master's degrees and over 600 Ph.D.'s have been given.) Speaking at a New School ceremony, Thomas Mann said, "The living spirit, driven from Germany, has found a home in this country."

But many students today have never even heard of the "University in Exile." A New School librarian asks, "University *what?* No, we were always called the New School. . . ."

To understand the New School's metamorphosis, it is helpful to understand why adult education is a sizzling industry today. Preparing for the baby boom after World War II, many universities went on a building spree. Then, as the country settled down, so did the birth rate. When the babies were ready for frosh beanies in the sixties, social and political turmoil upset "structured" education and left academe in rubble. Disenchanted flower children dropped out; others questioned the university system and the value of a degree, especially when they saw Ph.D.'s scrounging for jobs. Some colleges closed; many searched for ways to stay open. With vast numbers of people looking for leisure activities (or new careers), the answer was "adult education." Isn't that, asked administrators, what the New School had thrived on for years?

During the seventies, the adult market became fiercely competitive as schools scrambled for consumer attention, and brickbats tossed at the New School can just as easily be thrown at more traditional schools, where adult education means financial survival. This fall, for example, St. John's University came up with the show-dizzy title "Will the Real Jesus Please Come Forward?" and Long Island University is teaching "poise" with a yoga course. New York University realizes that "Body Language" has a nice vernacular accent, and Hunter College has entered the fray with "Birdwatching in Central Park" and "Ultimate Chic."

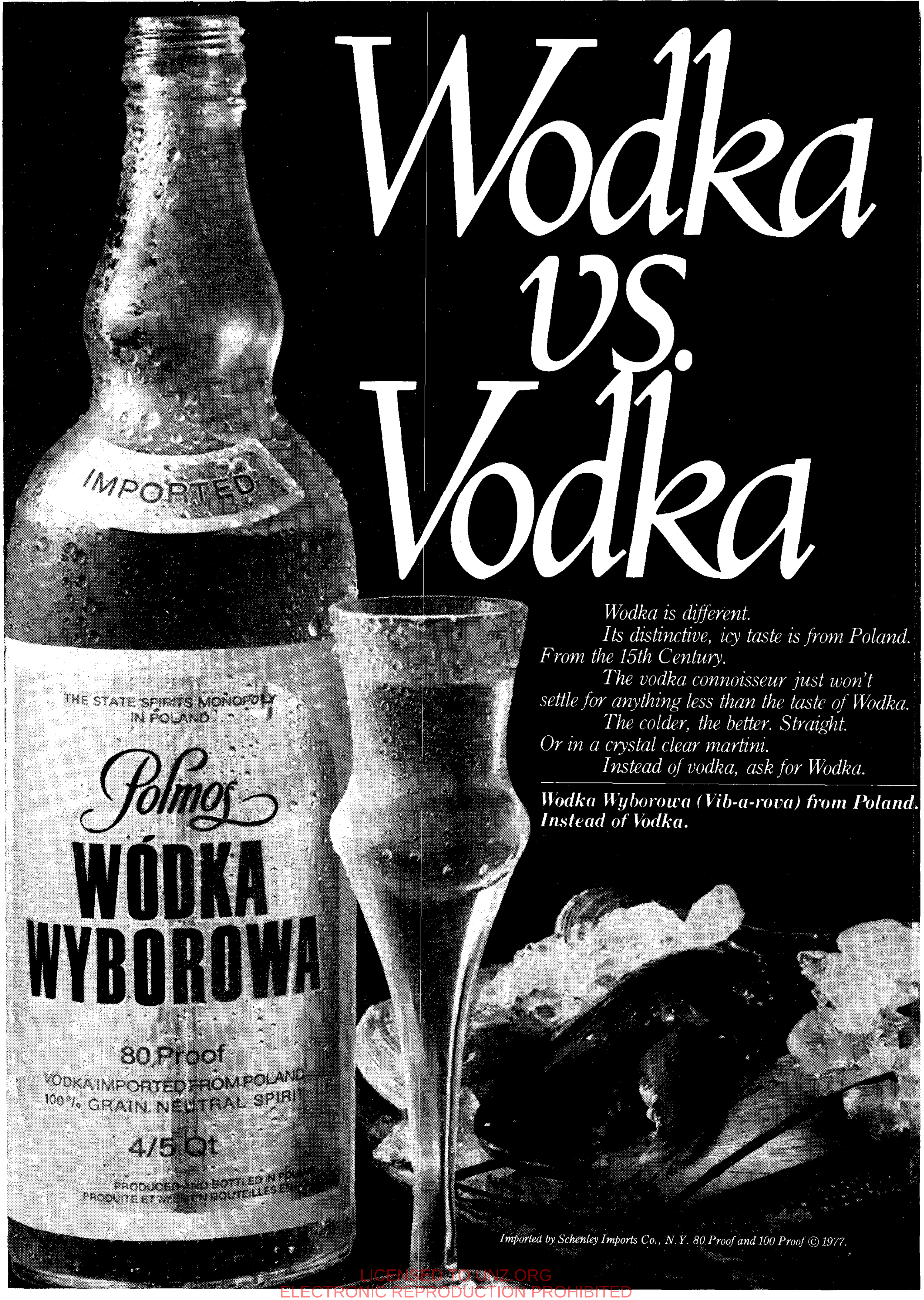
When the summer session began, I decided to explore what was once called "Little Heidelberg on 12th Street" myself. In the lobby I found fliers extolling courses already in the catalog stacked on tables. If a batch of students don't sign up, the class is canceled, and since the New School offers *so much*, courses tend to get axed faster than new TV sitcoms. Unfortunately, you don't know what's out until classes actually begin. Of some 600 courses, I counted about 100 cancellations—"Changing Eating Patterns With Behavior Modification," "Basketry," "The Tibetan Buddhist Path of Meditation," "Dollhouse Furniture and Accessories Construction," etc.

On the other hand, about 50 classes were filled, including many film-television seminars. To my bitter disappointment, "The Art of Picture Framing" ($95) and "The Art and Science of Effortless Bicycling" ($70), both meeting only six times, were also booked. For the present my poster of Farrah Fawcett-Majors must remain tacked to the wall and my wobbly cycling on lower Broadway will continue to arouse the ire of cantankerous cabbies. However, "The Prime Butcher: The Art of Selecting and Preparing Meat" ($85) was still open. A course in carcassry promised to eliminate shyness at the Jefferson Market. I wouldn't have to keep ordering ground chuck.

At the first of six sessions, ace butcher Jack Ubaldi, slicing in the cafeteria, carefully advised how to buy meat, described the cuts, and then, after explaining the subtle differences among stainless-steel blades ("I hope no one here is squeamish"), prepared a roast with stuffing.

I skipped such courses as "The Making of Superstars" ("captures the energy of the rock music business") and "Voicing Your Thoughts" ("an end to rambling, ineffectual talk"), and plunged headfirst, as it were, into psychology. After all, back in the twenties, the highly innovative New School brought the couch into the classroom.

The men and women assembled for "Myth and Reality in Love, Sex, and Marriage" were obviously eager to ponder the verities of old. In fact, some of the verities struck me as Paleozoic, but never mind—everyone was in a relaxed, convivial mood as we heard that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> "...'I hate singles bars,' said a friend. 'At the New School you meet people easily, and you don't have to worry about Mr. Goodbar'..."

love at first sight is a myth and body odors are pleasant realities.

"We live in a capitalist society where performance counts," the ebullient Dr. Josef Garai reminded us. "Why not just be loving and cuddle on the first date?" Murmurs and purrs. Then a stern admonition: "The bedroom is not an alarm clock. Remember, you don't have to go off together at the same time." Lots of smiles and legs crossing.

"Integration of Separateness and Togetherness in Life Styles" was less exciting and did not produce quite so many psychological highs. It was a kind of mild group therapy with twelve of us sitting in a semicircle. Group activity is definitely not my thing, especially when everyone is kvetching.

"I want to know why you're all here," beamed Teach.

"I have the summer off and I'm lonely," said a young man named Barry. "I've always been an intellectually curious person . . . so I want to know, am I happy with me?"

By coincidence, everyone in the class admitted to being intellectually curious —and lonely. "I've lost myself again," sighed a Jules Feiffer character. "I have to get over my rejection complex," announced a bubble in a cartoon, "because I need affection."

"Did you try folk dancing at the church on 13th Street?" someone asked.

Later, in a Village bar, Terry Jach, an IBM physicist in his late twenties, offered counsel. "Look—you have to take something you're interested in." He was taking an archaeology course that met Sunday afternoons in Nutley, New Jersey. "That interests me and it's more social than experimental math."

"It also gets you outdoors," said his companion, Ingrid Bruck, whom he met on the dig.

He nodded. "And you meet people painlessly. I hate the singles bars."

"At the New School," Ingrid added, "you don't have to worry about meeting Mr. Goodbar."

A former *Glamour* magazine staffer named Meme Cheuse agreed that "it's a singles hangout," but when she enrolled not so long ago, her reasons were creative—not social. Remembering that Tennessee Williams had taken a playwriting course there in the late thirties, that Albert Einstein, T. S. Eliot, and Aaron Copland, among others, had once lectured there, and that William Styron had sampled a writing class in the late forties, she decided to try the advanced class of a semi-demi name whom we'll call Fabian Zolti.

"You had to go through the eye of a needle to get into his class," Mimi recalled, "and then the great Zolti never opened his mouth. He just sat there and listened to all the inane comments about your work from other students. I wasn't interested in what the twerps thought. I wanted some criticism from *him*. 'When will you discuss my stories?' I asked. He suggested drinks. I told him, 'Nuts.' "

New School instructors earn between $500 and $700 for a course or, if their name is Zolti, negotiate a more generous sum. Oxford graduate Adam Drewnowski, now 28, who is about to receive his Ph.D. in psychology from Rockefeller University, got $500 for sixteen lectures on the psychological effects of marijuana. "Some teachers are quite good. Others just sell their name and a course with a trendy title. Mine was based on government-sponsored research. I could have called it 'Leaves of Grass' but I didn't." Drewnowski said he feels many courses should be "severely scrutinized" but argued that "adult education for fun, without credit" shouldn't be confused with *education.*

And therein lies the New School's "image" crisis. Today, the school, which originally gave no degrees, offers bachelors of arts, master's, and doctorates. Courses for undergraduate credit are listed in the adult-division catalog, and approximately 2,000 B.A.'s have been given out since the mid-forties. Although the respected graduate department has nothing to do with the adult division, the two tend to get blurred together as one in the public's mind, and critics wonder if courses in dog grooming and how to cut children's hair don't devalue all New School degrees.

Dr. Joseph Greenbaum, dean of the distinguished graduate faculty, admits that "some people may confuse the two schools." The situation, he observes, is schizophrenic, "but all great movements have been started in schizophrenia." And the establishment of a graduate division helped give the school its prestigious academic status.

"The graduate school once had an

Quotes From the New School Catalog

The Art and Science of Effortless Bicycling

This course offers the opportunity for the novice or aficionado cyclist to benefit from scientifically established techniques of easy, painless long-distance bicycling. Through intensive theoretical and practical (hands-on) training, you learn to minimize maintenance and maximize mileage. . . . [Also covered are] basic frame theory, individualized cadence selection, and gear ratio interpretation. Adjustment, use, and lubrication of gears, brakes, and bearings is explored. . . .

Breathing and the Way We Are

This course is an academic meditation on breathing. . . . Our purpose is to study breathing beyond the concrete meditation . . . as an intense experience of self. As a connection to our bodies. To others' bodies. Cosmic experiences of breathing . . . Breathing is. . . . Separation and aloneness experiences in breathing . . . What is it to breathe in our culture? . . . Breathing as a metaphor for the quality of our lives: more intense experiences of vitality and self-hood.

Exploration of Life Styles and Goals

This workshop encourages participants to explore meaningful and self-fulfilling life styles. Through analysis of conscious and unconscious motives with the aid of Gestalt, transactional, and creative-expressive modalities a better understanding of basic intrapsychic and interpersonal needs can be achieved by the group members. They are guided by a series of connected exercises and steps toward utilization of their own imagination in the sculpturing of ego-syntonic life styles. . . .

How to Doodle and Influence People

Eureka, I've found it! Doodling, puzzles, problem solving. How to stay out of the way of a good idea. How to interpret intangibles in a visual way. Humor! Why not? Where does the technique fit in? Where does the technique blend with the idea? Mad geniuses: who are they?. . .

intimate relationship with adult education," says the scholarly Dr. Greenbaum. Graduate professors taught adult-education courses and guided the adult curriculum. But since the early sixties, graduate professors only occasionally teach in the adult division, which governs itself. The estrangement is more or less a rupture—and it's visible in the adult catalog. And does it matter? Questioned about the boffo-biz adult courses—which it can safely be said both support the more serious ones and help maintain a quality graduate faculty—a graduate professor clams up. "We have our own mission to carry out," he murmurs.

The New School's president, Dr. John Everett, says there have always been courses in the adult catalog that sound dilettantish. "I once found a course, back in the thirties, on mushrooms. I asked Alvin Johnson about that. He told me, 'Some people are interested in mushrooms. Why shouldn't we serve their interests too?' It was a noncredit course. It wasn't being passed off as academic. Dr. Johnson believed there was a place for *recreational* education." (The gourmet fungus has appeared again this fall.)

As for courses on biking and dog grooming, Dr. Everett adds, "I don't think they affect the school's reputation at all. Our adult catalog is put together in a very freewheeling way. Allen Austill, dean of the adult division, must get about 100 requests a day from people who want to teach. Somebody comes into his office and says, 'One of the problems with the city is that New Yorkers don't know how to ride a bike properly. And then they get smashed up.' The dean thinks, why not put it in the catalog? Where else can you learn to ride?" Leafing through an adult-division catalog, Dr. Everett concludes thoughtfully, "Our basic thrust is still liberal arts, not bicycling."

Writer-educator Mary Susan Miller has taken adult courses, off and on, at the New School for many years. She recalls that the atmosphere during the fifties was "much more revolutionary." But last fall she took Reuben Abel's "Invitation to Philosophy" and found that "it set my mind tingling . . . it was a positive, challenging experience." Dr. Abel, it might be noted, is a member of the graduate faculty and is again teaching a philosophy course in the adult division this fall.

"There are plenty of courses to choose from," says Ms. Miller. "I've learned about music and physics and the counterculture. It just depends on the adult who wants educating. If somebody wants to take hatha yoga or go-karting, I say, splendid! *Anything* is better than watching television." ■

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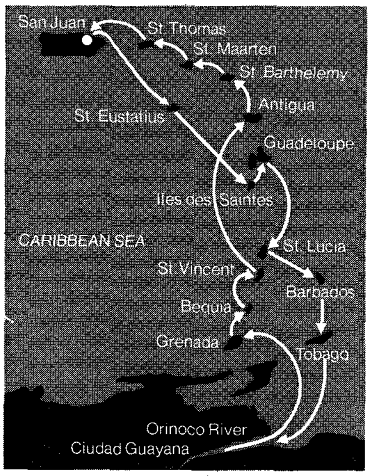

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TARTING UP 'TARTUFFE'

"...Wilbur's translation is so marvelous that it makes Molière into as great an English verse playwright as he was a French one..."

Like *The Misanthrope*, Molière's other masterpiece, **Tartuffe** is a comedy of an extremely serious sort; to play it as farce is to throw out the baby and keep the bathwater. Luckily for the Circle in the Square and its current production, Molière's bathwater is of the most aromatic and bubbling sort, and can, even without the baby, provide a cleansing and invigorating experience. So I can guardedly recommend this *Tartuffe*, even if Stephen Porter's staging has flaws ranging beyond what I consider a basically vulgar conception.

If the falsely pious Tartuffe has become the emblem of hypocrisy, it is surely not for being a kind of Groucho Marx travesty of a fake puritan. Orgon and his mother may be gullible ninnies, but we learn later of our hero's long and successful career in imposture, and so must assume that when it comes to deception, he is no piker. To allow him to be played as John Wood plays him, however dazzlingly, is to make the world we share with Molière a much simpler and sillier place—not a battleground where Vice allied with Folly might easily precipitate a debacle, but a sandbox in which the terrible tot who threatens to take away the model children's pails and shovels is promptly put in his place by a watchful nanny.

When you throw together a brilliantly headstrong actor and a not incompetent but less than forceful director, there is bound to be imbalance. With Wood at one end of the seesaw and Porter at the other, the evening becomes a plane so steeply inclined that the play pretty nearly slides off it. Still, let us not blame the actor more than the director: After seeing Porter's recent staging of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and now this, I am more than ever convinced that his comic invention, though not inconsiderable, is arrested on the delightful but unprofound level of Coward and Feydeau.

It is, of course, very hard to cast a high, period, verse comedy with American actors whose training not only does not prepare them for this sort of thing but, rather, systematically incapacitates them for it. And, except for Wood, the cast is American, yet on the whole surprisingly good. To be sure, no director with any sensitivity to man-woman relations would have cast as Elmire and Mariane Tammy Grimes and Swoosie Kurtz, two actresses totally unsuited to these roles both histrionically and physically; their presence in the play upends virtually every scene they are in.

Miss Kurtz plays the conventional and weak-willed but presumably charming and attractive Mariane (there must be something about her to make Valère love and Dorine care for her) as a sulky, almost feelingless, sly little broad, middle-aged and mean-looking. As for Tammy Grimes, who, many years ago, was an interesting young actress with a slightly and pleasantly out-of-whack quality, she has unhappily evolved into a mannered, stilted "personality" who, so far from acting, merely turns every new assignment into an excuse to trot out her usual, campily self-serving act. As Elmire, she conjures up a college production in which it is considered an absolute scream to cast the captain of the football team as the leading lady.

To put it another way, Miss Grimes suffers from a prematurely developed Hermione Gingold complex, with which she begrimes the part of a delightful, sensible, normal woman. Looking in her period hairdo like a porcupine with frizzed quills, Miss Grimes bestrides the stage as if her voluminous skirt were the body of a horse and she one of those actors who have to impersonate simultaneously a rider and his mount; speaks her lines with her fake British diction as if every one of them were supposed to puncture a balloon at the other end of the auditorium, in a voice that seems to come from inside a beer barrel; puts in hammy pauses where fluency is needed; and turns Elmire into a female Tartuffe as scheming as her would-be seducer. Miss Grimes is the only actress to win the first annual Mayor's Award in Arts and Culture (1977). Let's hope it was for culture.

John Wood is a very funny fellow who properly acts with every part of the body, with his unspoken thoughts as much as with words—not least that delightful final snort he invents for an exit line. His vitality is boundless, and his rubatos and dynamic shadings prodigal and prodigious. But he does not seem to realize that *Tartuffe* was not written by Tom Stoppard, and he has allowed the director (whom in every other way he has under his thumb) to make him play the attempted seduction scene semi-disrobed on top of Elmire supine on a table in a style befitting *Deep Throat* rather than *Tartuffe*.

The rest of the cast, with the exception of Peter Coffield, who turns the wise Cléante into a soporific figure (surely *this* must be what is meant by the sleep of reason), is very pleasant indeed. Patricia Elliott is a buoyantly life-asserting Dorine (though I wish she were not at such pains to hide the rhymes); Stefan Gierasch is an admirably restrained Orgon, whose slow burns never char his lines and whose fine foolishness properly preserves the lineaments of rationality; Victor Garber is a droll Valère who maintains a certain sweetness and dignity in his vagaries; and Mildred Dunnock as Mme. Pernelle is, despite a certain shortage of breath, a model of anile pigheadedness, almost endearing in its poised complacency.

Zack Brown's set and costumes, though unexceptional, are also unexceptionable. And then there is Richard Wilbur's translation, so marvelous that it makes Molière into as great an English verse playwright as he was a French one. You may not always want to watch this *Tartuffe*, but you'll certainly enjoy hearing it. ▬

Illustrated by Chris Carroll

Music/Alan Rich

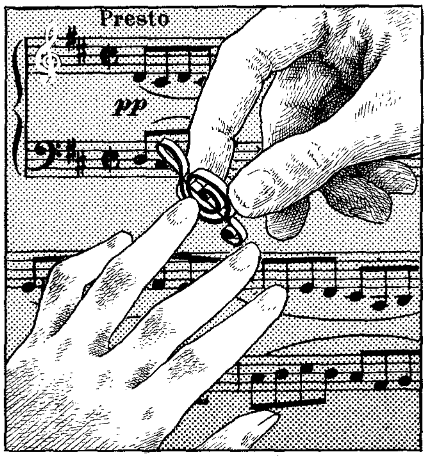
IT WON'T BE A STYLISH 'MARRIAGE'

"... An untheatrical *Figaro*? An impossibility, you would think, but the City Opera's new production achieves the impossible..."

One could easily assume that the New York City Opera was created by the Almighty to put on beautiful performances of Mozart's **Marriage of Figaro.** Everything about the company, myth or reality, would appear to point in that direction: the musical intelligence, the sense of theater, the spirited ensemble. Yet the company's new *Figaro* is a major disappointment: deficient in musical intelligence and woefully untheatrical.

An untheatrical *Figaro*? An impossibility, you would think, given the vivid suggestions easily readable within Mozart's score and da Ponte's libretto. Julius Rudel has gone all the way to England to bring over John Copley, who has overthrown all these suggestions in favor of stage businesses dull and irrelevant to the work at hand. The very opening presages disaster. Figaro is measuring, not the floor space, but a bed. Down one side he goes, adding up figures, and then along the foot, still adding; what kind of new math is this? Act II: Susanna is trying a dress on Cherubino, a bell-shaped hoopskirt, stiffly boned so that when Cherubino falls over (not once but twice) his legs go up in the air. The pratfall is funny enough, once anyhow, but such a dress dates from nearly a century later than the time of the opera. Act III: Carl Toms has provided a handsome staircase, which any smart opera director should seize upon for its enchantment potential. It is virtually unused, however; the wedding procession comes in at ground level. There is no dancing in the Fandango, merely some nonsense involving rug salesmen. For the price of an unused staircase, surely the company could have hired some dancers.

Visually, the production has its attractions. Toms's costumes may sprawl over the styles of two or three centuries, but his sets are, in themselves, handsome, if somewhat lavish for a company currently crying poverty. Hans Sondheimer's lighting is splendid, properly honoring the morning-to-nighttime span of the play. The soft shadows in the last act are lovely; this act is the most successful overall.



Musically, too, the production has its problems. I have admired Rudel's conducting of *Figaro* in the past, but now he seems to have rethought the score, and not for the better. Some of his tempi were strange, to say the least—laggard for Cherubino's "Voi che sapete," rash beyond coping for Figaro's "Aprite un po." What disturbed me more was a prevailing lack of incisiveness in the orchestra; the breathtaking undercurrent of musical commentary that welds together the great Act II finale, for example, seemed to dribble by without event or outlook. I did, however, admire Rudel's intelligent solution to the notorious Act III Problem, moving the Countess's "Dove sono" back to before the Sextet, rather than—as in the printed score—before the "Sull'aria" duet. There is a good likelihood that Rudel's version was Mozart's original intent, which circumstances later forced him to change.

There was some good singing, but not enough to dispel memories of great old City Opera nights (Treigle, Raskin, Bible, etc.). Samuel Ramey is a dashing, attractive Figaro, with a good top F (which, however, he holds too long) for the "Se vuol ballare" and a superb command of English diction. Catherine Malfitano, the Susanna, is also a charmer onstage, and sang the "Deh vieni" most attractively, but she must work to overcome some ugly localisms in her diction (jel-lis lover, husbend). Johanna Meier, as the Countess, got out few words at all and was off pitch by the second measure of "Porgi amor." A new Cherubino (Delia Wallis) was afflicted, at least on opening night, with a tense vibrato that sounded like an attack of nerves; a new Basilio (Jonathan Green) sang very well but was allowed by the director to overact shamelessly. William Justus's Count was barely countable.

The Bel Canto Opera, haven of forgotten scores (some more justifiably so than others), has begun its season with the first professional American staging of Daniel Auber's **Manon Lescaut,** a score of considerable quality, composed in 1856 and thus predating both the Massenet and Puccini settings by several decades. The libretto is by the prolific Eugène Scribe, who apparently plundered the Prévost novel for a few agreeable turns of plot, which he then turned into a crowd-pleasing confection of his own—the Dale Wasserman of his day, in other words. No matter, however; Auber (who is best known for his buoyant comedy *Fra Diavolo*) invested this seedy text with some extraordinarily fragrant music, including some elegant and neatly structured ensemble pieces. The best-known aria from the score, Manon's brilliant "Eclat de rire," turns out to be only one of its many delights.

The opera was given in the Bel Canto's tiny church meeting room, with Auber's sizable orchestra cut down to thirteen players (quite tidily conducted by Victoria Bond) and with Janet Bookspan's direction pouring infinite resource into a performing area about the size of this page. One oddity was to present the spoken dialogue in English with the singing in French; this didn't quite work, partly because of the culture shock, and also because of the inability of even well-trained young operatic singers to handle their own language naturally in a dramatic context. There were some good singers, however, most notably the genuinely gifted Marilynne Bird, who sang the Manon with sensitivity and style. The last time I heard Ms. Bird at the Bel Canto, I called her a "dish." Now she's a Fabergé banquet service. ■

Illustrated by Jean Francois Allaux

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 298

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

1. "Actually, it needs a little polishing. I mean, it's *finished*—all but the final draft. I'll have it on your desk tomorrow morning."
2. *"I wonder who else I can get to write this thing."*

1. "I saw this darling dress today—just right for you. It has an uneven hemline. . . . Wait, give me that napkin, I'll draw it for you. Now, here's the sleeve, see . . ."
2. *"Oh, God."*

Above, the loud and the profane, or, 1. what was said, and 2. what was thought by the hearer. Competitors are invited to provide one such random example of 1. the spoken, and 2. the unspoken thoughts of the person (victim) addressed.

Results of Competition 295, in which you were asked for helpful hints to tourists in Great Britain during the Jubilee Year.

Report: And for ther is so gret diversite/ In English and in writyng of oure tonge. And these recurrent problems tonge-wyse: *Vocabulary*: petrol, biscuits, queue, lift, flat, too, cuppa, and the whole damn thing. *Admonitions*: Against the wearing of daytime coronets. Polyester doubleknits, bowling crests, or black socks at Court. Punk-rock drag anywhere. And the ordering of iced drinks. Oh, my. Then the *Unmentionables*: Driving on the wrong side of the road. The Fourth of July. Tea bags. Asking sweetly: "Who is the King?" and "How much is that in real money?" *Subjects of Confusion*: A roundabout. Being knocked up before breakfast. Lion tamers at Piccadilly Circus. Buying a black watch. FDR living in Hyde Park. High tea (don't ask). And singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." We received a gracious note from the actual Barbara Cartland, thus disproving the assumption of English aloofness in the tone of many entries. And there was one other thing, what was it? Oh, yes. *What one might have or have not said to members of the royal family:* best left unsullied and unmentioned here. Gave me the pip.

Ta and First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

The English are very appreciative of tasteful displays of masculinity. Some Americans who were anxious to impress their English hosts with their grasp of English tradition actually went so far as to bring a live fox to English galas. This is wrong. A live fox is often unsettling, and a dead fox can lend an air of putrefaction to an otherwise festive occasion. The solution, of course, is to bring a comatose fox.

Judith A. David, Cambridge, Mass.

It's rude for Americans in Great Britain to tag after Arabs, trying to step on the ends of their robes.*

*Never refer to those loose-fitting garments as "shmattes."

Lydia Wilen, NYC

The English love eccentrics. Suggestions to delight your hosts: 1. Wear food. Cold-cut suits make a wonderful impression. 2. Sit on anything green and refuse to sit on anything that isn't green. 3. Change the names of everything, including your name and your hosts' names. Later you can pretend there are no names for anything. 4. Bring a portable sound system on which you can play Jerry Lewis's nightclub act, sound tracks from disaster movies, and Musak.

Paul Walker, Cambridge, Mass.

And Honourable Mention to:

It is best not to mention how you spent the Bicentennial . . .

Gregory Greenberg, NYC (still 14)
sp. ment.: J. J. Gumburg, Newark, Del.

Nothing pleases a native more than the realisation that the visitor has taken the time and made the effort to learn a little of our country's language and customs. One's Jubilee visit will be a smashing success if one remembers these two simple rules: Say "skookran" for "thank you" and *never* refuse the eye of the sheep.

Deirdre Carr, Ridgefield, Conn.

Proper sensitivity to the high cost of food may be demonstrated several ways: 1. Refuse to eat the food. 2. Offer to rent or to lease the meal. 3. Offer to adopt the meal in order that your children might have something nice with which to play.

Robert M. Hunt, Cambridge, Mass.

Bangers are a type of English sausage, unfortunately. . . .

Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.

Never apply a daytime cologne after 6 P.M. because absolutely everyone will know.

Helen Zimmerman, Freehold, N.J.

Practice control. See how long you can refrain from mentioning *Upstairs, Downstairs.*

Adam Van Meer, Rehoboth Beach, Del.

Upon being introduced to the Queen, one might comment as to how well she looked on her recent appearance on *Saturday Night Live.*

Warren Bluestein, Matawan, N.J.

London is rumoured to have an extensive underground, but it doesn't seem to publish any newspapers. Go easy on the claim that Bigfoot could eat the Loch Ness Monster.

Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

. . . And remember, the changing of the guard does not mean that Moe Layton is replacing Earl Monroe in the backcourt.

Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Will the American couple who called the guards at the Tower of London "Beefburgers" and referred to policemen as "boobies" please travel elsewhere next year?

Jacqueline Fogel, Jamaica, N.Y.

Should the subject of "The Baker Street Irregulars" arise, resist the temptation to suggest a diet of prunes.

Jan Leighton, NYC

In Britain, saying something is "for the birds" is a chauvinistic remark.

Joyce Cohen, Brooklyn

It is not necessary for you to depose an incompetent or dishonest ruler while in England, as there are public institutions, called Courts of Law, which relieve the individual onerous task while in the British Isles. More time for fun!

Robert Patrick, NYC

Respect for the elderly is encouraged to the extent that the British identify their senior citizens beyond mistake. Two such delightful venerable persons are Old Vic and Old Bailey.

Jack Paul, Brooklyn

Captain Phillips is never addressed as "Prince Anne."

Philip N. Hathaway, Bloomington, Ind.

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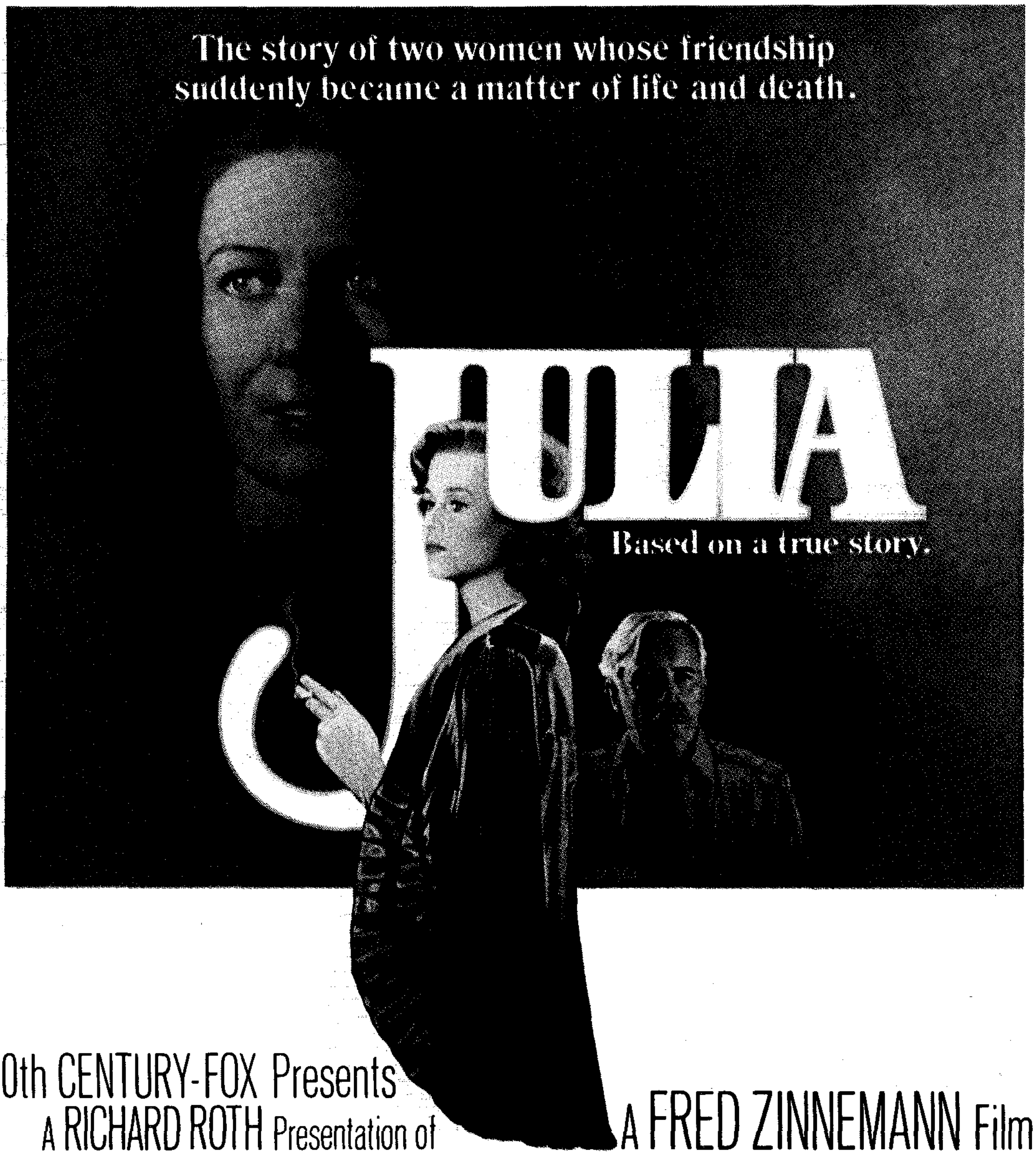
Bill Emery, Oklahoma City, Okla.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Directed by	Produced by	Screenplay by	Based upon the story by
FRED ZINNEMANN	RICHARD ROTH	ALVIN SARGENT	LILLIAN HELLMAN

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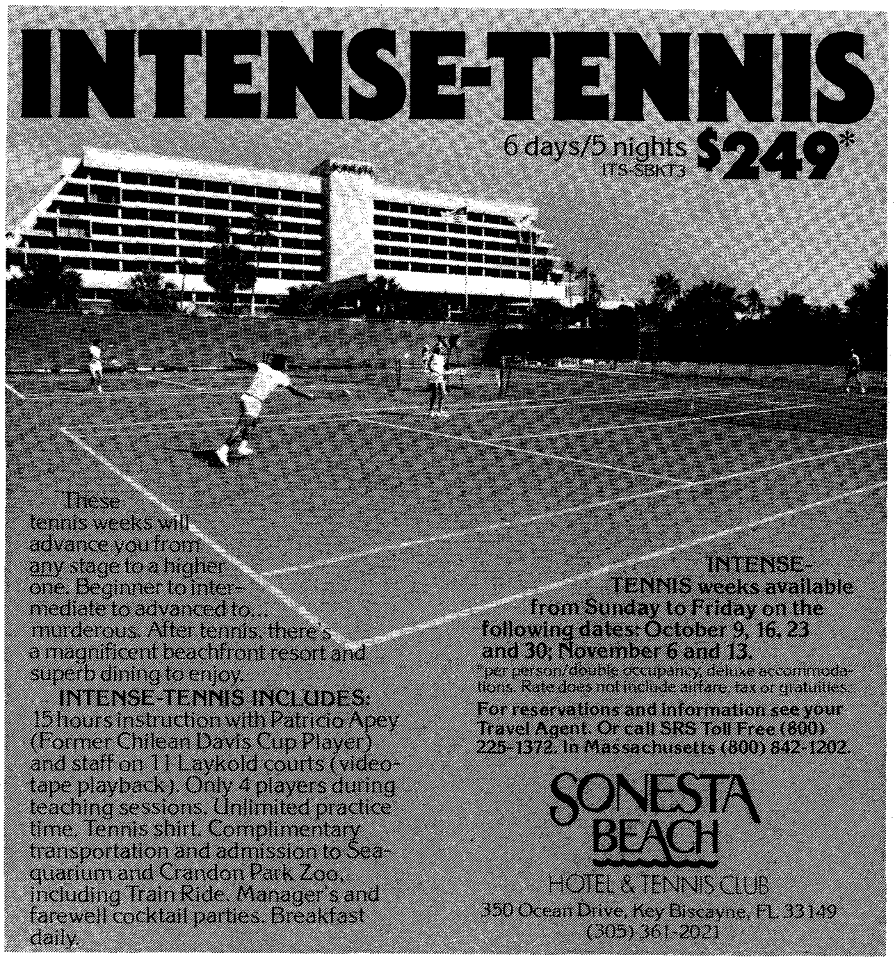

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David Steinman, M.D., Scarsdale, N.Y.

It might be considered gauche to book passage on the Concorde while wearing a Los Angeles Lakers T-shirt.
Norton Bramesco, NYC

Do not wear your Paul Revere T-shirt.
Mark Geier, NYC

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Nancy Joline, Huntington, N.Y.

Last week I was invited to a house party in Newcastle. I hit on the most original hostess gift, and contrary to popular belief, it was very well received. Well . . .
Donald Inglett, NYC
sp. ment.: Toby Bach,
Kew Garden Hills, N.Y.

Since the time of Malcolm the Maimed it has been traditional for visitors to the Green Church in the Slough to drop something of sentimental value in the almsbox.
Albert G. Miller, NYC

HONK IF YOU THINK SHE SHOULD ABDICATE posters would not be appreciated.
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

It may be helpful to realize that Britons pronounce their cities' names in ways we would not find logical or phonetic. A useful sampling: Birmingham—"Bring." London—"Lawn." Bath—"Bah." Liverpool—"Level." Cardiff — "Cuff." Norwich — "Notch." Newcastle—"Newt." Manchester—"Ms."
Rosemary Bascome, Shelter Island, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Thomas Pellechia, Summit, N.J.

To refresh your memory, the rules are these: Daughters of dukes, marquesses, and earls are Lady–Christian name–surname. Younger sons of marquesses are Lord–Christian name–surname. But younger sons of earls are grouped with sons of viscounts and barons, and bear the prefix "The Hon."
Dorothie Howell,
Washington Crossing, Pa.

Contest rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 298, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by October 14. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York* and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results will appear in the issue of November 7. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, PLEASE.**

Movies / Molly Haskell

ON NOT SEEING THE TREES FOR THE FOREST

"...The dazzling location sequences in *Julia* are a poor substitute for the emotional and political terrain left unexplored..."

Why is it that every time new American films try to go the old ones one better, they drop several paces behind? Our only hope is that if they continue to race backward at the present rate, they will arrive at square one and can then start all over again. **Julia**, adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, and *Bobby Deerfield*, Sydney Pollack's film about the transforming love between a racing-car driver and a mysteriously independent woman, arrive brandishing adult credentials and the intention of saving the American cinema from abject moronism. We had reason to hope this woman-woman love story and this man-woman love story would offer alternatives not only to the mindless male action blockbusters but to the old Hollywood conventions of boy-girl romance.

Alas, in their efforts to tell a story elliptically, veteran directors Fred Zinnemann and Pollack appear to have forgotten the ABC's of storytelling. Yet both movies are full of blockbuster elements, second-unit serendipity, and European travelogues that are the thinking man's answer to sharks and spaceships. Apparently, on the theory that in movies, as in democracy, mindlessness is entitled to representation, the concept of love rarely rises above the never-having-to-say-you're-sorry level of discourse. If anything, the main inference to be drawn from the screenplays, both by Alvin Sargent, is that love means never having to say a word.

In *Julia*, one word of grown-up dialogue, one exchange between Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave as conversing adults, would have been worth the thousand pictures in bucolic settings designed to show the wordless harmony of their friendship. Here we have two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired: Redgrave as Julia, the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright Lillian.

We expect some sort of fireworks, yet all we get is one scene in which the two meet, as adults, and connect: the brief, vivid scene in the railway café—taken straight from Hellman's story—in which the baffled Lillian turns over contraband money to her friend. The rest is mostly filler, as Zinnemann tries to suggest the scope and historical context of the period with dazzling location sequences that are a poor substitute for the emotional and political terrain left unexplored.

We want the film to tell us what the short story leaves out: everything. What the women really thought and did; how they spent their days; their effect on each other; how they would have survived the less dramatic but more rigorous tests of a friendship lived out on an ordinary day-to-day basis. Would Julia, the radical zealot, have accommodated Lillian's more moderate politics? Would Julia, with her contempt for the theater, have made room in her strict aesthetic for Lillian's plays?

Julia is certainly a more ambiguous woman than the idealized portrait of a Madonna of the Left that Hellman paints and Redgrave incarnates. Although the moral challenge and victory belong to Lillian—will she have the guts to embark on the dangerous and (to her) practically meaningless mission at Julia's behest—the real fascination of the story lies in the character of Julia. Here is a woman who gives first her leg, then her life to the Cause; who thinks little of endangering the life of her best friend and would gleefully have given the lives of every member of her rich, hated family if she'd had them to give.

The truth is, Julia is better as a tragic heroine than as a live friend, but even as a tragic heroine there is something malignant in the use to which she is put. She exercises a kind of moral blackmail. Against her single-mindedness the diluted commitments of the rest of us appear weak and cowardly. She is made to order as a Hellman heroine in a story that, like many of Hellman's works, reveals its own "pentimento"—after a period of time, an ulterior or anterior meaning suggests itself. Beneath the spare, deceptively conversational prose, a hidden vendetta is being waged and an old grievance discharged. In *Julia*, the targets are Alan Campbell and Dorothy Parker (and, in an absurdly peremptory dismissal, F. Scott Fitzgerald); the ostensible reason, their frivolity. The strategy is to render them ridiculous and the weapon is Julia, the blunt monolith of

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

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"...In *Bobby Deerfield* Al Pacino is miscast as the bland, unfeeling cipher..."

radical martyrdom. The brief appearance of Hal Holbrook (speaking in a camp version of a Virginia accent) and Rosemary Murphy as besotted partygoers named "Alan" and "Dottie" is a grotesquely perfect mirror-image parody of their treatment in the story.

As the radiant cripple, the Hair-Shirt Contessa, Redgrave remains more emblematic than real, a distant and idealized exotic, while Fonda's Hellman is suspended between her subjective function as the eyes through which events are seen and an objective character within them. Dramatically, Lillian is the paler character; she is, throughout their relationship, the admirer, the tabula rasa on which Julia transcribes her knowledge of art and classical literature. Yet very little of the intellectual content makes its way into the film. Typical of Zinnemann's conception is a glowing fireside tête-à-tête between the two women that translates the tentative, undefined sexual undertone of the story into a glib, tastefully titillating sensuality that betrays the spirit of the story while adhering to the letter.

Fonda catches some of the moral severity that is gathering into Lillian's face, but her portrayal of Lillian-the-writer falls back on the usual absurd hyperboles by which movies have always tried to inject action into an essentially inactive operation: She sits hunched and frazzled over the antique Royal, nonfilter cigarette dangling from her mouth. Then she rips the page from the machine, balls it up, and throws it away. (Has any writer ever done this? Aren't we usually, if not delighted with the just-finished page, at least content to sit on it for a while?)

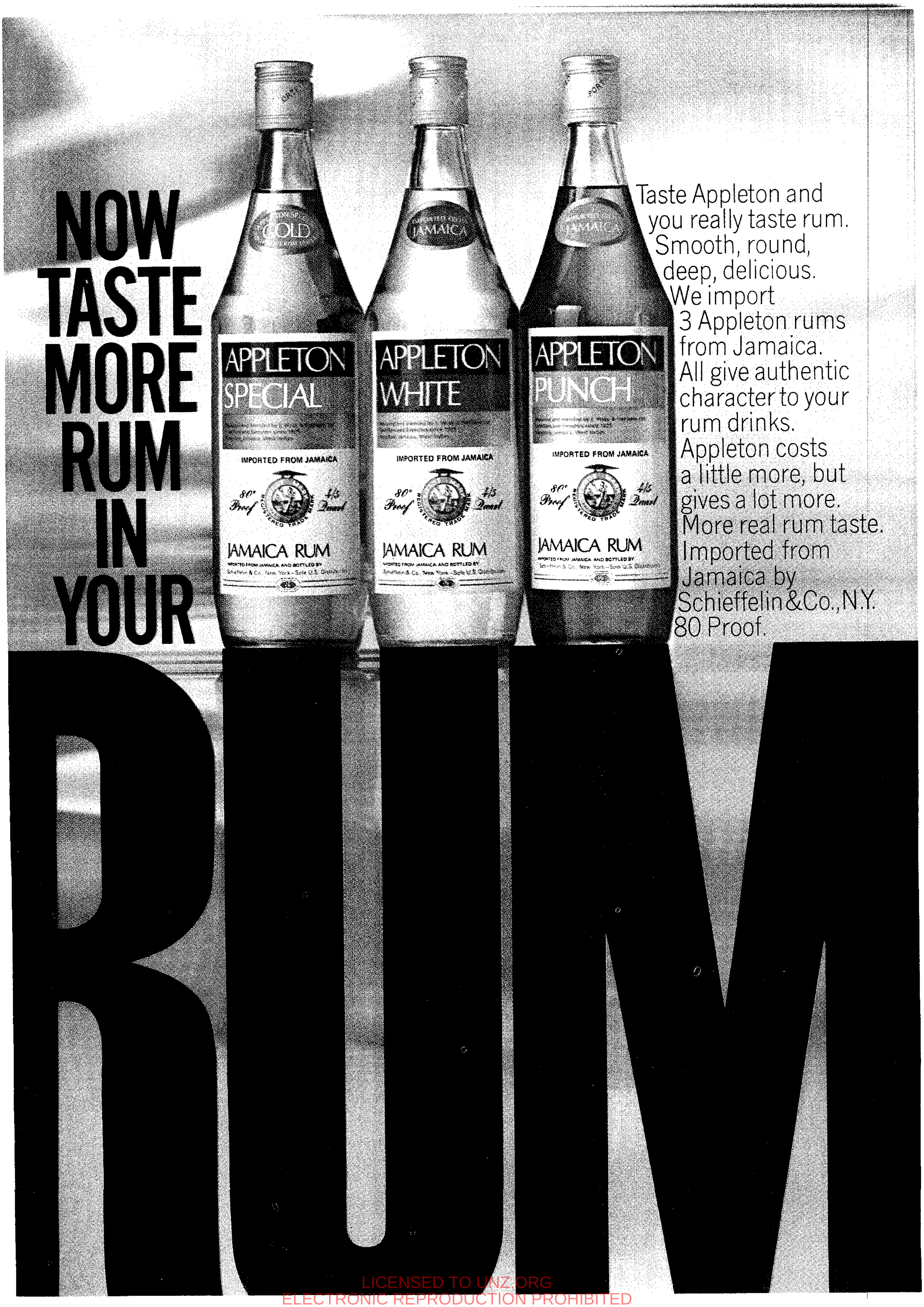
Dressed in baggy sweater and heavily unmade-up, Fonda strains to convince us she is a Real Woman and an Important one. But in equating sartorial seediness with seriousness of purpose *Julia* resorts to the kind of skin-deep visual clichés that it presumably means to avoid. Why not suggest the surprising Hellman—the woman who will become a legend in mink, the woman Sheilah Graham refers to in *The Garden of Allah*—as a sexy dish!

Everyone involved in the film was no doubt transfixed by the presence of Hellman herself, fierce watchdog of her own memorial, but in treating the story as holy writ, they have come up with a film that has the virtues of neither fiction nor biography, that means nothing if we don't know who the characters are, and little more if we do.

If Alvin Sargent has been inhibited from projecting imaginary conversations onto real people, it may simply be that he used up his supply in **Bobby Deerfield.** There are at least two scenes in which characters clash head on and create some interest in themselves: Deerfield, played by Al Pacino, in a harrowing meeting with his square brother from Newark; and Deerfield and Marthe Keller, an abrasive patient in a German sanatorium.

The novel by Erich Maria Remarque on which the film is based posits a rather schematically dialectical view of personality. Pacino is the athlete whose mind is a blank and whose past is repressed. He is an unscarred winner precisely because he feels little and fears nothing. But he is a loser at life. The instrument of his awareness is an impetuous woman who for reasons of her own is drinking life to the dregs. Or—as Marthe Keller might say—dwinking life to the dwegs. She doesn't say that, but she seems to have been given every other "r" word to stumble on. (Such words in a film about wacing and wisk-taking would be hard to avoid.) Actually, her speech idiosyncrasy gives her an unconventional rhythm that I, for one, find exciting. She has a jagged, stubborn quality that, with her no-frills beauty, makes her one of the most interesting women in movies. Too bad her role has been reduced to a supporting one, for it is Pacino who is miscast as the bland, unfeeling cipher from Newark. If Pacino is anything, he's ethnicity and soul, and he can't quite make the psychological jump to an all-star American squaredom that Paul Newman or James Garner could walk through in his sleep. Perhaps the part itself is out of date in this post–group therapy era when men can hardly be induced *not* to tell their life story and the big problem is turning off the faucet of feelings.

The combination of Pacino's strangeness in the role and some red-herring dream and racing sequences create a puzzling tension for the first half of the film. We don't quite know where it is going. But as soon as the psychological issues are clarified and love is consummated, the film begins to pall. When Marthe Keller admits that she at last finds Pacino iwwesistible and the movie leaves the racetrack for the bedroom, it is all over. True to the American way of filmmaking, Pollack has managed to make the machinery sexier than the characters. ▬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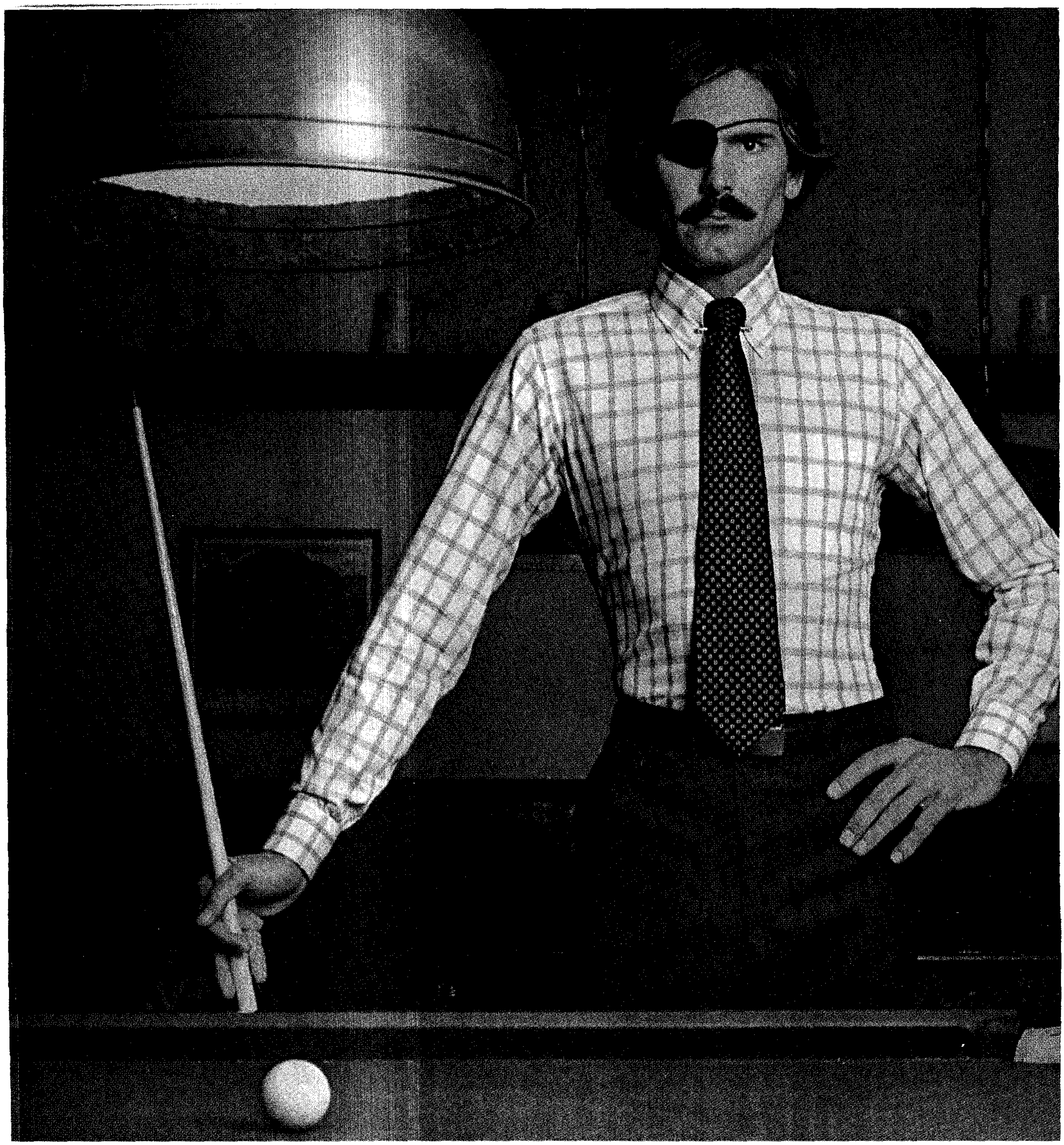

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Fashion/Priscilla Tucker

Dancing Into the Streets

> "...Dance clothes are wonderfully comfortable, and what works in the studio moves with ease into the street..."

In this the dance decade, when Nureyev and Baryshnikov are superstars and discos have taken over nightlife, it is only natural that the fashion business should be dance crazy, planning its charity benefits for ailing dance companies, giving its fashion shows in discos, and borrowing some of its best styles from dance clothes.

Halston is designing costumes for Martha Graham and $250 full-length cashmere versions of practice suits for his customers. Norma Kamali's "dance dress" has attached tights, and her wrapped-leg jumpsuits have set disco style for the past three years. Rudi Gernreich, a dancer before he was a designer, does spacey shapes for the Los Angeles modern-dance company of Bella Lewitzky. Margot Fonteyn–designed leotards for Apollo Dance Supplies are sold for everyday wear by Bloomingdale's. And shoe designer Reed Evins put together a smashing streetwear line for dance-shoe manufacturer Selva.

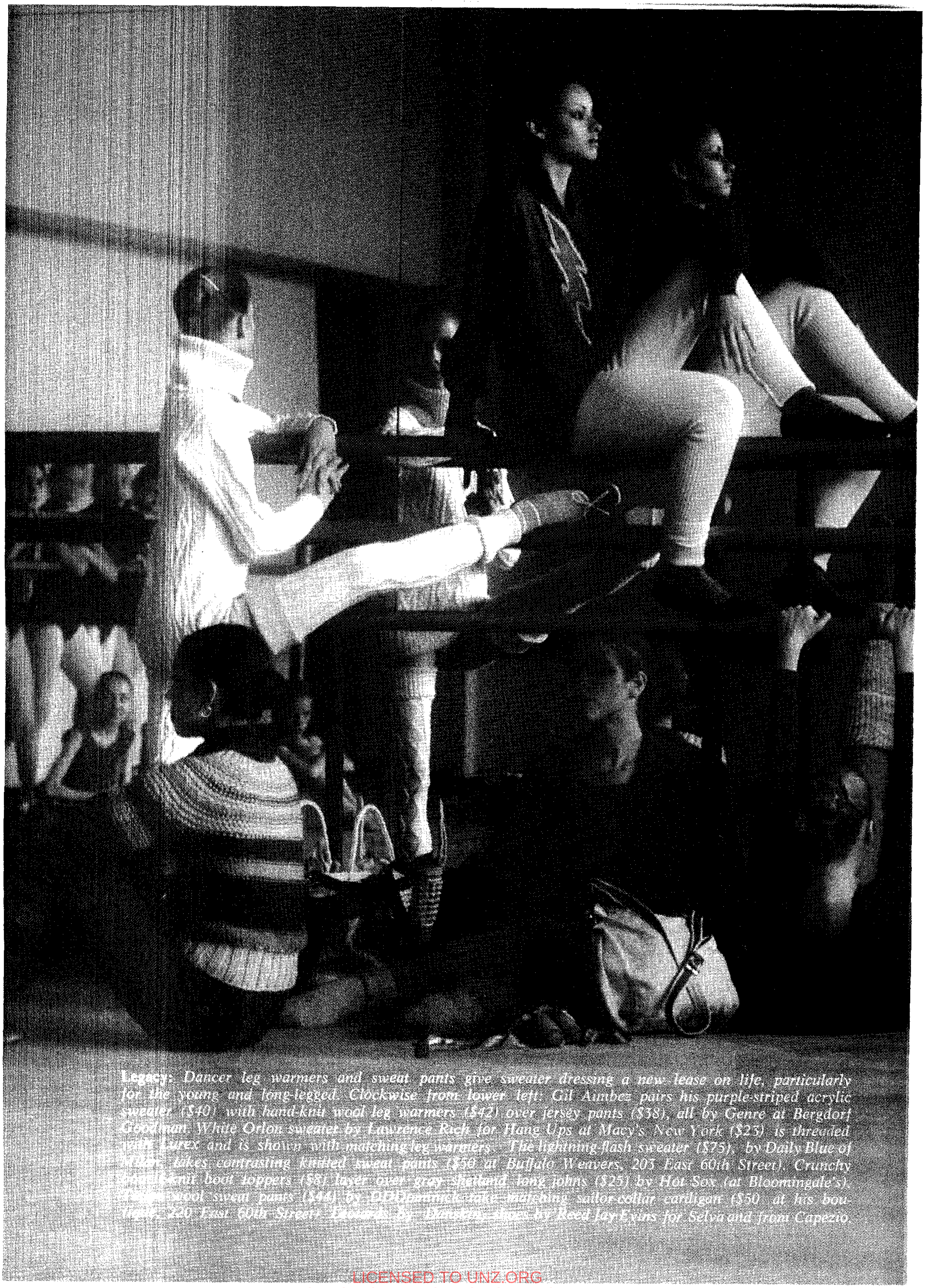
Dancer leg warmers, which hit the Paris streets as a highly visible fashion last winter, are all over Seventh Avenue collections for fall, and Danskin's $15 swimsuits, a takeoff from its dancer's leotards, were one of the selling successes of the summer.

Dance clothes have in fact landed feet first in fashion, and why not? They move, stretch, last, and are wonderfully comfortable. What works best in the dance studio moves with ease into the street.

The clothes on these two pages, modeled by students at the School of American Ballet, mix dance-inspired fashion and real dancewear. Where does one end and the other begin?

Shoe shine: *Reed Jay Evins dyes canvas modern-dance practice shoe (below, left) red ($10) and shines up the jazz oxford in metallic copper (third from left, $29.50 to order), both for Selva (1776 Broadway at 57th Street). The ballet street shoe (second from left, $15) and tights are from Capezio (177 MacDougal Street).*

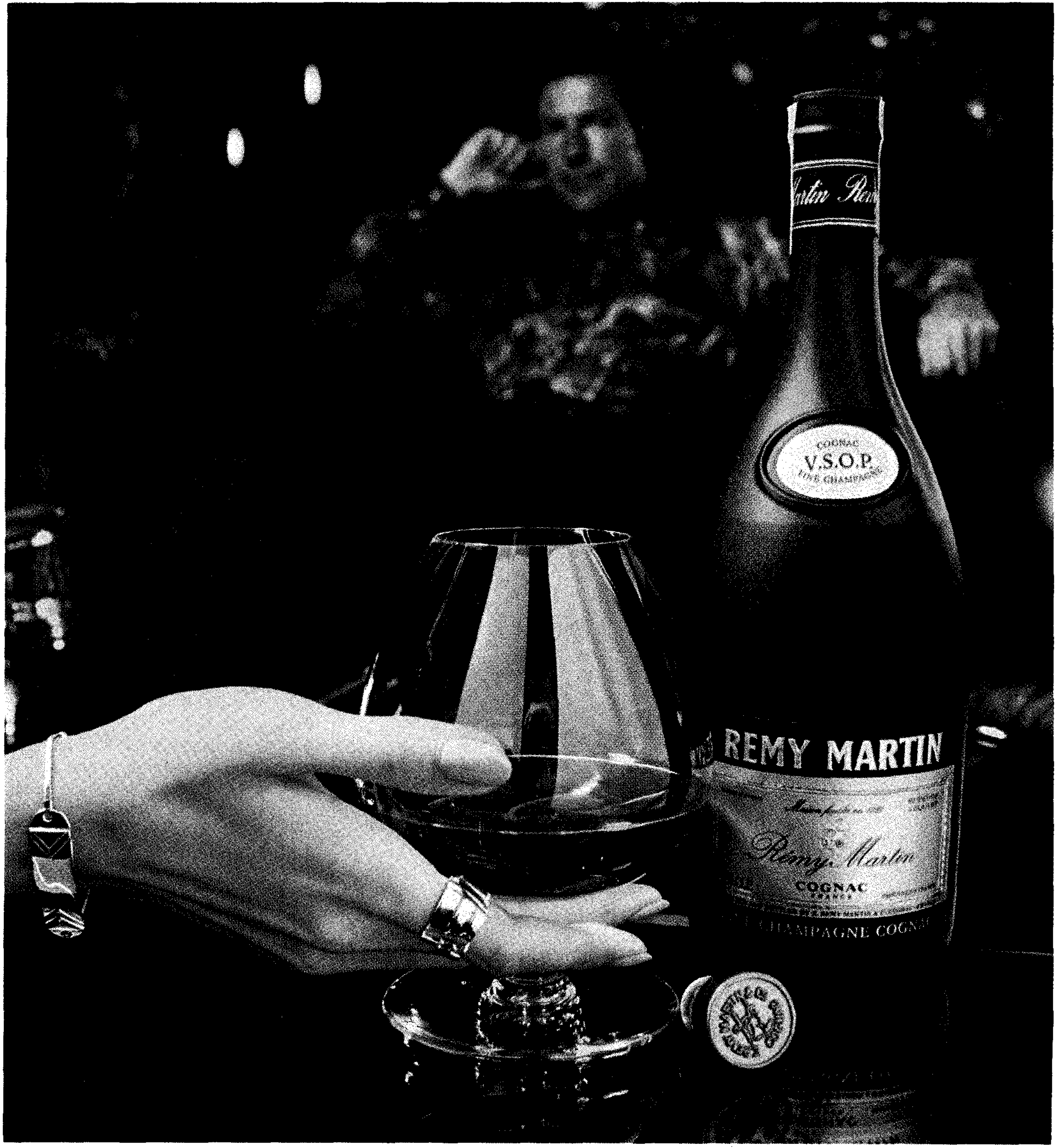
Photographed by Hal Davis



Legacy: *Dancer leg warmers and sweat pants give sweater dressing a new lease on life, particularly for the young and long-legged. Clockwise from lower left: Gil Aimbez pairs his purple-striped acrylic sweater ($40) with hand-knit wool leg warmers ($42) over jersey pants ($38), all by Genre at Bergdorf Goodman. White Orlon sweater by Lawrence Rich for Hang Ups at Macy's New York ($23) is threaded with Lurex and is shown with matching leg warmers. The lightning-flash sweater ($75), by Daily Blue of Milan, takes contrasting knitted sweat pants ($50 at Buffalo Weavers, 203 East 60th Street). Crunchy [illegible]-knit boot toppers ($8) layer over gray Shetland long johns ($25) by Hot Sox (at Bloomingdale's). [illegible] wool sweat pants ($44) by D.D. Dominick take matching sailor-collar cardigan ($50 at his boutique, 220 East 60th Street). Leotards by Danskin; shoes by Reed Jay Evins for Selva and from Capezio.*

Have anything you want before dinner.

After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin.



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BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Dolly Madison

She/he is a baby-size baby doll from Paris ($65) who makes an actual sucking motion when given a pacifier or bottle of milk. She/he should, of course, be dressed in Parisian knits or flowery cottons. You should, of course, be rich.
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Hiyo, silver, away! Bring on the plastic! The cups are available in red, blue, and yellow ($1.50).
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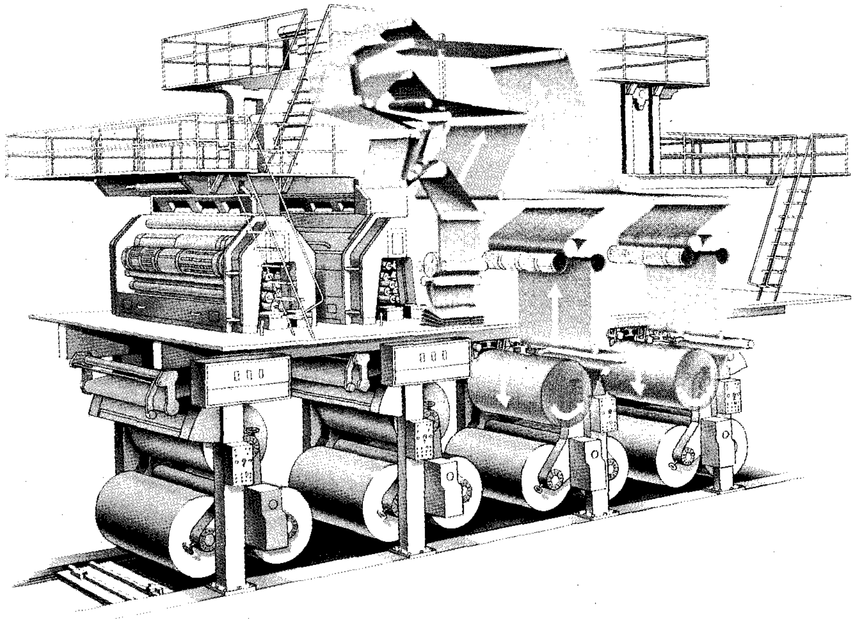
JOHN DIELE



All This and Heavy Too

However many things this addled world needs more than another encyclopedia is a matter of opinion. After all, a library of encyclopedias already exists, from the thirteenth edition of *Britannica* to supermarketed collections of factoids for the upwardly mobile. But consider this: The U.S. Navy discovered that 70 percent of 12,000 dropouts from its basic-training program were "functionally illiterate," meaning they couldn't cope with the prose of the navy manual (which, if it resembles the Marine Corps work of my experience, is a long way from *Ulysses*). Clearly, we are heading into an age when anyone who moves his lips when he reads will go immediately to the head of the class, yet we are also living at a time when facts are valued above all other currency, indeed, are traded directly for currency— a fact not lost on Random House, which has just published a 2,856-page encyclopedia for the rapidly maturing denizens of *Sesame Street*. In the days of the old (if brief) literacy, one picture was commonly held to be worth a thousand words. R.H. has employed 257 artists, designers, and art editors to fundamentally revalue the image with more than 13,800 pictures illustrating some 3 million words, or about one picture for every 230 words; the illustrations show everything from Henry VIII's enlightened ideas about medieval fortifications to the path followed by an emerging newspaper story (a printing press, above). For better or worse, this eleven-and-a-half-pound behemoth is a visual aid that should earn the Bert and Ernie thumbprint of approval.—**Owen Edwards**
THE RANDOM HOUSE ENCYCLOPEDIA/*Random House/$69.95*

High, Wide, and Hungry

To soothe the pangs that occur hours after the kitchen is closed, consider Munchies, an elitist food-delivery service just started by a schoolteacher, a caterer, and a corporation executive. Their menu includes a pre-Munchy course (quiche, pâté, seviche, etc.), a Potage au Munch (split-pea soup, chili, etc.), the Crunchy Munchy (cheese melts, pretzels, crackers), the Fromage Munchette (cheese by the quarter, half, or full pound), Hearty Munchy sandwiches, Cosmic Munchies (turkey tarragon, shrimp Tahitian, yogurt, Perrier, etc.), and La Dolce Munchie (pie, cake, brownies, etc.). Delivery: 5 P.M. to midnight weekdays, 5 P.M. to 4 A.M. Fridays and Saturdays—east of Central Park only, between 42nd and 86th streets.
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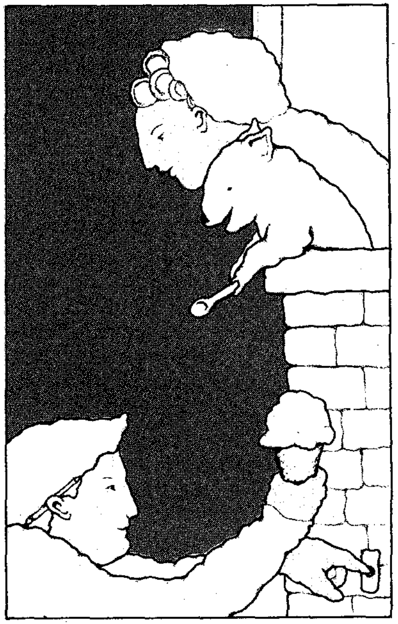
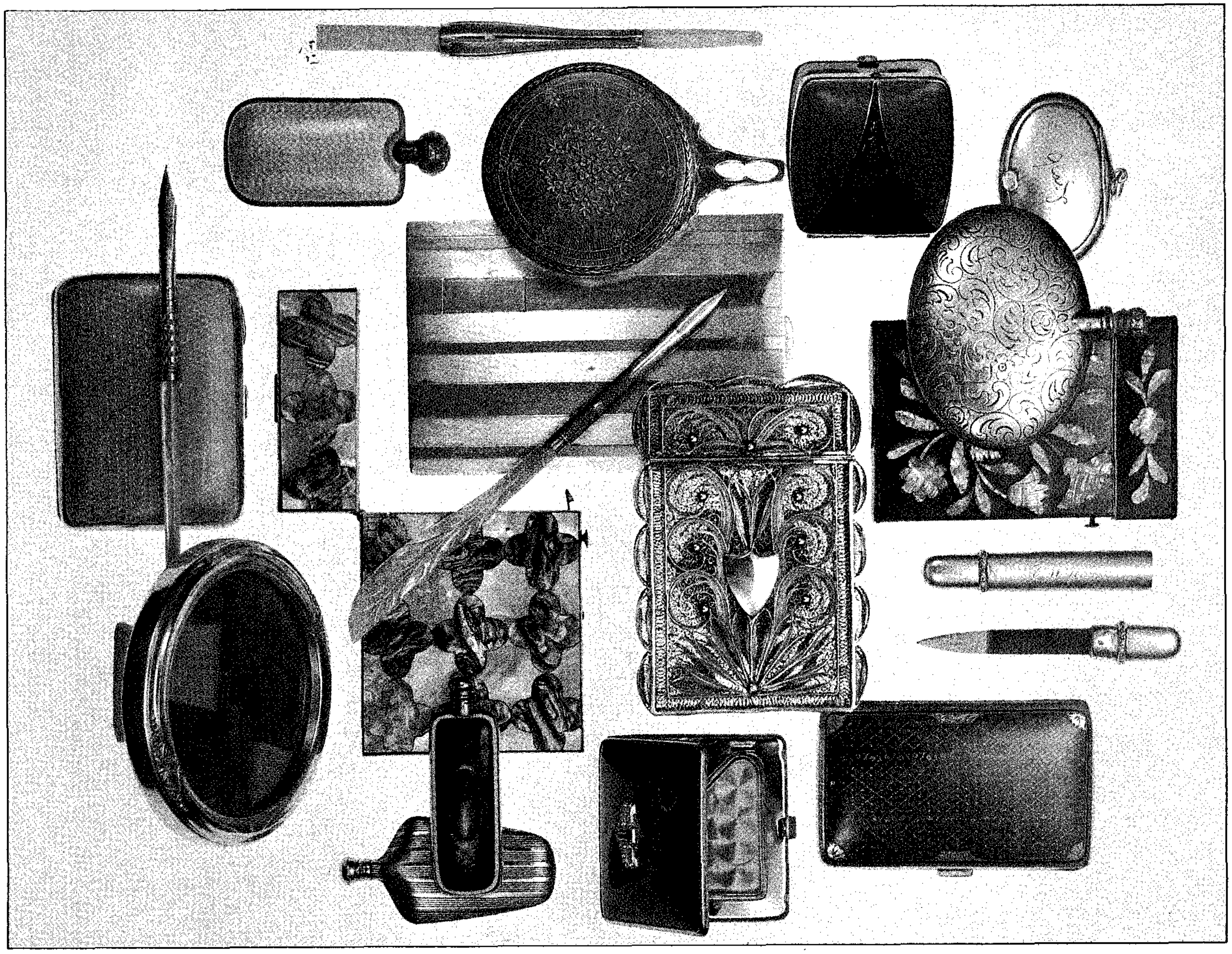
ALEXA GRACE



MICHAEL SOMOROFF

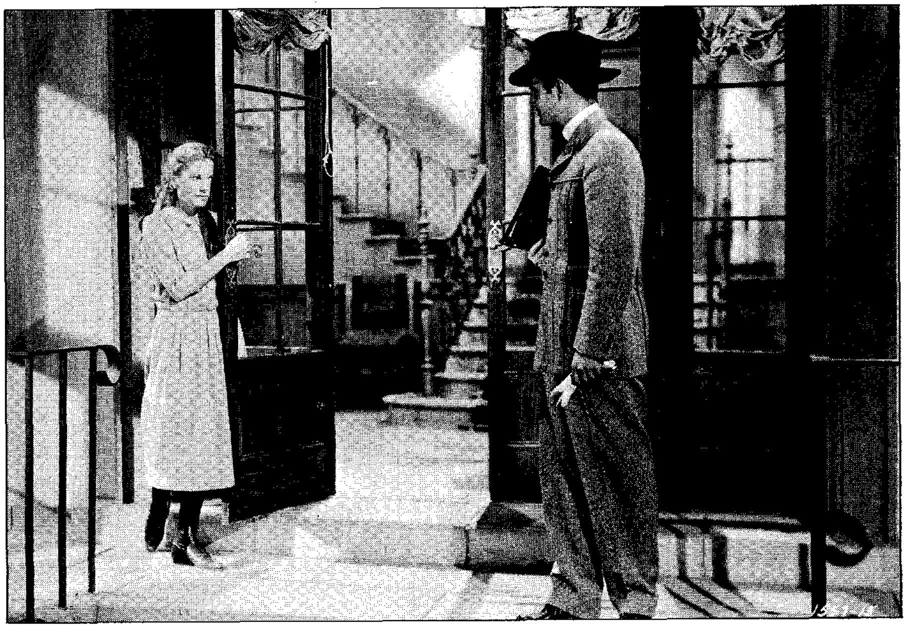


Marshall Arts

"I'm Sarah Schlepper," says Nancy Marshall, who does like to shop and does have exquisite taste and is now selling some of the most ladylike bibelots she's discovered schlepping all over the land ($10–$200).

NANCY MARSHALL AT FIORUCCI/*125 East 59th Street*

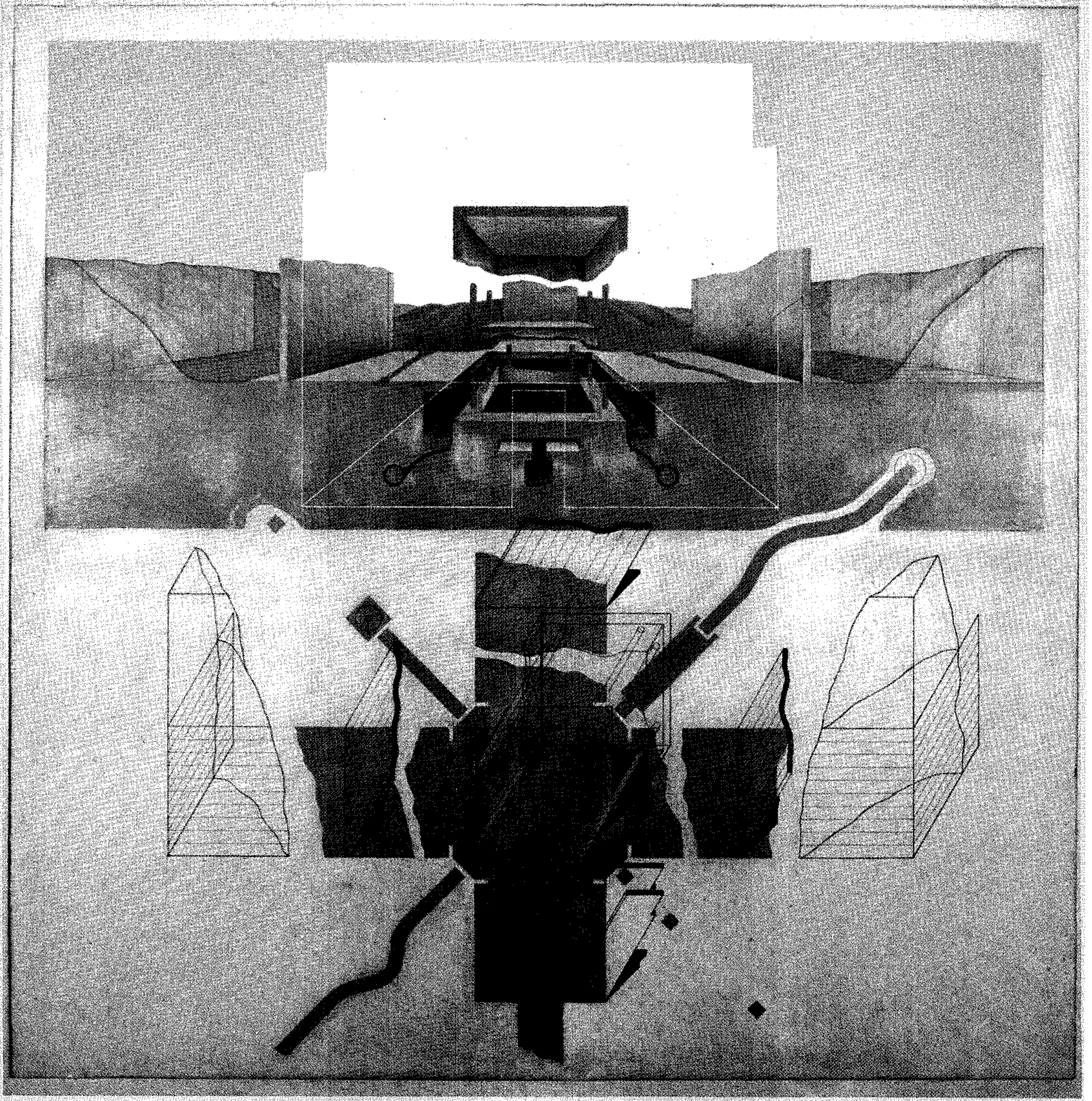
COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



The Word Series

As Joe Mankiewicz put it: "I write essentially for audiences who come to listen to a film as well as look at it." It mattered then; alas, it seems to matter less now. The words, the wordsmiths, and the way movie talk has evolved will be the subject at MOMA, with screenwriters Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin; Samson Raphaelson; Robert Benton and David Newman; Richard Levinson and William Link; Howard Koch; and Paul Schrader. At every session there's a screening, such as Gordon and Kanin's *Adam's Rib* or Koch's *Letter From an Unknown Woman* (left). Not bad for $15.

TALKING PICTURES: THE ART OF THE SCREENWRITER/*November 9–December 10/$15/For series tickets: Looking at Film/Museum of Modern Art*



Art/Thomas B. Hess

DRAWN AND QUARTERED

"...Provincial, parochial, derivative, brash—younger architects are all of these, and that's where they get their vigor..."

"When in trouble, when in doubt," runs an old U.S. Navy work chantey, "run in circles, scream and shout."

Younger architects have been troubled and doubtful for over a generation—the generation that's had to confront the achievements of Philip Johnson, I. M. Pei, Eero Saarinen, and the rest. The screaming and shouting usually take the form of bristling articles, phenomenological mudslinging, and drawings, bushels of drawings that explicate forms, embellish dilemmas, ravel fantasies.

Four exhibitions this month offer an unusual opportunity to survey the field. **Drawings for a More Modern Architecture** is a two-part show, at the Drawing Center (137 Greene Street), chosen by architect Robert A. M. Stern, and at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum (2 East 91st Street), chosen by architect-curator Richard B. Oliver (both through 11/6); plus **Architecture I**, which opens a series of international shows scheduled at Leo Castelli's gallery (420 West Broadway, 10/22–11/12), chosen by curator-connoisseur Pierre Apraxine; and **New York, Past, Present, and Proposed**, at the Spaced Gallery, a recently established firm that specializes in architectural drawings, prints, photographs, and related materials (165 West 72nd Street, through 10/15).

There is, obviously, a commercial aspect to all this activity as well as, *speriamo*, a purer, aesthetic one. Putting aside dollars and sense for a moment, consider the mild paradox implied by good drawing about bad architecture. In other words, can a great work of art have a dumb idea as its subject? Reduced to a level of flat generalities, the answer seems obvious. Throughout history, marvelous images have stemmed from idiotic theories (you think of Nolde's crypto-Nazi watercolors, or Kupka's spaced-out theosophy). Why shouldn't a second-rate architect be a first-rate draftsman? The Prisons of Piranesi, with their stacked symbols of torture and dread, are far superior to the artist's soupy Baroque façades.

A house is not a home: *Raimund Abraham's* House With Projected Landscapes, *1976, acrylics on canvas, among the Post-Modernist architects at Leo Castelli.*

Still, these are exceptions. On the whole, architectural drawings strike sparks as they are energized by creative architectural concepts. It's been true since at least the time of Villard de Honnecourt (circa 1235). Palladio's drawings for villas are better than Scamozzi's, just as Mies's are stronger than Mendelssohn's. Indeed, one of the conclusions suggested by the four exhibitions is that architecture, perhaps because of its social ambitions or because of the professional expertise necessary to its practice, seems more dependent on ideological commitment than are its sister forms, painting and sculpture.

It used to be said that architecture is "frozen music" (the phrase is Schelling's). Nowadays, our cities seem to glitter with frozen municipal pork. All the wrong people get all the right contracts. Which is one source of the troubles and doubts that irritate so many younger architects and cause the eruption of so many drawings.

All of them enthusiastically proclaim their revolt against the International Style of purist architecture as formulated by Wright, Le Corbusier, and Mies, and practiced with varying degrees of success by everybody everywhere ever since. Like the Abstract-Expressionist painters in the mid-1940s, they challenge a grand, established, formalist style that has a weakness for ultimates—for inhuman abstractions. Confronting the School of Paris giants, such New Yorkers as Pollock, de Kooning, Newman, and Rothko found ways to break through stylistic conventions. Pop, Color-Field, Conceptual, Minimalist, and other, younger artists reacted in turn against the Abstract-Expressionists and forced elbowroom for their own signs and spaces.

The architects, on the other hand, skipped anything corresponding to an Abstract-Expressionist generation. Philip Johnson, I. M. Pei, Eero Saarinen, and the rest, who are of an age with Pollock, de Kooning, Newman, didn't so much confront as extend to America a still-radical International Style. In the mid-1950s, with an eye cocked on what was happening among the painters, they tried to shake up their formats and modules. On the whole, almost all such probes stayed close to the manners of 1920s High Art. Thus, when the younger architects—including most of those represented in these four exhibitions—felt they had to break through, they found themselves swiveling in a generation gap. It was (and remains) as though they were trying to reinvent Pop or Conceptual Art without the backstop of Abstract-Expressionism. Robert Venturi tries to be a Roy Lichtenstein who never saw de Kooning; Peter Eisenman essays the counterpunch of a Frank Stella with no Franz Kline or Barnett Newman against whom to work out his antitheses. They remind you of the theory of "Parallel Development" that Trotsky invented to explain how the Bolshevik revolution could overthrow the czars without having to wait for the emergence of a bourgeois state.

Like post-revolutionary Russians, the younger architects are liable to fall into the traps history sets for leapfroggers. They tend to be parochial and provincial. They seem to have forgotten all about such precursors as Pierre Chareau and Emilio Terry. One theoretician seriously proposes the label "Post-Modernist" as if it hadn't been batted among artists for some twenty years. Another offers to find new virtues in eclecticism, and you must assume that he doesn't know that painters have been urging it since around 1950. Robert Venturi adduces Pop street murals that look like reheated Los Angeles Art Squad diversions, except Venturi is sentimental. Elsewhere there are some cubic renditions that owe so much to Tony Smith that you've got to conclude the author never saw a Tony Smith. And there are many high-purpose statements couched in a straight-eagle balderdash which would make you keep a hand firmly over your wallet if they didn't come in such architectonically utopian packages.

Provincial, parochial, eclectic, derivative, brash—most of the younger architects are all of these, and that's where they get a lot of their vigor. There's no doubt that there is enor-

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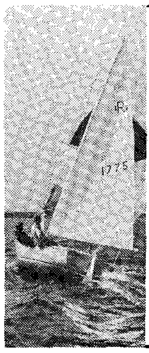

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mous energy—a sense of release and adventure—among these men and women. Embattled outsiders, recidivist, deprived of most opportunities for realizing their proposals, they rejoice in the liberties of the drawing board—as Mies, Le Corbusier, and Wright did before them, a fact they are apt conveniently to forget. Some even think that architectural drawing was reinvented by their generation! This sort of weakness for grandiose claims can be trying; it's also a sign of vitality and optimism. The architects have a nostalgia for the present that reminds you of the pioneer Abstract-Expressionists' affection for the trashed landscape of America. Robert Stern's vision of a place where tourists can observe the Atlantic Ocean across a sea of parked Chevies is a witty enshrining of ecological sin. Charles Moore's Piazza d'Italia for New Orleans, with its revised system of orders—Doric, Ionic, and Delicatessen—is a delicate jewel of kitsch-and-sink art. Richard Meier rediscovers Le Corbusier and the Constructivists as if they were a part of nature—like an explorer coming across Niagara Falls—and he uses them with elegant and arbitrary virtuosity. Emilio Ambasz has an amazing way with practical Erewhons. His waterfall stuck in a Beaux-Arts building in Grand Rapids evidently was too grandly rapid to be acceptable. Now he's proposing an underground agricultural community for a maximum of eco-efficiency that would please Franz Kafka as much as Earl Butz. Listing further names would be tedious. Almost all repay study.

The Drawing Center and Cooper-Hewitt exhibitions have appropriately didactic formats. There's an invigorating whiff of gunpowder to the installations. The Castelli show is more carefully chosen. Pierre Apraxine is one of the most knowledgeable experts on the arts of the 1970s. He tries to present glimpses of the architect at work, thinking about shapes and applying simple forms to complex structures. You follow Raimund Abraham's ideas as he considers each part of a house as though breakfast had to be reinvented every morning.

Apraxine has carefully selected as many works as possible from the architects' own hands. The architect-curators make a plea for "delineators"—specialized commercial artists who tart up structural ideas so that they'll be attractive to clients, publicists, and other consumers. Some architects feel (understandably) that these interpretive draftsmen produce work that has value in and of itself. They don't. Visual ideas die under the massage of their spray cans and acetate overlays. As "realizations," they may be good for business. As art objects, they look like dry illustrations.

Which raises the question of commerce—the bucks quotient. At a symposium last year I predicted with habitual timidity that the next hot number in the art market would be architectural drawings—noting the interest that had greeted the beautiful Beaux-Arts renderings shown by the Museum of Modern Art, as well as the still-lively old fad for such visionary architects as Lequeu and Boullée (known mostly through drawings), as well as the recently rehabilitated Roebling drawings for the Brooklyn Bridge and other phenomena. Façades, elevations, sections, and orthographic projections of all sorts, I predicted, soon would boom in value. They have. The vogue may be as extensive as the one for photographs that took off about ten years ago. Pierre Apraxine is forming a collection of architectural drawings for the Gilman Paper Company; Leo Castelli hasn't joined the act because he's become suddenly converted from coins to coigns. The Spaced Gallery today looks a bit like the now posh photo galleries looked around 1970.

It's one of those nonevents that was fated to occur as the art market runs out of goods to sell and buy and every sort of possible commodity gets reexamined as potential inventory and exhibition material. There seem to be enough architectural drawings to go around. Their quality can be high—as good as anything by comparable painters and sculptors. There's no reason why a fine Mies drawing shouldn't fetch the price of a Paul Klee, his old colleague at the Bauhaus.

The only caveat concerns the ubiquitous delineators. There's a similar distinction between drawings by designers who mold a style and the work of fashion illustrators. Indeed, the next hot property may well be drawings by the major designers—by Vionnet, Poiret, Chanel, Balenciaga, Dior, Charles James, Norell, McFadden, and their peers. Not the dramatizations projected by Vertès or Eric for *Vogue* and other magazine layouts, but the comparatively all-thumbs, blunt, tough diagrams from the creators themselves. That's where the fire is. ■

The Underground Gourmet
Gertrude Snyder
ARABIAN BITES

There's a new Yemeni restaurant in Brooklyn, for which Allah be praised! **Sana'a Restaurant**, 566 Atlantic Avenue (852-1707), named for the capital of Yemen, is owned by its French-speaking chef, Ali Aljahni, and his childhood friend Muthanna Hatem, who attends the tables. Both are earnest, hardworking, and share a background in the restaurant field.

It's possible to order a full dinner of your choice for two or more, served family style, $6.50 a person; also, you can put your confidence in Hatem, and he will prepare a platter of his choosing. One caveat: You must account to Hatem for uneaten food.

Start with a platter of mixed appetizers: beet salad, baba ghannooj (eggplant), hummus (chick-peas), yogurt-and-cucumber salad, tabbouleh (salad greens and bulgur wheat), eaten with freshly warmed Arab bread. For a gentle $1.50, it serves three. Appetizers may be had individually for prices ranging from 50 cents to 95 cents. A mixed salad of lettuce, tomato, green pepper, sweet onion rings, black olives, and Syrian goat cheese is topped with blender-mixed vegetable dressing—for two, it's $1.75.

Sana'a's menu is extensive, venturing into sophisticated areas while maintaining earthbound prices. Frog's legs with home fries is $3.25; fillet of sole almondine, $3.50; veal cordon bleu or Milanese, $3.25. You'll be wise, however, to stick with Arab dishes.

The Yemeni version of the eggplant-and-lamb dish moussaka has a rich, strong taste. Served with white rice flecked with saffron-colored grains, and with a corner dab of tomato sauce, it costs $3. All entrées are served with rice, which is presented in a variety of ways. Shish kebab alternates onion, green pepper, and lamb chunks marinated in "secret Middle Eastern spices." Succulent on its rice bed, it's $3.50.

Seafood kebab consists of broiled shrimp, scallops, tomato, onion, and green pepper for a remarkable $4. Seafood burma ("burma" is the Arab name for the metal dish in which the food is served) is a mixture of shrimp and scallops baked in a cardamom-seasoned cream sauce, covered with bread crumbs and paprika, for $3.75. A meal-in-itself wedge of filo-crusted "pigeon pie," made of Cornish hen, raisins, and almonds, sits on three slices of fresh orange, all beneath a sprinkling of powdered sugar. It's far from overpriced at $4.25.

Every Friday through Sunday a special entrée is offered at $3.85. I had chicken couscous. A large oven-hot soup dish sat on a red napkin and nearly overflowed with meat, carrots, celery, potato, and raisins, glorious in their own juices, which seeped into the couscous grain. If you have couscous, ask for charissa (hot sauce). Other specials include tajine chicken and lamb.

Among the restaurant's desserts are homemade baklava, apricot pudding, and chocolate mousse, each 75 cents. Hot fruit crepes with ice cream and almonds are 75 cents; ice cream, 60 cents; French cheesecake, 95 cents. One refreshing way to end the meal is with the season's fresh fruits, flavored with sugar, cinnamon, and rose water, 95 cents. I have had melon sliced in its rind, black and green grapes, and thinly sliced apples and pears. A birthday cake, if ordered in advance, will be ready for your party.

Embroidered muslin flour bags on the walls, a pleasing primitive statement, are the handiwork of Ali's non-English-speaking wife. The atmosphere at Sana'a is direct and cordial, and the kitchen provides the excellence we have come to expect from Brooklyn's Yemeni restaurants.

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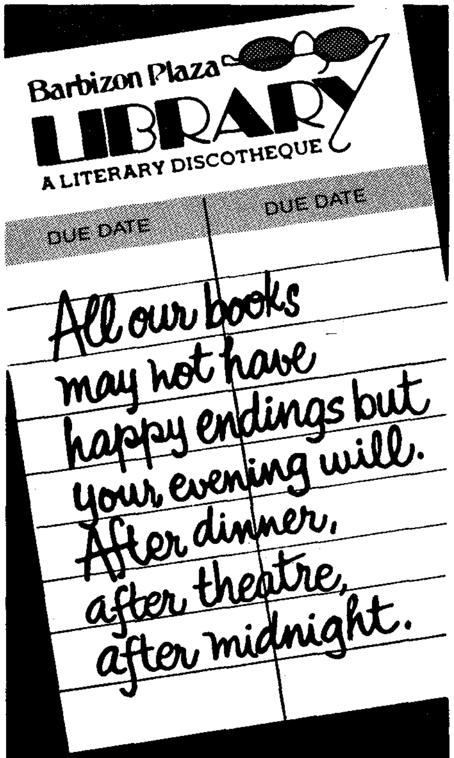
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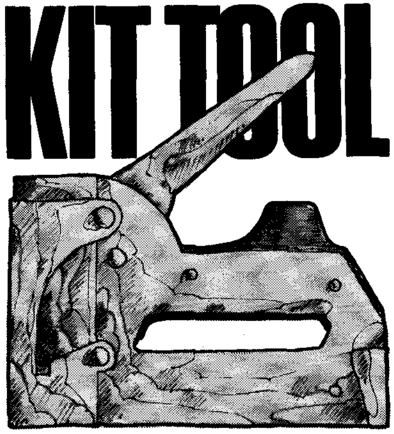

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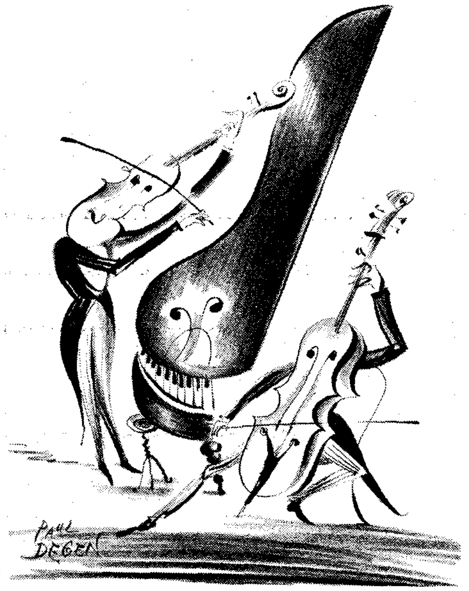
"... Every one of Haydn's trios will astound you with a sudden dart into some unexplored region, some supple line of melody..."

By the end of the eighteenth century, any Viennese home with claims to respectability boasted a piano in the place of honor among its possessions. Music-making in the home came to occupy the same position that TV-watching does today—with the difference, of course, of its being an active, rather than a passive, sport. The young lady of the household would try her skill at the latest piano sonata hot off the presses; the amateur singers might show off with a hit tune or two from *Die Zauberflöte*, and the evening would rise to its climax with something more ambitious: some chamber music, most likely a trio for piano, violin, and cello.

The piano trio was, by all odds, the most popular musical idiom of the day. Almost every popular piece of music, in any form, could be had at the music shops in a trio arrangement. Haydn's "London" symphonies, for example, hit the stands in trio versions almost as soon as they had been composed. So did the Beethoven symphonies; in at least one case, that of the Second Symphony, Beethoven himself had a hand in the arrangement. In other words, playing a symphony (or concerto, or opera) at home in an arrangement for trio was, for Viennese society around 1800, the forerunner of having it on records. (Later on, by around 1850, the popularity of the trio as home entertainment waned, replaced by the four-hand piano arrangement. If you've never played the Brahms symphonies as piano duets, you haven't lived.)

In addition to acquiescing to having his orchestral works boiled down for three players, Haydn also wrote a great deal of original music for the combination, 45 trios in all (of which two early pieces have been lost). Of these 45, 16 were composed before 1761, the year he went to work for Count Esterhazy; the other 29 are fully mature scores, composed between 1784 and 1796 when trio-playing had become entrenched. Until about five years ago, these splendid pieces constituted one of the last unexplored areas in the recorded repertory. In the mid-1960s, Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Schneider, and Leslie Parnas gave a long Haydn-trio series at the Metropolitan Museum, every concert an astounding revelation. Nobody wanted to record the performances, Serkin told me; nobody thought that they would sell.



Now, however, justice is finally being done to this repertory, and great wonders have been revealed. Philips has undertaken a complete recording of the series, performed by the American group known as the Beaux Arts Trio (Menahem Pressler, pianist; Isidore Cohen, violinist; Bernard Greenhouse, cellist). So far, eight disks have been issued, containing 23 trios, and more have been promised. All 23 so far released are from the mature series.

As you must know from the string quartets (and if you don't, why don't you?), Haydn's aesthetic in his chamber-music composition embraces far more experimentation, far more subtle means of expression, than he would have dared to attempt in his more extroverted symphonic style. There is not one of these trios that won't astound you with a sudden dart into some murky, unexplored harmonic region, that won't wipe you out with a long, supple line of melody that is unlike anything you know about the classic style. One of the interesting studies that comes out, as you trace out the works now available on record, is the evolution of Haydn's writing style from the pieces of 1784–5, where the piano predominates, the violin usually doubles the pianist's right hand, and the cello obliges with a reinforcement of the harmonic bass—from these pieces, up to the late works, in which there is a much more considerate sharing of responsibility among the three players.

One work you may already know, since it has been recorded before, is the F-sharp Minor Trio of 1794. (I have to put in a long parenthesis here about numbering, since two systems are in use. One is the nonchronological numbering used by, if you'll pardon me, Antony van Hoboken in his thematic catalog of Haydn's music. The other is the chronological numbering by H. C. Robbins Landon in his new critical edition published in Vienna by Doblinger. The F-sharp Minor Trio is Volume XV, No. 26, in Hoboken, No. 40 in Landon. It is also No. 2 in the Breitkopf & Härtel edition that goes back to the mid-nineteenth century, but you'd better forget that if you don't want to go slightly mad.) To hear the slow movement of this trio is to set aside every cliché in the book about eighteenth-century artifice; here is a long, sinuous melodic arch that seems to operate in one endless breath, moving at the pace of a heartbeat. Listen, too, to the way this melody, first proposed by the piano alone, seems to expand explosively as the violin enters in dialogue with the second phrase. A year later, Haydn reset this melody as the slow movement of one of his "London" symphonies (No. 102); its poignance, however, is even more palpable in the trio setting.

But there are similar discoveries in every trio in the series. There is another slow movement of comparable originality in the E-flat Trio (Hoboken XV 22, Landon 36) in which the scoring—the violin seemingly serving as a bass to the pianist's right hand—is, if anything, more striking. The first movement of that same trio has some sudden, strange modulations that will also astound you. You must also hear the exceptional E Major (Hoboken XV 28, Landon 44), which starts off with

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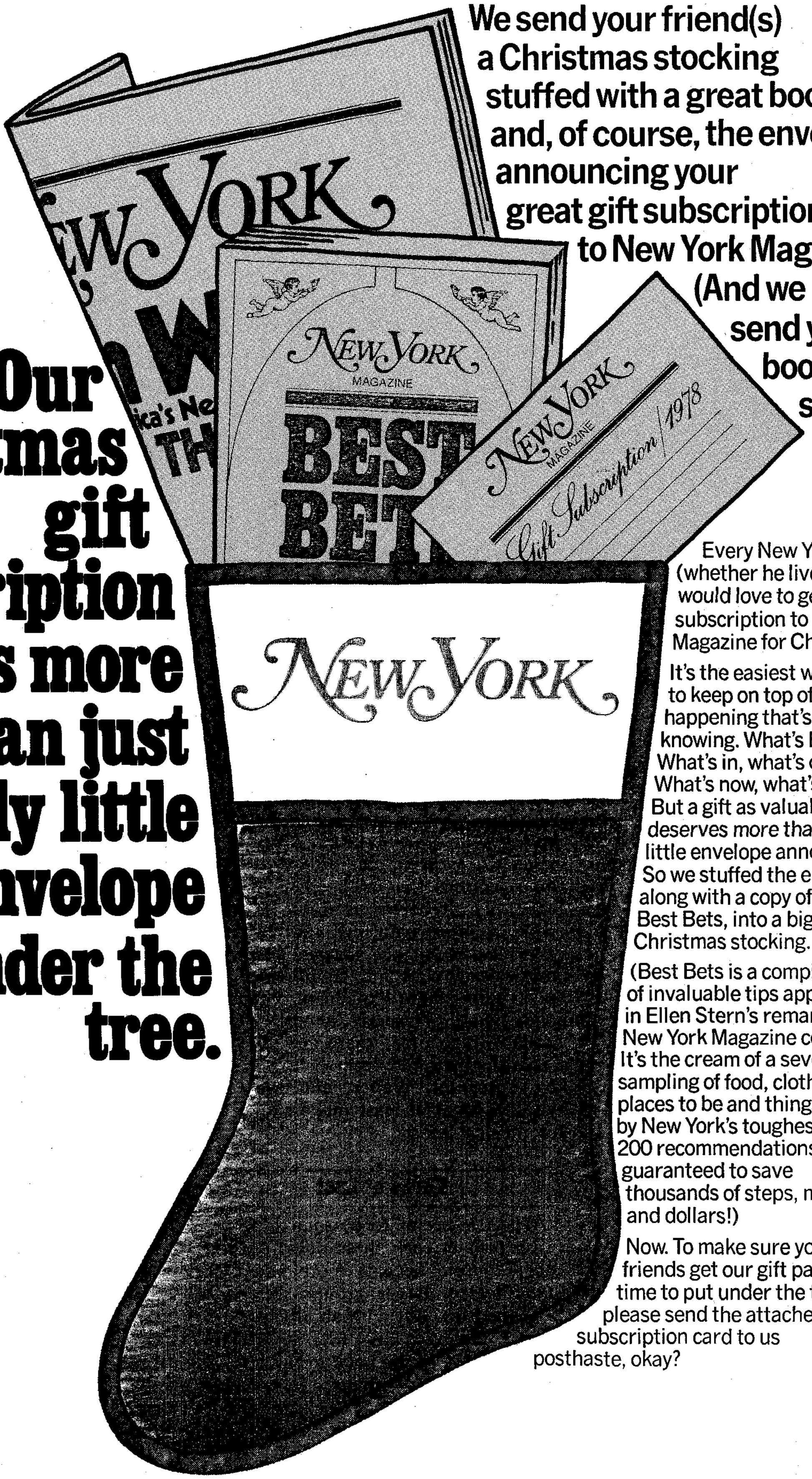

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"...Mengelberg's famous orchestral control is fully audible on these recordings; so is the violence he wrought on the music..."

an amusing attempt to use all three instruments as some enormous guitar, and then plunges headlong into great stormy outbursts in some totally unrelated key. The A-flat Trio (Hoboken XV 14, Landon 27) is another altogether adventurous work, most of all in its strange, hymnlike slow movement full of intimations of musical outlooks a half century later. Nor must you overlook the one piece in the series that has achieved its own measure of fame, the G Major (Hoboken XV 25, Landon 39), one of a series Haydn composed during his second London excursion. This has the famous "Gypsy Rondo" as its finale, along with a wonderfully placid slow movement of great charm.

The Beaux Arts Trio plays all this music with what I consider the ideal blending of elements. The group has been together now for some twenty years, which is just about how long it takes to perfect a pure chamber style; the give-and-take among the members is exactly what is required for this subtle, deceptively modest music. The recorded sound, too, has that close-in feeling that few record companies know how to provide for chamber music. This is living-room music recorded at living-room size.

On two recent two-record sets, two exceptional cello-piano teams have recorded all five of **Beethoven's Cello Sonatas**—works ranging from the two exuberant, light-textured pieces of 1796, the composer's twenty-sixth year, through one wonderfully rich "middle" piece from 1808, to two mysterious, subtle, rather terse works from 1815. All five are extraordinarily powerful scores, which I would choose over any of Beethoven's better-known violin sonatas (yes, including the overvalued *Kreutzer*). They need the full chamber-player's skill; they are not cello solos with piano accompaniment.

Of the two new recordings, I prefer that by Lynn Harrell and James Levine (RCA ARL 2-2241) over Columbia's lower-priced Russian version by Daniel Shafran and Anton Ginzburg (Y2 34645). Both Harrell and Levine are still in their early thirties; both have been successful in separate virtuoso careers—Levine, of course, more sensationally, as a symphonic and operatic conductor. Yet, they have held on to a great sensitivity, along with a remarkable vitality of spirit, as chamber players, and the blend of instincts in these performances makes this a truly remarkable album. Shafran is also a stupendously gifted cellist, but there is too much of the virtuoso-plus-accompanist to bring this music fully to life.

I am obliged to add, however, that neither album can match, in terms of sheer eloquence, the old monaural performances by Pierre Fournier and Artur Schnabel, still available as Seraphim 6075. Some people tell me, though, that they must have stereo, even in chamber music, although nobody has ever told me why.

In most of the obituaries for Leopold Stokowski recently printed, we have read that the extreme freedom he often assumed in his interpretations of classic scores was a "breaking out" from the dominance of Central European attitudes in the conducting world. As if to render that statement into sheer nonsense, comes from Philips an eight-record album (6767 003) of the nine **Beethoven Symphonies**, performed by Willem Mengelberg and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra for the Dutch Radio in April and May of 1940 (mere moments before Hitler's invasion of the Netherlands). If you want to hear liberties taken, simple melodic ideas wrenched out of context and subjected to unwarranted accelerations and retardations, dynamics swollen beyond any sense of proportion, you are invited to invest in this album. The famous control that Mengelberg exerted over his orchestra is fully audible; what is more painfully audible, however, is the violence wrought upon this music, early and late, simple and complex. You cannot explain these horrendous readings merely as the musical usage of the time; there are plenty of recordings around from before 1940—by Toscanini, Walter, and even Stokowski—that at least make some kind of musical sense.

Three at Last

The trio seems to be something of a rare form in rock these days. As post-Beatle music became more and more complicated, larger groups seemed to be called for. But with an album called **CSN** (Atlantic SD 19104), Crosby, Stills, and Nash are back to three again, having been four and six in the eight years since their last trio album. They sound mellower and more mature, but ever with the ear out for the commercially salable single ("Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" then, "Just a Song Before I Go" now). And then there's Topaz, made up of two New York musicians and a Texan (there seems to be a lot of that kind of miscegenation around), a group noteworthy for the work of the bass player, Rob Stoner. Stoner, musical director and bass player on Dylan's "Rolling Thunder Review," brings the bass out from the background and thrusts it into the mainstream of the song, much in the way Paul McCartney did with the Beatles. The Beatles they ain't, but on their first album, **Topaz** (PC 34934), they mix the early rock 'n' roll influences of Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, and Gene Vincent with their own fresh lyric viewpoint—especially on "Weak Sister" and "Some American Obsession"—into songs more interesting in content than in style. The best trio album to have come around lately is from a "new wave" group from England called the Jam. **In the City** (Polydor PD 1-6110) has been compared over and over to the early Who, but the most interesting thing about the "new wave," particularly in the case of the Jam, is how long it took for social and political influences of the sixties to amalgamate into a seventies musical style. Here are the children of "My Generation" finally grown up, wearing suits and short hair and narrow ties, rejecting poetry for politics and mixing their version of the "Batman" theme with songs that carry a warning that they contain "language that segments of your audience might find offensive." If history does indeed repeat itself, then the time to listen to the Jam is now, before they move on to "concept" albums, twenty-minute cuts, and rock operettas.

And for the people who still assume that the earliest pioneers of rock 'n' roll are Chuck Berry or Bill Haley and the Comets, an album from Savoy called **The Roots of Rock 'n' Roll** (Savoy 2221) should provide some illumination. The label itself was one of the first to promote black artists, back when their music was referred to as "race music," and their catalog contains many important masters of jazz and R & B. The album's four sides cover male and female singers, vocal groups, and instrumentals, and run the gamut from sultry blues to lively boogie to silly bebop to raunchy saxophone spectaculars. The Robins, the Ravens, Little Esther, Johnny Otis, Nappy Brown, Big Maybelle, and others make up a great history lesson. **—Tom Bentkowski**

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Greenery—A seven-day sale at this plant shop offers one plant free for every two plants you buy in the same price category. Plants are sold by pot size. Example: Buy two 4½-in. plants at 99 cents each, get the third free. At $3.99, there are 6-in. plants, and at $5.99, 8-in. plants. Many, many varieties: For $9.99, you can have a ficus tree, from 5 to 6 ft. tall, or an elephant-ear philodendron about 3 ft. wide and 4 ft. high. Duro-Lite bulbs, 60, 75, or 150 watts, usually discounted here at $3.99, are now four for the price of three. Imported baskets, usually 99 cents to $19.99 each, now two for the price of one, as are all ceramic, clay, and stoneware pots and saucers. There is a $5 charge for a delivery of any size. American Express, Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks. *Plant Shed, 515 East 72nd St. (249-7404); Mon.–Thurs. and Sat. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 10/6–12.*

Posh sale—You have a week to get your cash together and decide what to read while you wait in line for the doors to open—because you'll want to be there early. It's the annual "Posh Sale" of the Lighthouse—the thrift sale of the New York Association for the Blind. All proceeds go to support the rehabilitation and education programs that the Lighthouse offers to blind and visually impaired New Yorkers of all ages, races, and creeds. The Fifth Ave. retail industry and many designers and celebrities (among them, Lauren Bacall, Arlene Francis, David Hartman, and George Pesaturo of *A Chorus Line*) donate clothing, furs, accessories, household furnishings, and so forth. Many are in mint condition or never worn. Among the many bargains: an Adolfo camel's-hair suit, $35; a Halston Ultrasuede dress, $45; a Givenchy wool suit, $95; a Norell suit, $65. Gowns: two-piece silver silk Ralph Lauren, $40; new blue knit Lanvin, $60; new gown by Sibley Coffee, $40; white jersey Adolfo with rhinestones, $55; green jersey Halston, matching sequined vest, $85. The list goes on and on and includes new record albums for $1, plus minks, Persian lambs, a chinchilla, a Russian broadtail, a leopard, and wallpaper, a Vuitton trunk, fabrics, and many other items as of this writing still coming in to the Lighthouse. Checks accepted; no credit cards. Everything sold as is. *Lighthouse Auditorium, 111 East 59th St. (355-2200, ask for Mr. Conti); Tues., Wed., Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; Thurs. 10 a.m.– 9 p.m.; 10/11–14.*

Seasoning the seasons—When the fall holidays arrive, the consumption of herbs and spices goes up. In April we told you about this company, which wholesales all seasonings at prices well below those in the supermarket. (The minimum order of $5 still holds.) Now, through 1/1/78, the company is offering 10 percent off its normally low prices so that you can stock up on nutmeg, cinnamon, poultry seasoning, allspice, and other Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's goodies. The sale starts 10/15, so call or write now for a price list. Also, if you're a Tic Tac freak, this company usually offers them at 20 cents a box (by the dozen only), and now there's a further 10 percent reduction on them. Mail orders only; checks and money orders accepted; no credit cards. *Charles Loeb Co., 615 Palmer Rd., Yonkers, N.Y. 10701 (914 961-7776); 10/15–1/1/78.*

Chill chasing—A large inventory of fur coats and jackets is being offered here at 20 percent off the usual prices for four days only. On sale will be coats of full or sectioned skins, including opossum, raccoon, nutria, blue and red fox, mink, curly lamb, etc. Among the coats and jackets we saw: a full-skin natural beige nutria boot-top-length coat with dyed fox collar, usually $2,600, now $2,080; full-skin natural silver raccoon 32-in. jacket, usually $1,600, now $1,280; coat of natural blue-fox sections, usually $1,100, now $880; chubby of natural silver-fox sections, usually $650, now $520; wheat mink-paw coat with fox collar, usually $2,200, now $1,760; Lunaraine mink-tail coat with fox collar, usually $2,100, now $1,680; natural female-ranch-mink kimono coat, usually $5,200, now $4,160; full-skin natural cherry-red fox coat, usually $4,990, now $3,992. Sizes 4–14. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; special credit plans and layaways available on fur purchases. *Honeybee, 7 East 53rd St., mezzanine (MU 8-3660); Fri., Sat., and Mon. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; 10/7–10.* ■

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

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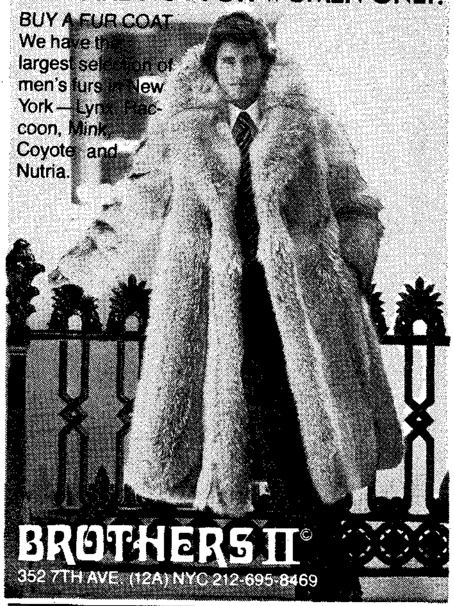

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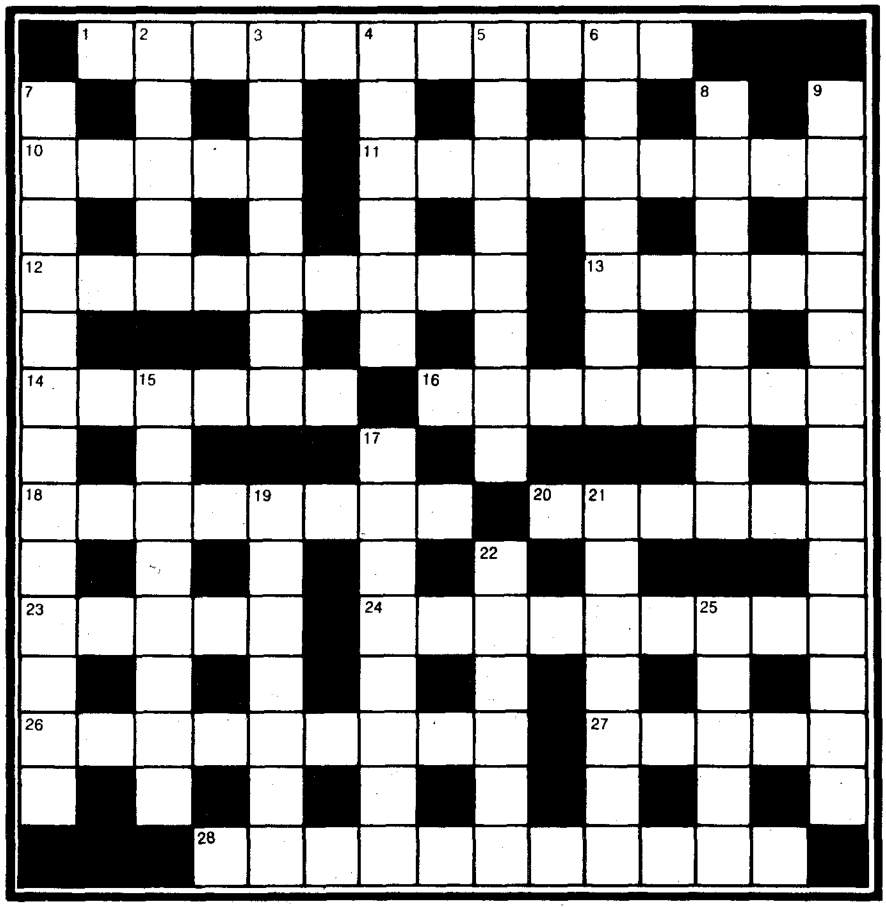
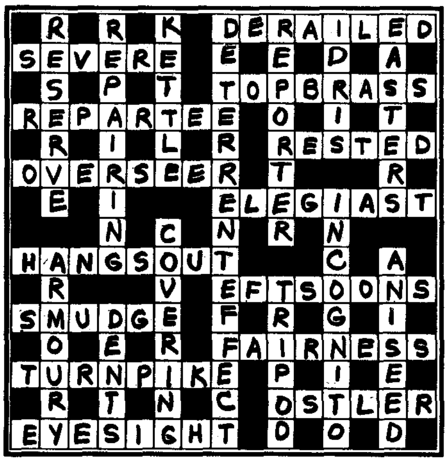


Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 Hooligans adore speeds when going crazy. (11)

10 One who does not love in that erotic way. (5)

11 Fight but tangle awkwardly. (3-6)

12 Take the side of peers upset if there is loss of revenue. (9)

13 The shield in front of Tom's head would be the object aimed at. (5)

14 Degrade when so deep in confusion. (6)

16 Lamb led by rope for King's daughter. (8)

18 Pure instrument. (8)

20 Tools which are passed freely. (6)

23 Early appearance of two unionists in another party? (3-2)

24 Moneyed person moved about in fine car. (9)

26 Where the young are looked after or there is writing about a dynasty. (9)

27 It's opening, so there's the sound of coins. (5)

28 Here speaks a wandering playwright. (11)

DOWN

2 Prevent poets being translated. (5)

3 They like getting tips but give too much back with expressions of hesitation. (7)

4 Rough but provided with some comfort underfoot. (6)

5 The gift for putting party before country. (8)

6 Like every valley in The *Messiah*. (7)

7 Gaul's situation in the Football League? (5, 8)

8 Surprised that the beginning came first! (8)

9 Worker's action which provides transport for the officer. (7, 6)

15 Roots which put the norm ahead of certainties. (8)

17 Not give one's entire support to the player. (4-4)

19 Arraign one member apiece. (7)

21 Display of universal anguish? (7)

22 Loss of head in crises is annoying. (6)

25 Eric and I turn colder. (5)

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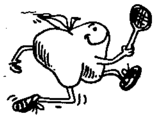

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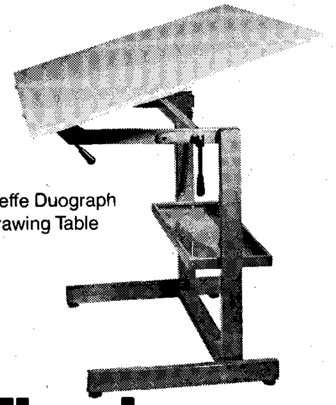
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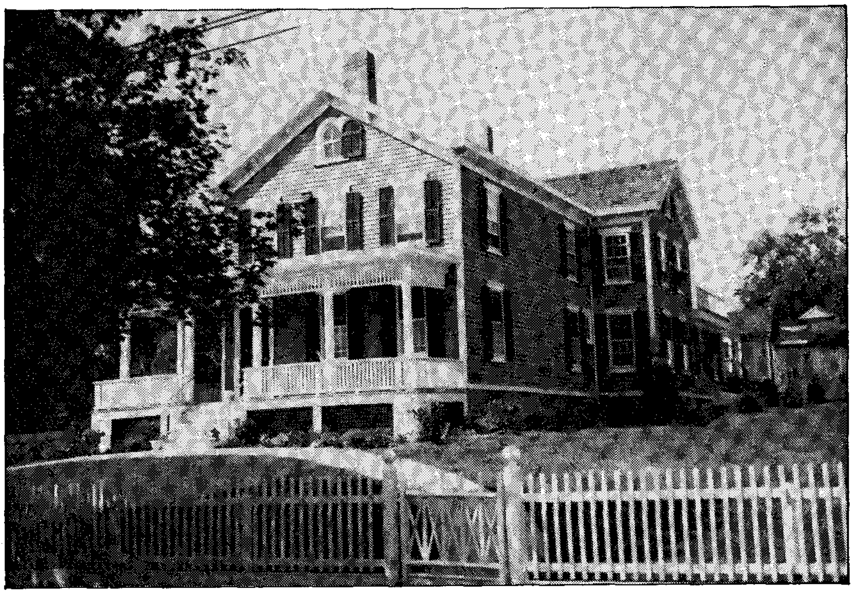

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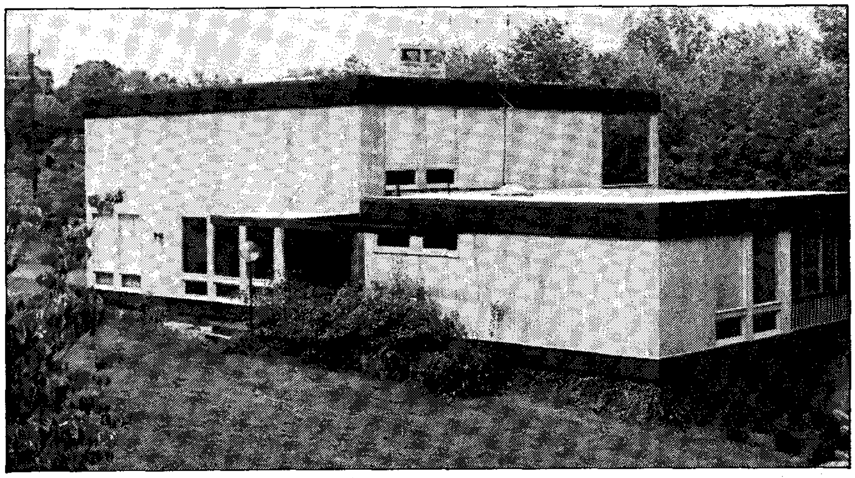

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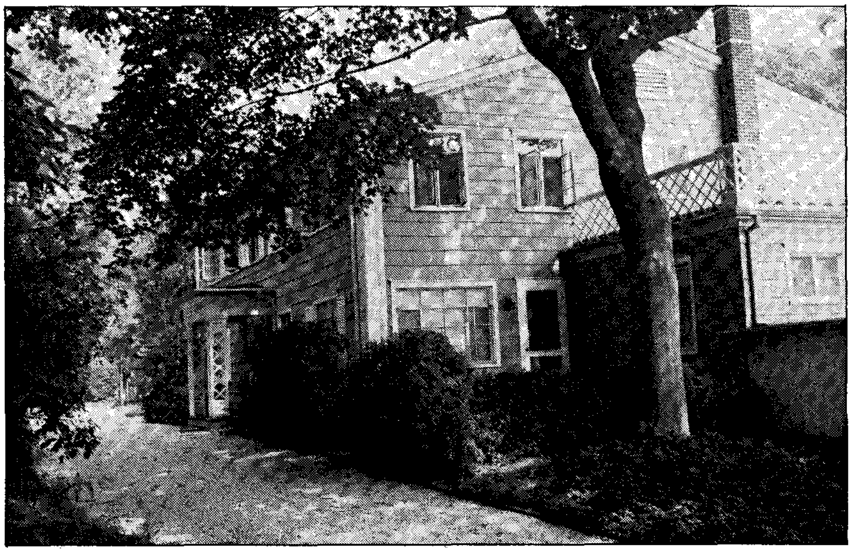

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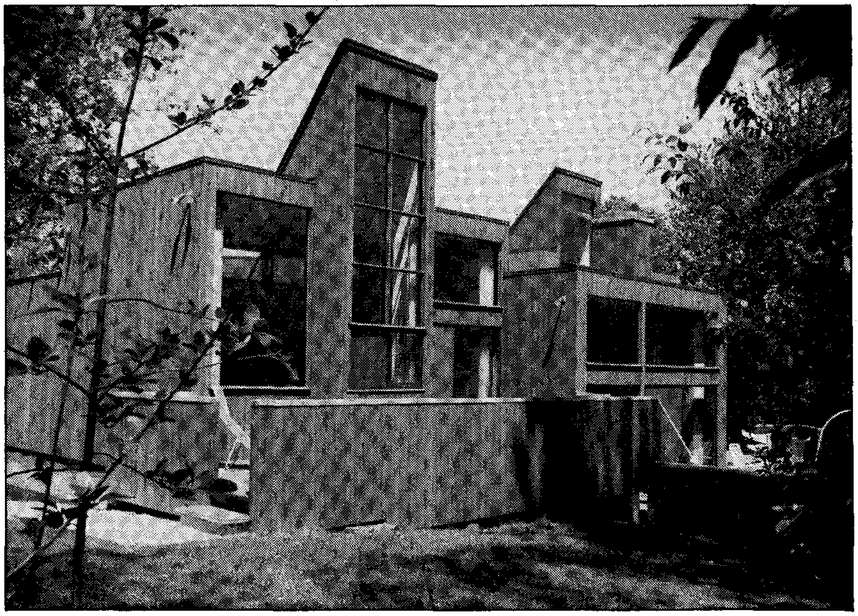

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Behavior / Michael Korda

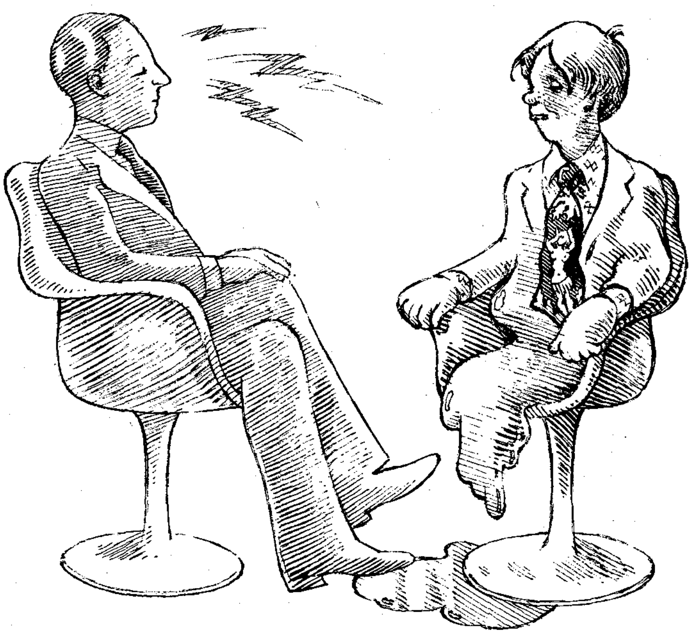
HOW TO SUCCEED FACE TO FACE

"...Never sit opposite your opponent. By facing him directly, you produce a duel mentality and a sharper confrontation..."

Anyone can be successful, and everybody wants to be. Much has been written in condemnation of success as "the American bitch-goddess," but I take the view that success is fulfillment and that most people would rather succeed than fail—if only they knew how!

Most people are held back by an inability to deal with another person whose interests are opposed to theirs, which explains why the telephone is such a useful instrument. The fact remains that you can't expect to get ahead unless you can sit down with someone and fight for your point of view.

In a face-to-face confrontation, a certain amount of strategy is permissible:



☐ Don't sit opposite your "opponent." Try not to have confrontations while sitting behind your desk with the other party in front of the desk. You are all too likely to feel mentally trapped if you let yourself be physically trapped. By facing him or her directly, you produce a kind of duel mentality, which may lead to a sharper confrontation than you are able to deal with. If you think there's going to be trouble, get out from behind your desk and sit down beside him on the couch, or position his chair to one side of your desk so you're both facing in the same direction.

☐ Move fast; strike the first blow. Make sure you have some way of terminating the conversation rather than letting it drag on into specifics. The moment the other party begins to produce documents to justify his position, you have lost the essential momentum of the confrontation. Get your opponent out of your office before this happens. Arrange beforehand to have somebody telephone you five to ten minutes after the confrontation has begun. Then claim to have been called to a meeting and firmly but politely end the discussion and walk your visitor to the door—even to the elevators, if you think there's a chance he may come back as soon as he's regained his senses.

☐ If you can, pick the time for any confrontation carefully. If you have to fire somebody, do it just before lunch, making sure that both of you have lunch dates. That sets a time limit on the confrontation and prevents an endless discussion about the unfairness and brutality of the decision.

☐ The Cheshire-cat routine. If somebody is coming into your office to see you on a matter which promises to be distasteful to you both, ask the receptionist to let your visitor in, then vanish. Go to the bathroom or downstairs to the bank. But don't overdo it. If you keep anyone waiting for more than five minutes he will be legitimately angry. What you're aiming for is to have the person standing in your office alone for a couple of minutes so that you can make your entry in a forceful, dynamic way. Unless the person is a very experienced gamesperson, he will be ill at ease when left alone in a stranger's office. Not knowing whether to sit down or stand up, he will feel like a trespasser. Of course, if you're in the opposite role—the visitor's role—and this trick is played on you, sit down in a comfortable chair, take out the newspaper, and begin to do the crossword puzzle. When the person who has kept you waiting comes in, you can immediately gain the upper hand by asking him for a ten-letter word meaning "lizard's relative."

☐ Avoid the other person's eyes. It is worth remembering that trained soldiers and policemen very often find it impossible to shoot an armed attacker at very close quarters. A policeman, for example, is taught never to look an armed opponent in the eyes. It weakens his resolve if he concentrates on the most expressive and alive of human features. What is more, looking straight into the other person's eyes is very likely to frighten and provoke him. You, of course, are not in quite that position, but the same advice holds true. Avoid the eyes and place yourself so that your own are hard to see. The mouth is a good choice as a point of vision. It is much easier to dislike someone's mouth than his eyes.

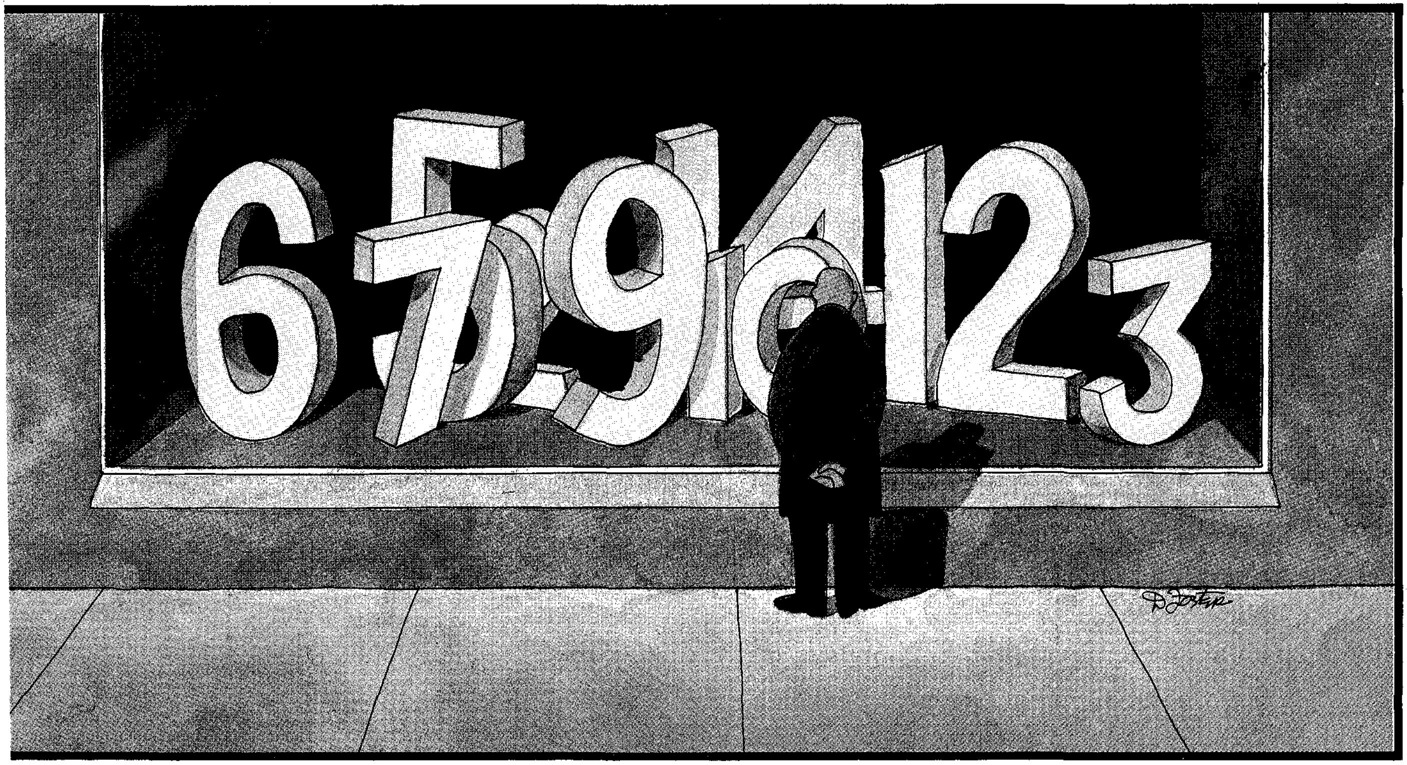
☐ Don't fall into the trap of saying, "It's not my decision but . . ." The last thing you want to provoke is a discussion of whether or not you personally agree with a decision or who, in fact, made it. If you have the responsibility for carrying out the confrontation, always take the full responsibility for the decision, even if it isn't yours. The best way to increase your courage is to make *yourself* responsible.

Says one executive whose specialty is conciliation, "One's fears about confrontation are pointless. What can happen, after all? The people you have to fire aren't going to attack you physically, and some may even feel they deserve to be fired. You must do it fast and directly, instead of trying to persuade the other guy that you're *right.* After all, right or wrong, he's *going* if it's your responsibility to fire him."

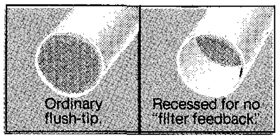
Michael Korda is editor in chief of Simon and Schuster and author of the forthcoming book Success!, *from which this is adapted.*

Illustrated by chas b slackman

There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar buildup flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
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